

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

10¢



GRETA
GARBO
by

Phyllis K. Kline

The FASHION
REVOLUTION
in HOLLYWOOD

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS • HERB HOWE • HUGH WEIR • HOMER CROY
PHYRA SAMTER WINSLOW • WALTER WINCHELL • DICK HYLAND

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The favorite gold-band dishes (pattern W-426) shown here are found in many Woolworth Stores.

The pattern at the right is W-127

These lovely yellow pieces (pattern W-428) are typical of dishes which will be found in many Woolworth Stores, especially in the larger stores.

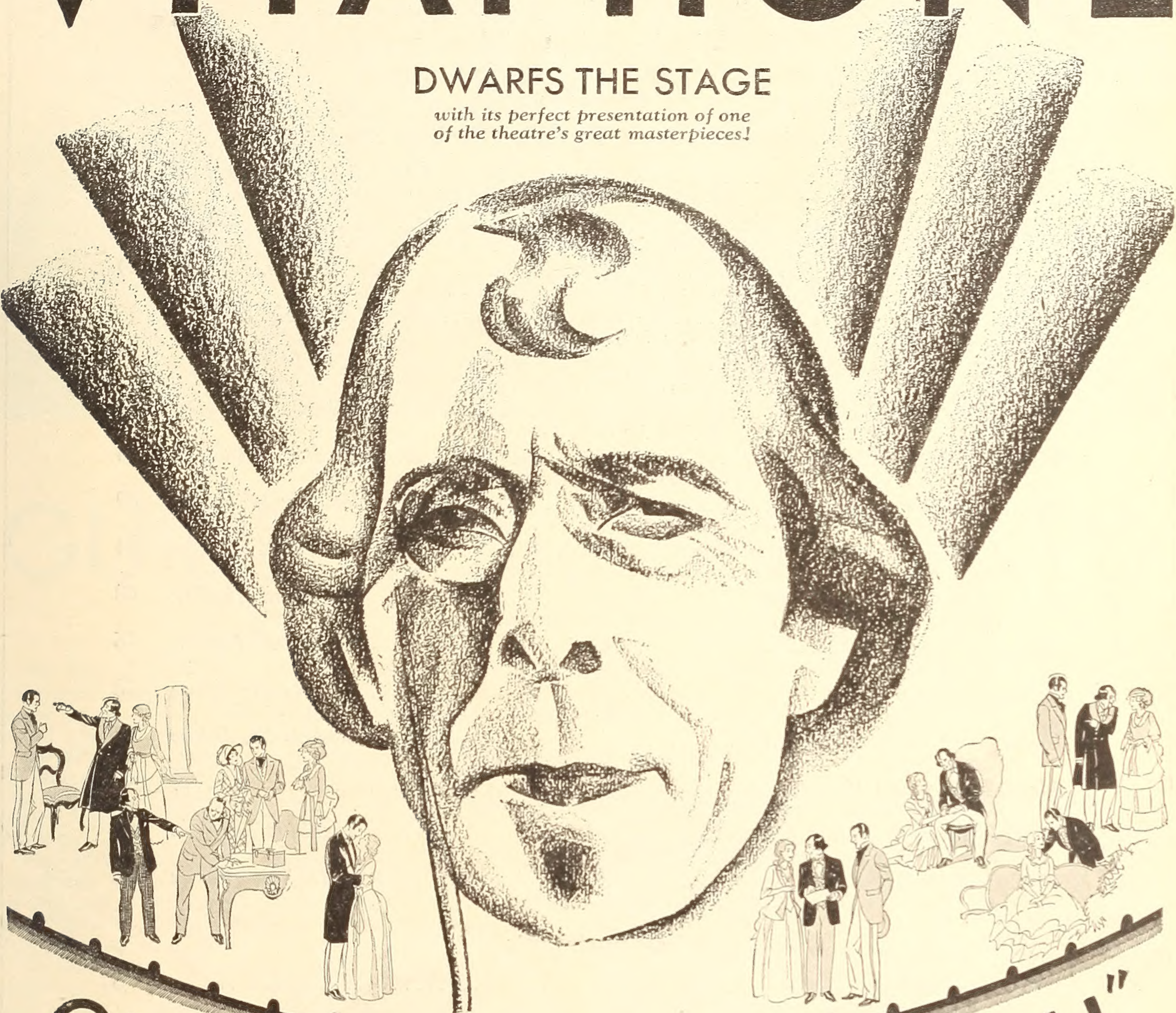


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WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Cover painting of Greta Garbo by Penrhyn Stanlaws

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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King Vidor's negro film, "Hallelujah," was the best directorial adventure of 1929.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Group A.

The Taming of the Shrew. Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' first appearance in films together. A rough-house version of Shakespeare's comedy with many a broad laugh. United Artists.

Rio Rita. A gorgeous and expensive production of the famous musical comedy of the South-West. Bebe Daniels' voice (a glorious natural one) is the big surprise of 1929. John Boles sings superbly, too. Radio Pictures.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. Fox production.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. United Artists.

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow! Fox production.

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. Paramount.

Hallelujah. King Vidor's splendid and sympathetic presentation of a negro story. Dialogue and musical background of negro spirituals. With an all-colored cast. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

The Cock-Eyed World. Funny but rough sequel to "What Price Glory?" The comedy hit of the season.

With Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Lily Damita. A William Fox production.

The Broadway Melody. Story of back-stage life,

Gloria Swanson does a remarkable comeback in "The Trespasser," in which she sings with surprising success.



Brief comments upon the
leading motion pictures of
the last six months

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Continued from
page 5



Robert Montgomery and Joan Bennett are charming sweethearts in the novel character comedy, "Three Live Ghosts."

glamorous and dramatic. With Bessie Love, Anita Page and Charles King. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

Bulldog Drummond. A swell talkie melodrama that you can't afford to miss. With Ronald Colman. A Goldwyn-United Artists production.

Coquette. Mary Pickford is excellent in a revised version of a fine play. With Johnny Mack Brown. A United Artists production.

Drag. The popular Richard Barthelmess in a particularly good drama. With Lila Lee. First National.

The Four Feathers. Stirring melodrama with some spectacular African scenes. With Richard Arlen and William Powell. Paramount.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. Your chance to see and hear the straightforward version of an engrossing play. With Norma Shearer. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Hollywood Revue of 1929. A big revue with some good comedy and plenty of lively melodies. With an all-star cast. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Group B.

The Virginian. Gary Cooper giving a corking performance in an all-talkie revival of Owen Wister's novel of pioneer days. Mary Brian and Richard Arlen excellent. A fine panorama of the West that was. Paramount.

Gold Diggers of Broadway. A lively, jazzy musical show, in which Winnie Lightner runs away with a hit. Color photography above the average. You'll like this.

Young Nowheres. The simple story of an elevator boy and an apartment house drudge. Beautifully acted by Richard Barthelmess, given great aid by Marian Nixon. Tender and sensitive little picture. First National.

The Awful Truth. Ina Claire's talkie debut in a piquant comedy of two young people who think they want a divorce. Miss Claire is delightful.

Disraeli. George Arliss and his famous characteri-

Mary Pickford will surprise her followers by her performance of the hot tempered Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Doug Fairbanks plays Petruchio.

zation of the great British premiere jelled into colorful celluloid. An intelligent picture, tastefully acted. You owe it to yourself to see Arliss. Warner Brothers.

Three Live Ghosts. Three British soldiers return to London to find themselves to have been officially declared dead. An odd character comedy in which Beryl Mercer runs away with a hit as the limey's mother. United Artists.

The Unholy Night. A bully mystery melodrama in which the surviving officers of a British regiment are being strangled one by one under highly mysterious circumstances. Chills for the whole family.

The Argyll Case. Good mystery story. With Thomas Meighan. Warner Brothers.

Dynamite. Some swift drama and sophisticated spectacle from Cecil B. De Mille. With Charles Bickford and Kay Frances. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

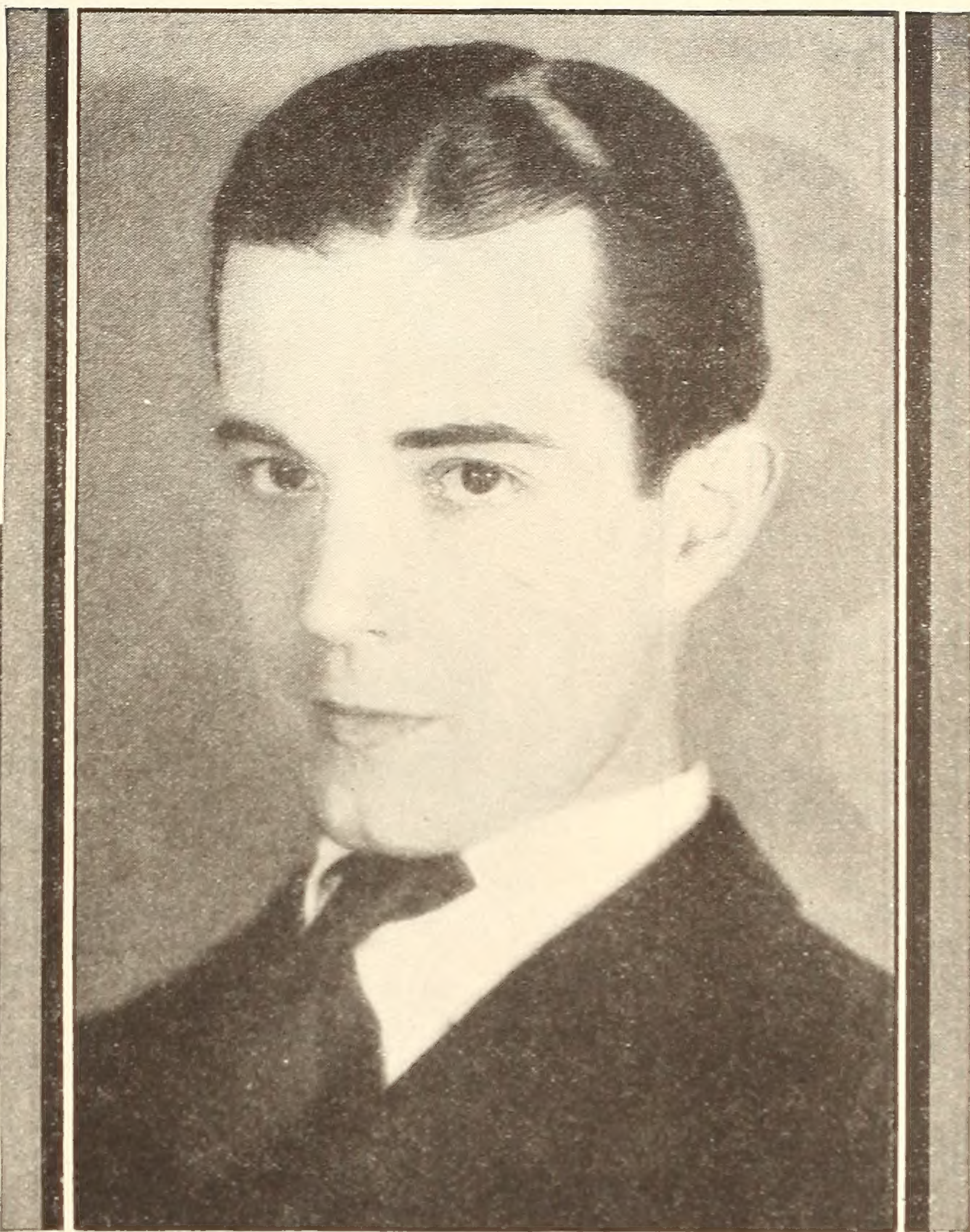
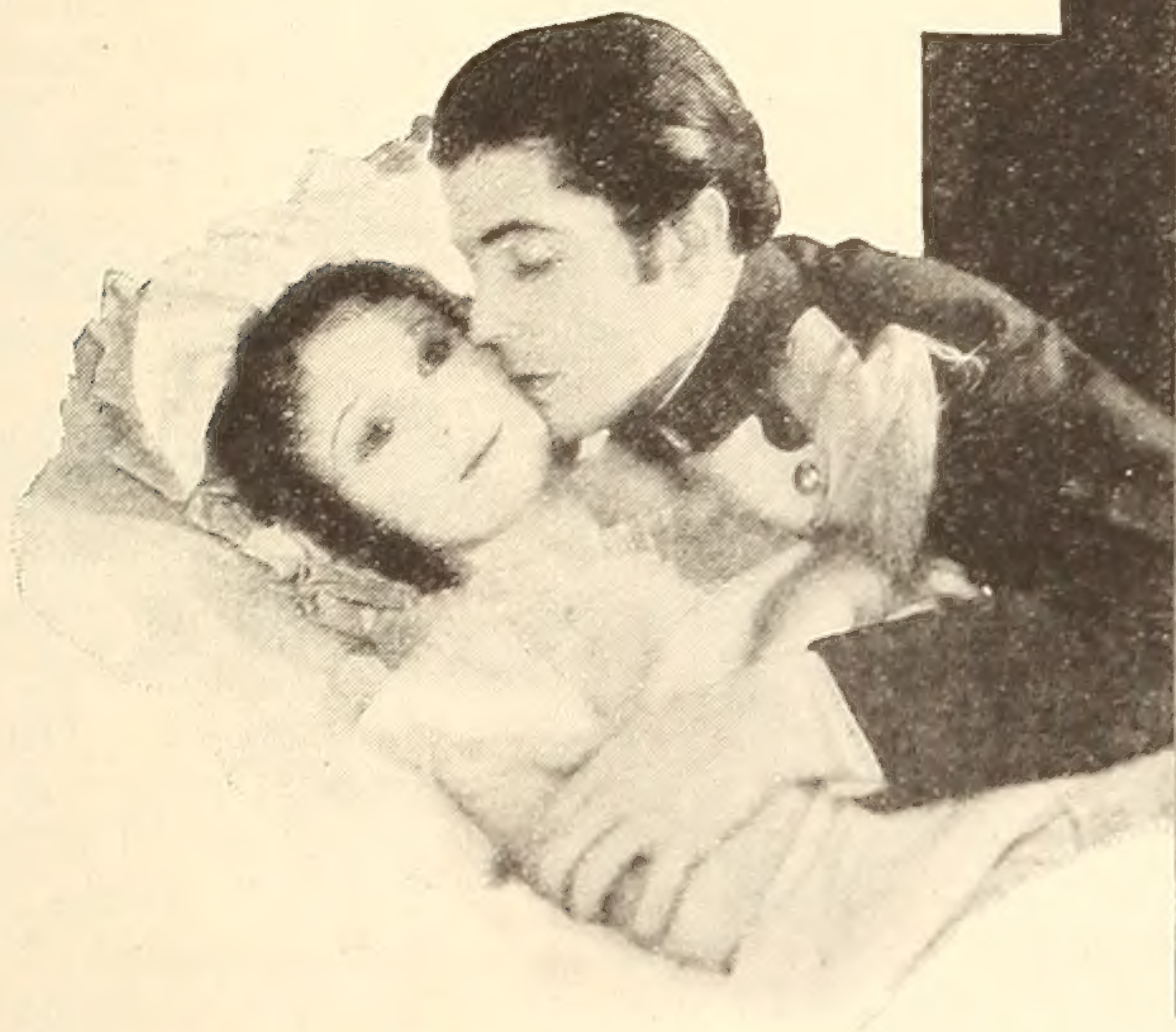
The Dance of Life. The play "Burlesque," under a new title. And a good show. With Nancy Carroll and Hal Skelly. Paramount.

Paris Bound. Amusing domestic drama. With Ann Harding. Pathe.



WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?

Thrilling—sensational—spectacular—great! All the adjectives, all the superlatives have already been used to describe pictures which are so far behind this one that there's no comparison! Besides, they wouldn't do justice to this truly magnificent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer masterpiece.



Ramon NOVARRO

with
MARION HARRIS
and

DOROTHY JORDAN

who help make this one of
the screen's undying classics of
romantic love and adventure.

in that gorgeous action operetta—
the last word in musical romances,
now playing to record audiences
at the Astor Theatre, New York

"DEVIL MAY CARE"

Hear the Sensa-
tional Hit Songs
"Shepherd Serenade"
"Charming"
"If She Cared"
"March of the
Old Guards"



See it at your favorite theatre, All-Talking or Silent

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

DID you see Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita"? If not, you will—before the next month is out. And you will want the Victor record which presents her doing "If You're in Love, You'll Waltz" and, even better, "You're Always in My Arms." You are sure to like this recording of Miss Daniels' lovely and unexpected soprano.

The lively and lavish First National production, "Paris," will make you want to own Miss Bordoni's new Columbia record, which presents her renditions of "My Lover" and "I Wonder What Is Really on His Mind."

If you see Helen Morgan in "Applause," "The Great Day," or "Glorifying the American Girl," doubtless you will want to get her latest Victor record, presenting "What Wouldn't I Do For That Man," from "Applause" and "More Than You Know," from "The Great Day."

THE music of "Sunny Side Up" is getting a great play from the record makers. The Charleston Chasers have a swell version of "Turn on the Heat," (Columbia). On the other side is "What Wouldn't I Do For That Man," from "Applause." Both are fox trot versions and "Turn on the Heat" is splendidly recorded.

From "Sunny Side Up" Johnny Marvin sings (for Victor) "I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?" and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You." For Victor, too, the High Hatters play "Aren't We All?" and "You've Got Me Pickin' Petals Off of Daisies." Both are splendidly orchestrated.

One of the best of the "Sunny Side Up" records



Irene Bordoni sings her hits of "Paris" for Columbia—"My Lover" and "I Wonder What Is Really on His Mind."

is Paul Whiteman's Columbia number, presenting "Aren't We All?" and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You." You'll like this record.

THE Warner revue, "The Show of Shows" has one big song hit, "Singing in the Bathtub," inspired by "Singing in the Rain" but, of course, rougher and funnier. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play a fine fox trot version of "Singing in the Bathtub" for Columbia. On the other side is the popular "Little by Little," from "The Sophomore." Another Columbia version offers Eddie Walters singing "Singing in the Bathtub." On the other side is "H'lo Baby," from "The Forward Pass."

Did you like Helen Kane in "Sweetie" or "Pointed Heels"?

You will love her rendition of "I Have to Have You," from "Pointed Heels," for Victor. On the other side is "Aintcha?" from the same talkie. Speaking of Miss Kane reminds us that you can get her song hit, "He's So Unusual," on a Columbia record, played by Fred Rich and his orchestra. This is a corking fox trot. For Columbia the Ipana Troubadours play a fine version of "My Sweeter Than Sweet," from "Sweetie."

TRUE BLUE LOU," the hit of "The Dance of Life," still sticks in popularity. The Ipana Troubadours prepared a good fox trot rendition for Columbia, if you must have it.

Rudy Vallee, star of "The Vagabond Lover," has sung two characteristic numbers for Victor, "Lonely Troubadour" and "You Want Lovin'." They are typical Vallee croons.

(Continued on page 117)

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"Sergeant Flagg and Sergeant Quirt"
Happiness Boys (Victor)

"Turn on the Heat"
Charleston Chasers (Columbia)

"Singing in The Bathtub"
Eddie Walters (Columbia)

"I Have to Have You"
Helen Kane (Victor)

"They All Fall in Love"
Will Osborne (Columbia)

DO THEY MEAN ALL THEY SAY ABOUT WOMEN?

Other

*Interesting Features
of the Home Magazine*

An intimate picture of the Rockefeller family. Told by Emil Siebern, the sculptor, who helped make the Pocantico Hills estate one of the most beautiful in the country.

Chic Sale, the humorist, goes back to the days in his home town—when the lobby of the Commercial House was the “Centre of Sin.”



Rudy Vallee says:
“If a woman really loves a man, she doesn’t want a career.”



Prince Matchabelli says:
“Continental men understand women better than American men.”



Carl Van Doren says:
“A woman who understands one man can keep any man.”



James Montgomery Flagg says:
“American men are afraid of their wives.”

Everyone will enjoy the conversation which took place when these four celebrities met the Editor for tea. Read about it in The Home Magazine.

The HOME MAGAZINE

*Now on sale at Woolworth Stores
Buy it while there’s a copy to be had*

One of the four TOWER MAGAZINES

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Phyllis Haver

Leila Hyams
Dorothy Janis
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Tim McCoy
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Fay Webb

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Kathryn Carver
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Paul Guertzman
James Hall
Neil Hamilton

O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Fredric March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Esther Ralston
Charles Rogers
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmlé
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dolores Del Rio
Roland Drew

Rita Carewe
LeRoy Mason

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Dorothy Burgess
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
June Collyer
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Mary Duncan
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Janet Gaynor

Lola Lane
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Norma Terris
Don Terry

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Davey Lee
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
William Boyd
Junior Coghlan
Diane Ellis
Helen Twelvetrees.

Alan Hale
Jeanette Loff
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill

Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford

Gilbert Roland
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler
Olive Borden



Reck Howard Jones

THELMA TODD

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Ruth Harriet Louise

LEILA HYAMS



William E. Thomas

CONSTANCE BENNETT



Elmer Fryer

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.



EDMUND LOWE

Kenneth Alexander

An Original Movietone

Sunny Side Up

IT was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing

Advt.

table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . . .

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

THE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody — and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . . ?



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

IT is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.

Talking Romance



Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until

BUT we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and

"Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.



All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.

—Advt.



Autrey

LOIS MORAN

The New Movie Magazine



Gossip of the Studios

CUPID continues to be the most talked about Hollywood star.

Will Bessie Love marry Bill Hawks? They are continually being seen together.

Sally Eilers is devoted to Hoot Gibson.

The romance of Marceline Day and the Los Angeles battling District Attorney Buron Fitts is a subject of keen interest in the movie colony.

The romance of George O'Brien and Olive Borden is on again.

Loretta Young and Grant Withers continue that way. Only, they're very dignified about it.

Clara Bow and Harry Richman—Hollywood has stopped betting on this.

* * *

JOHAN BARRYMORE has been ill with the flu. And his great anxiety has been his failure to get to San Pedro daily to see how his new yacht, one of the finest and biggest in the country, is progressing. He is accustomed to going down daily to give the work personal inspection. As soon as the Barrymore heir has arrived and all is well in the family, John and Dolores plan another exploration trip in the South Seas.

* * *

CCORINNE GRIFFITH waited until winter for her retreat to Malibu Beach. She wished to study French undisturbed in preparation for her trip to France in February, when she will complete her purchase of her half-the-year home, a chateau in Barbizon.

P. S.—Corinne also spent the six weeks between pictures taking tap-dancing in honor of sound pictures.

* * *

STEPIN FETCHIT had a pet terrier. He was very fond of it. But Mrs. Stepin Fetchit didn't feel the same way about it.

"You all got to get rid of that dog. I can't spend all of

my time taking that dog walking. And that's final!"

One morning the husband dutifully departed with his pet under his arm.

That evening when he returned he said, "Well, deah, I sure done get rid of the dog. I made a good trade on him."

Her eyes brightened. "What did you get for him?"

"Two puppies!" He pulled them out of his pocket.

* * *

STEPIN FETCHIT, by the way, modestly admits he is good.

If you read Herb Howe on another page of this issue, you will learn more about Stepin, but it is just as well to quote a letter from Fetchit to Louella Parsons, the famous Hearst movie writer. Said Stepin:

"Just a line to let you know I appreciate the nice opinion you seem to possess of myself, and assuring you that I will try to prove worthy of the nice things that's thought of me in the picture industry. Mr. Cummings, the director of the last picture I played in, 'Cameo Kirby,' didn't believe in someone yawning in a picture because it made people feel lazy. And he forgot to remember that the lazier I made people feel the more I was nearing perfection in my line. So the result was I had to sacrifice a little of my art on account of a pet idea of his and for peace sake."

Anyway, the Fox studios have renewed their option on Stepin's contract, which Mr. Howe tells you about elsewhere.

* * *

IT is hard to get a check upon La Garbo. She has moved again to keep herself thoroughly hidden. And she has announced that she will never give another interview—ever.

But once in a while she comes out of her retreat to attend a picture. The other evening



Janet Gaynor: her husband, Lydell Peck, has taken up scenario writing.



Joan Crawford: her husband, Doug, Jr., has issued a book of poetry.



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



William Boyd: he is a popular star who likes a practical joke to vary studio monotony.

it was to see "They Had to See Paris."

KEEP an eye on Lew Ayres, who scored in Greta Garbo's "The Kiss." He was the sensitive young chap who caused all the trouble in that film drama. Lew played a banjo in a hotel orchestra out in California until he got an opportunity in pictures. The rôle in "The Kiss" seems to have planted him definitely as a Hollywood personality.

Ayres is out on the Universal lot now, playing in "All Quiet on the Western Front," with William Janney, Walter Rogers and Russell Gleason in the other important rôles. These boys have been spending hours drilling under the warm California sun. What are blistered hands when one blisters them for Art?

Lew Milestone, the director, has a German "army" of 2,000 extras. They are all carefully chosen types, many of them war veterans.

OUT in Hollywood they're telling this one: Secretary of War Davis, on a visit to Hollywood, was introduced to a well-known movie supervisor.

"And what war were you secretary of, Mr. Davis?" inquired the supervisor.

SOMETIMES Hollywood reporters point to Al Jolson as high hat. Don't believe it. Here's a real Jolson story that few know about.

Not so many Sundays ago, Jolson went to the Jewish Consumptive Relief Association Sanitarium at Duarte, Calif. There was no publicity stunt about the visit. Jolson sang all afternoon and, when he was leaving, he slipped a check for \$10,000 into the superintendent's hand.

MAYBE you have wondered what has happened to the director, Josef von Sternberg, whose last productions in Hollywood were "The Case of Lena Smith" and "Thunderbolt." He is in Berlin, directing Emil Jannings. Jannings is making a production called "The Blue Angel" and Erich Pommer is directing. If you want to write to Emil, address your mail to him at the Ufa Studios, Neuba-



belsberg, Germany. And be sure your letter carries enough postage.

ROD LA ROCQUE was telling about the mountain lion he shot in the Kaibab forest, Utah. "It was a blue lion," detailed Rod. "Very rare—eleven feet from tip to tip. Weighed 850 pounds."

"Ah-h-h," chuckled Hal Skelly, one of the luncheon party, "what a lion man you are!"

SPEAKING of La Rocque, reminds us that he was considered for the rôle of Abraham Lincoln in David Wark Griffith's forthcoming talkie based upon the life of the great President. Walter Huston, however, got the final vote. In fact, Griffith dickered for weeks to get Huston for the part.

Meanwhile Griffith made a trip to New York to sign Stephen Vincent Benet to write some of the dialogue. Griffith felt that only the man who penned the Pulitzer prize winner, "John Brown's Body," could catch the true spirit of those trying and bloody Civil War days.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are trying to sell their lovely Spanish home in Brentwood Heights. They want to save money. Joan says they can get an apartment for half the amount and put away the balance.

That's love!

HERE'S a joke that's going the Hollywood rounds. A man visited his doctor and found that he had diabetes.

"It's dangerous for a man only 41 to have such a disease. Unless you do exactly as I tell you, I will not be responsible," the doctor told him.

The man left in a dazed condition, boarded the street-car for home, put his head in his hands and muttered, "Diabetes at 41! Diabetes at 41!"

The fellow sitting next to him finally interrupted: "Well, what are you moaning about? I got Chrysler, and it's gone down to 123!"

HARRY L. REICHENBACK is responsible for another story current just after the big stock collapse. He declares that Bruce Gallup, the motion-picture publicity man, was showing a photograph to a few of his friends.

"That," said Bruce, "is my grandmother and she is eighty-two today."

"I'll bet," said a wag, "she closes under sixty."

SERIOUSLY, the stock market col-

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

lapse caused a lot of trouble in the world of pictures. At least two high movie powers were hard hit. One leading screen star lost his entire fortune, well over \$200,000.

Just a few made money. Sue Carol and Alice White bought in on the low market and sold a few hours later. Alice cleaned up a thousand dollars, while Sue is reported to have made \$6,000.

* * *

LOIS MORAN is going to Europe for a vacation. Lois attended the Hollywood opening of "Sunny Side Up" with Charlie Farrell, co-star of the picture. Janet Gaynor, the other half of the starring team, was with her husband, Lydell Peck. It is the first time that Janet and Charlie have not attended an opening of their pictures together.

* * *

SPEAKING of Janet and her new husband, he has secured a position at Paramount in the writing department. And the honeymooners have taken a home in Beverly Hills.

* * *

A NEW sprinkler system was installed recently at a certain West Coast studio, following what might have been a serious fire.

The blaze, so the wags have it, was caused when all the "yes men" on the studio lot rushed up to light Cecil De Mille's cigarette.

* * *

LILYAN TASHMAN startled Hollywood at the opening of "Sunny Side Up" by appearing in a formal black velvet suit, with a velvet hat to match. Two gorgeous silver-tipped foxes dropped from her shoulders. She wore black kid gloves. She was the only woman not in décolleté.

* * *

YOUR favorite, Lily Damita, is now playing on Broadway.

She is co-starred with Jack Donahue at the Imperial Theatre in a musical comedy, "Sons o' Guns," in which she plays a girl behind the lines in Flanders.

While "Sons o' Guns" looks like a hit, we hope Lily comes back to the films soon.

* * *

THE railroads have added new salesmen, they tell us, to take care of the return-from-Hollywood-to-New York tickets.

When a song-writer or dialogue man or "famous comedian" from New York embarks in the East for the motion-picture city, the New York office wires the local one. They check up the date. Six months later, about a week before the first option is due, they send their new man out to sell the return ticket.

Nine cases out of ten the deal is completed.

It's not easy to achieve success in Hollywood. And it gets harder day by day.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., had his first book off the press at Christmas time. It is a group of original poems. And maybe you don't think Joan is proud of him! She can recite most of the poems from memory. Incidentally, the book is beautifully illustrated by original sketches—also by Doug, Jr.

* * *

BILL BOYD has a pet gagman, Hugh Cummings. Bill often manages to let his friend play bits in his pictures.

In "Officer O'Brien" Hugh devised a gag whereby a player was to eat a quarter of a pie at one time.

Then he got the rôle himself.

Hugh gulped down the first quarter when the sound man called "N. G." He ate the second. The same report was given. When he had finished the second whole pie, the joke dawned on him. The star and the director had framed him. They were making him eat his own gag!

* * *

MUCH agitation among the many Russian extras playing in "The Song of Flame" at First National! Loud talk; seemingly angry gesticulations. Director Alan Crosland felt certain the troupe was facing a small Bolshevik revolution. He sent assistants over to quell the riot. "Don't use force unless necessary," was his order.

The corps of assistants returned to report that the trouble was over the question: "Will Southern California defeat Notre Dame?" All in Russian, of course.

WILSON MIZNER, international wit and playwright, went into the restaurant business in Hollywood after trying to sell a number of stories to the motion-picture producers.

Someone asked Mizner why he could score a hit as a restaurateur and flop as a playwright after all his success on Broadway.

"I'm a success running a hash joint," responded Mizner, "because it is easier to stick a chop into their heads than an idea."

* * *

LUPE VELEZ is becoming really famous locally for her impersonations. Every party she attends, she is asked to give her imitation of



Lupe Velez: getting famous in Hollywood for her clever impersonations.

The Who's Who of Hollywood—and what the



Corinne Griffith: she has purchased an expensive chateau in France.

Dolores Del Rio. That is, every one where Dolores is not present.

ARTHUR CÆSAR, the Broadway wit, has been in Hollywood for some time, long enough anyway to be feared by a lot of the Hollywooders for his scorching wit.

However, they have retaliated. They call Cæsar "the great Gabbo."

HERE is one of Hollywood's favorites:

Two producers boarded the same train for New York. We will call them Sam and Ike for the sake of the story.

Says Sam: "Ike, I t'ink that these talkies are a great innovation. I t'ink they will make many changes. They vill bring art, Ike, and they will bring musik. We vill have many opportunities for uplifting. Ve should take them serious and give them our attention. Ve should get song-writers and then dialogue-writers. And playwrights, Ike——"

"Yeh, Sam. I agrees with you. We should think of all the great stage— Say, Sam," he leaned over, grabbed the coat lapel of the other, "who made those buttonholes for you?"

JEANETTE LOFF, who recently obtained a divorce, is going places with Walter O'Keefe, who came out to Pathé as song-writer and has remained with a contract for both song-writing and acting.

O'Keefe wrote "Little by Little" for "The Sophomore," and it is among the best sellers. He also played a small part in the picture. He clicked so well that he played second lead with Allan Hale in "Red-Hot Symphony" and began drawing a salary both ways.

THEY tried a new one in "Three Live Ghosts." They hired twins for the baby. When one cried, they could use the other!

SOMEONE told Joe Frisco, the stuttering comedian, that a certain Broadway star had been given \$60,000 to surrender his movie contract. It appears that the certain Broadway star had failed to land as a movie favorite, and the producer thought it cheaper to pay \$60,000 rather than make another losing film.

Frisco went to see the star's first picture and

then wired him: "You should have held out for \$85,000."

A PRODUCER was interviewing a New York stage director.

"And how much do you want?" snapped the producer.

The director gulped a couple of times, then answered, "How much do I have to ask to get five hundred a week?"

WHEN Dorothy Parker came to Hollywood and announced that she wanted her epitaph to read, "Excuse my dust," she started something. Hollywood actors have been busy making up tombstone lines ever since. Here are some which have come to our attention:

James Gleason: "To know me was to laugh."

Dorothy Dwan: "There'll be no 'making up' there."

Mary Eaton: "May I be 'glorified' in heaven as I was in America."

Director Millar Webb: "I expect to make my best picture in heaven. Think of the talent up there." ("I hope I chose the right location.")

Monte Brice: "It may have been comedy to others, but it was hard work to me."

Natalie Moorhead: "The end of the reel."

Robert Armstrong: "Life was a long shot. Now comes the fade-out."

Clara Bow: "I am happy to go where it makes no difference."

LEE McCAREY, director, was driving his car down Wilshire Boulevard recently when a pedestrian stepped before it. He slammed on the brakes just in the nick of time.

"What's the idea?" he yelled. "You darned pedestrians go about as though you owned the thoroughfares."

"Yeah—and you darned motion-picture people go about as if you owned the cars," the pedestrian shouted back as he nonchalantly continued his jay-walking.

THE famous F. P. A., of *The New York World*, topped his *Conning Tower* column with this:

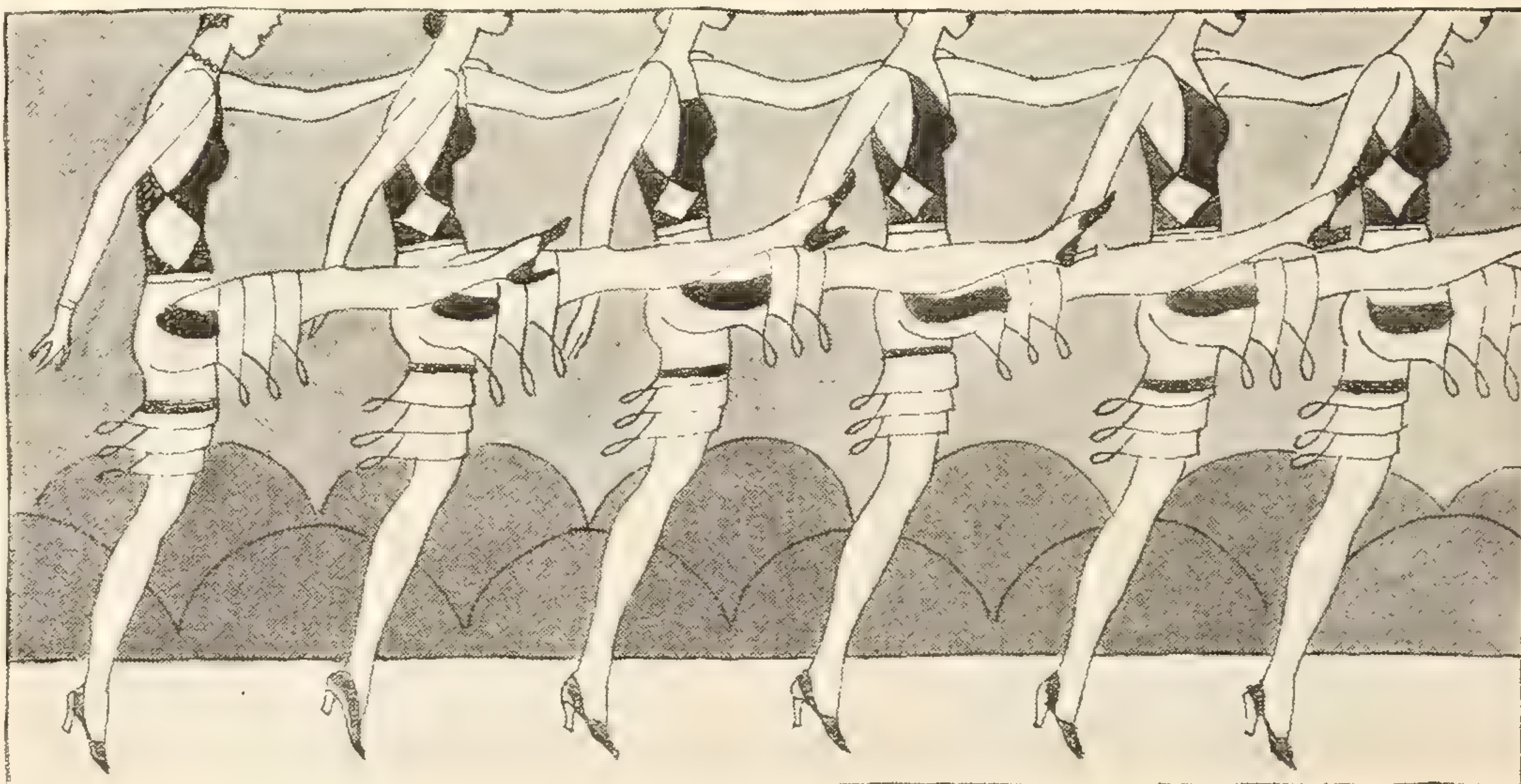
OUR OWN MOVIE GOSSIP

Now who will marry Clara Bow?

I do not care, I do not know,

Has Mr. Gilbert left Miss Claire?

I do not know, I do not care.



JACQUES FEYDER, the French director now working in Hollywood, protests at the way love is expressed in American films.

"Ah, it lacks—what shall I say?—subtlety," he says. "In your dialogue movies the actors say: 'I love you'—and it is so. In our French

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

theater, which rejoices so greatly in affaires d'amour, we take an entire act to say what the American says in three words.

"In the voiceless picture the language of love is of a necessity left to the imagination. It will require fine writing to make the same, spoken, as full of tenderness and poesy as that which exists in the mind only. But there are playwrights equal to the task.

"Dialogue—that is what will make the love sparkle in American films."

Monsieur Feyder has great visions of Greta Garbo's future. He directed her in her last silent film, "The Kiss." Says M. Feyder:

"What possibilities are opened to her with her voice! She will branch out, her characterizations will broaden. She will enter to her cinema inheritance—and what a glorious inheritance it will be!"

THE famous Poverty Row of Hollywood is gone, never to return.

In the old day of silent pictures many a production was shot along Poverty Row. Usually a well-known star was hired to grace the film—and his scenes were raced through in a few days. Then a moderately priced cast ground out the rest of the picture in a few more days. The total expenditure was very little.

Once in awhile these productions crashed the box-offices with a bang. "The Blood Ship," starring Hobart Bosworth, was one of the big successes. It made hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Now, however, Poverty Row has departed. An independently made production hasn't a chance of breaking into the country's theaters. The talkies tightened up everything and all the theaters of the land have been gobbled up by the big producers.

MARY and Doug will never do another joint film. That's definite. Indeed, Doug may leave the screen definitely. But Mary will make at least a few more pictures.

The famous lord and lady of Pickfair were scheduled to reach San Francisco on January 3rd, following their tour of the world. The last stop was Shanghai.

IT'S funny what the censors do to pictures.

Up in Ontario this sub-title in "The Pagan" was ordered out: "A pagan's only god is nature; a pagan's only law is love."

The Pennsylvania censors drew the line recently at Lenore Ulric's "Frozen Justice," when the picture explained, "He's after furs and women." That was ordered eliminated.

LAST month Mary Garden, the famous opera star, was the star of a special national broadcast from New York. It was necessary for her to make a special trip from Detroit to Manhattan to participate in the event. Special interviews and a big luncheon were arranged, at which Miss Garden was to be the guest of honor.

But the opera star arrived hours late, having missed her train. She was a little shamefaced about the slip when the radio officials asked the cause.

"I went to see Greta Garbo in a new picture," she said. "She was wonderful—and I just forgot about my train."

GEORGE M. COHAN is deserting Broadway and the speaking stage temporarily. He is to write, direct and produce talking pictures for

United Artists, the first production being an original story in which Al Jolson will be starred. It is interesting to note that United Artists will also transform Irving Berlin, the song writer, into a director.

Mr. Cohan says he is going into pictures because "the play public we lost in the theater now composes the picture public." He will make musical comedies.

"I know practically nothing about the talkies," Mr. Cohan admits. "I'm sure the talking pictures won't ruin the theater because nothing could. A good show is a good show, regardless of the medium, and a lot of fellows have been talking too much about the medium instead of the show itself."

HOLLYWOOD has won two of Broadway's staunchest for two years. We refer to Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach, the celebrated librettist.

Messrs. Kern and Harbach have been signed by the Warner Brothers. A special music studio will be placed at their disposal, so that they can concentrate on the development of original-for-the-screen musical plays.

Up to now Kern had refused to consider Hollywood under any condition. But it gets 'em all, sooner or later.

THERE was a real romance behind the scenes of John Barrymore's "General Crack." It was during the filming of this picture that Lowell Sherman is said to have met and won Helene Costello, sister of Dolores, who is Mrs. Barrymore.

Now official announcement is made of the coming marriage, tentatively scheduled for the last part of March. "It will be a very quiet affair," Miss Costello says, "with only Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore and a few intimate friends present."

Mr. Sherman played the king in "General Crack" and walked away with a big personal hit. Maybe Jack let Lowell steal some scenes, since it is all in the family.

Mr. Sherman is the former husband of Pauline Garon, who is in pictures.



Jeanette Loff: going places in Hollywood with writer of song hits.



DUMB-BELLES of HOLLYWOOD

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE are more brilliant women per capita in Hollywood than anywhere else in this country.

That statement may be challenged, but it's my story and I'm going to stick to it.

I get very tired of the prevalent assumption that motion picture stars are necessarily beautiful but dumb. The pseudo-superiority that leads wise-crackers to belittle the screen star as a sort of high grade moron is

The Best Informed Writer on Motion Pictures Tells You Why the "Beautiful But Dumb" Legend Is All Wrong

one of those things that have been accepted by a lot of people as true, when as a matter of fact it has no legitimate foundation whatever.

I do not believe any other city, any other group, either of society or

professional women, can show as high an average of brains, all around ability and charm—which is largely a mental quality—as the women of Hollywood.

If you will think for a moment, you will see that in some measure this must be true. The women who have survived the most intensive competition ever known in any profession; the women who have held their own against all comers over a long period of years in the highest paid business in the world; the women who have grown and kept pace with the ever changing art of making pictures, must have something on the ball besides looks.

NATURALLY we concede brains to such women as Zoe Akins, Frances Marion, Jane Murfin, Josephine Lovett Robertson, and Agnes Christine Johnson—successful playwrights, novelists and fiction writers, working in the movies. It is of the stars themselves that I speak.

Let us take a few of them and see if I cannot prove my point—which is, that motion picture stars are not dumb in the large majority of cases but rather are women of exceptional brains and ability.

Colleen Moore rates as easily the smartest woman in the motion picture industry. Probably the smartest woman who has ever been connected with pictures, not even excepting Mary Pickford.

Colleen is a masked battery. Until you know her well, you aren't apt to realize the clean-cut, alert, vivid mind behind that child-like countenance. Meeting her, you like her instantly for the sweet, shy awkwardness of her manner, the honest modesty of her personality. There is nothing of the blue stocking about her. She doesn't ram her knowledge of every-

thing from the stock market to sculpture down your throat in the first half hour.

Colleen Moore, a smart Irish girl, who climbed to the top by her own caninness. With no great beauty but boundless ambition, she has succeeded where other more conspicuously beautiful girls failed.

But I would certainly hate to sit down in a



Why It Takes Brains as Well as Beauty to Capture and Hold Movie Stardom

poker game with Colleen Moore and estimate her hands and her bets by the Irish innocence of her pretty face. (Colleen doesn't play poker. That's merely an imaginary illustration.)

No human being could be more sincere than Colleen. Only she is more inclined to listen than to talk, in spite of the fact that she is a fascinating talker when she does start. Her innate shyness makes her always the last to offer a suggestion. When we were working on "Lilac Time," we used to have story conferences—Colleen; her husband and producer, John McCormick; George Fitzmaurice, the director; and myself. After we had discussed some difficulty pro and con without getting anywhere, Colleen would edge in sort of apologetically with a suggestion which nine times out of ten solved the problem.

COLLEEN began her motion picture career without any unusual amount of beauty. Hundreds of girls with more looks and perhaps with more native ability started at the same time and are now forgotten.

Brains put Colleen Moore in an unassailable position on top of the heap.

In the first place, she learned to act. Her talent has grown with each year, until I believe today she could give as fine a performance as any woman on the screen. Witness some of the scenes from "So Big" and "Twinkletoes." Her comedy technique, which looks simple enough to the average fan, is sure and polished and she has always given the public—not the critics—what they indicated that they wanted from her.

Colleen never overlooks anything. The range of her activities is startling. Quietly she has increased her drawing power and largely through her own efforts. A great deal of the time she has found and selected her own stories. To a fraction of a second she knows what the public wants. She keeps her finger on the pulse of the exhibitor as does no other star in the game, except

perhaps Harold Lloyd. She is never too busy to follow through every important contact, to keep alive the interest of writers, to study new developments.



You think of Corinne Griffith merely as a beauty. If you were to meet her, you would be surprised at her penetrating wit, her shrewd philosophy and her practical common sense.

The Story of Some Women Who Have Succeeded



Just a pretty blonde—Marion Davies. But the best hostess and the keenest feminine wit in the whole Hollywood film colony.

Of course, everybody who works for her adores her. That is because she doesn't indulge in any temperamental outbursts, because she always gives credit where credit is due, because she thinks of everybody else first. But that, while it shows a darn fine nature also shows a high order of intelligence. The whole studio would rather make a good Colleen Moore picture than a good one for anybody else.

WHEN the talkies loomed upon the horizon, Colleen went to work instantly—long before anyone else she was taking voice lessons, lessons in diction, breathing,

When the screen wanted farce comedy, Bebe Daniels established herself as its most popular comedienne. When the talkies came, Bebe developed her singing voice. And now she is taking guitar lessons from Bud Tallman so that you will hear her play in her next motion picture.

voice placement. The handwriting on the wall was plain to her while most people were still arguing. She acted with characteristic promptness.

Clifford Lott, the leading vocal teacher of Los Angeles, took her as a pupil with many mental reservations. He had heard all about motion picture stars. They were dumb, they were wild and woolly. Probably she wouldn't show up for her lessons. Probably she wouldn't practice. It would be almost impossible to teach her anything so difficult as singing.

THE first day she arrived at his studio his conception of her intelligence underwent a swift reversal.

"Mr. Lott," she said, "the first thing for us to do is to find out what I need to learn. I do not wish to become a singer, in the accepted sense of the word. I know I will never be a concert or an operatic star. I wish in as short a time as possible to train my voice for use before the microphone. I want to concentrate upon quality, ability to put a few songs over, and also I want to make my speaking voice as pleasing as possible. Can we get right to work on those things, without wasting too much time on things that will not be useful to me?"

They could and did. Within a week he had discovered that no pupil who ever came to him was so regular about lessons. She was shooting a picture at the time. Often the lessons were scheduled for 6.30 in the morning, or 10 at night—whenever her work permitted. She didn't miss one lesson in the first two months. More than that she always arrived with her lesson thoroughly prepared.

"She's as fine a pupil as I ever had," Mr. Lott said to a large gathering of musical celebrities one night. "It isn't difficult to understand how that girl got to the top."

COLLEEN is that way about everything.

Financially she has been unusually clever. Her investments are diversified, carefully watched and handled.



in the Highest Paid Business in the World

Cliff Butler, who takes care of the finances of motion picture stars and is an authority on economics and market conditions, told me one time that her understanding of finances amazed him. Before any stocks or bonds are bought, she wants to know their history, their economic position, all the details which a banker would want to know. She is generous to a fault, but she is also business-like, because her philosophy has convinced her that business-like methods produce more harmony in living.

Not long ago she bought a house in Bel-Air, one of the exclusive residential districts near Hollywood. I went out with Colleen to look at the house, which was about half done. With us went an architect and young Harold Grieve, a brilliant interior decorator. In two hours of earnest consultation, Colleen had knocked out most of the walls, laid out the sites for a guest cottage and a projection theater, explained the changes necessary in the suites upstairs, and shown the architect how to re-vamp the sun-porch so it would be a living-room and give more light to the whole house.

I remember how she looked that morning. She was wearing a little dark blue coat, the kind kids wear to school, a fussy tam, and flat brown sport shoes. She didn't look over eighteen. But there was no indecision about what she wanted for that house. Clean-cut facts, plain instructions, and a lot of inspiring enthusiasm.

Today Colleen's house is the most perfect in the picture colony, and it is *Colleen*, if you know what I mean. Everything about it expresses her personality. Most houses look as though anyone could walk in and live there. This house is typically Colleen Moore.

And it runs like clockwork on a minimum staff. Colleen never has servant trouble. The same Japanese couple have been with her for six years.

Of course it is true that Colleen has had the advantage of being married to a very smart man. John McCormick is one of the best producers in the business. He was the best press-agent in Hollywood when Colleen, then just beginning to be noticed, married him. They have come up together and Colleen gives John credit for a lot of her success. But there again it is my contention that it takes a smart woman to keep a smart husband and work hand in hand with him toward a certain goal.

BEBE DANIELS is an altogether different kind of person, but she is as intelligent as any woman I know.

It takes a high order of intelligence to know oneself thoroughly, one's limitations and possibilities. It also takes a lot of ego.

There have been three times in her picture career when the producers have written "just about through" after the name of Bebe Daniels. In all three cases the reason for her failures was unavoidable bad management, which she was powerless to prevent. Every time she has made a remarkable comeback, and every time it has been her own ideas and her own work that have saved her and put her up at the top as a drawing-card once more.

Once upon a time there was a company called Realart, formed by Famous Players-Lasky to make moderate-priced program pictures with feminine stars. On that roster were Mary Miles Minter, May McAvoy, Constance Binney, Justine Johnston and Bebe Daniels.

Today Bebe in "Rio Rita" is packing one of the biggest theaters in New York City. Where are the rest of them? Yet, in looks, Bebe didn't rank ahead of the luscious blonde Minter, the exquisite McAvoy, and the



Only a chic mannequin—and yet Gloria Swanson mastered the technique of the talkies quicker than any of the imported stage players. Her singing hit is a film sensation.

celebrated Follies girl. But Bebe had brains of a super variety and used them.

She survived the collapse of Realart because she had artistically and intelligently laid her plans for the future. She had made the best pictures and was the "whip" of that program, because she worked and thought and studied, on her stories and productions.

Later, when because of a lot of bad stories, she seemed to be slipping as a dramatic star, it was Bebe herself who suggested a series of comedies for her coming productions. She began her picture work as Harold Lloyd's leading woman and she knew something about comedy work. With the great Mabel Normand out of the game no woman was doing comedy of the Chaplin-Lloyd variety. Bebe saw her spot and stepped into it. Paramount didn't agree with her. But they had Bebe under contract and she finally won her chance. In three pictures she was right back up with the leaders of the Paramount organization and her pictures were coining money.

SHE was the first to see that straight slapstick comedies were wearing out as far as she was concerned. So she wrote "Senorita" for herself. Again she had to battle the whole company. "Senorita" was her most successful picture. She is the only woman who sat on the Paramount general council, composed of Mr. Lasky and all the heads of production. (Continued on page 126)



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

THE BANCROFT QUARTET—Reading from left to right, George Bancroft, George Bancroft, George Bancroft and George Bancroft. This is The New Movie's favorite quartet of film bad men.

The SPHINX SPEAKS

Elsewhere in this issue Herb Howe refers to Greta Garbo as the Hollywood Sphinx. But the Sphinx speaks in her next Metro-Goldwyn picture, a new talkie version of Eugene O'Neil's "Anna Christie," once done by Blanche Sweet. At the immediate right Director Clarence Brown is introducing the Swedish star to the microphone. The background is an old-fashioned saloon, in the pre-prohibition days, of course.

Below, Miss Garbo is reading the dramatic lines of "Anna Christie" with George Marion, who plays her sea captain-father. Director Brown is seated facing the players and the battery of electricians is watching the light effects. The menacing microphone hangs just above



Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Dick Barthelmess and all the famous movie folk! Herb Howe knows them all. In this department—a regular feature of The New Movie Magazine—he will tell you all about them



The HOLLYWOOD

FANS of the news reel who have suffered through many epic drammers for its sake may celebrate the end of their martyrdom. The first News Reel theater has been inaugurated in New York and I predict many offspring throughout the land. It opened its doors at 10 a. m. and, though by nature I'm more the worm than the early bird, I was on hand by noon with my quarter. The program packed more thrills than any other current talkie.

Love interest was supplied by Crown Prince Humbert of Italy and Princess Marie Jose of Belgium. Oddly the prince looks the part and, despite his lack of Hollywood training, plays it in a way to prove he has nothing to fear from Novarro or Gilbert. Moreover, he didn't use a double when he got shot at.

I can think of no greater heroine in this world's cast than Helen Keller, and no actress' words ever were awaited with such dramatic suspense. Sharing honors with her was Mrs. Macy, faithful teacher of Miss Keller since the latter was stricken mute at the age of six. Here is the real miracle of sound and the real miracle woman.

The only Hollywood recollection I had during the show was brought on

The famous Hollywood raconteur joins the staff of The New Movie Magazine. He knows everyone in moviedom and you will find his gossip of genuine interest

by a flock of turkeys. They sounded like some of my stellar friends doing vocal exercises. Perhaps I'm unfair; the fault may have been in the recording.

A crowd of sheep and goats, chaperoned by Navajo Indians, proved more effective.

They bounded into the field bleating something that sounded as if it might be their college yell. I especially noted a black goat in the foreground who seemed to have a certain something, though that, of course, is a matter for Mme. Glyn to decide.

The best gag was that of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, making his last will and testament by mike and camera instead of pen and paper. He got a big hand from the women in the audience, possibly because he bequeathed everything to his wife.

I herewith mount my soapbox to shout that the play is not the thing but the news reel.

Herb's Ticker Reports—

THE STAR LINE-UP FOR 1930

Wild fluctuations in stellar stocks mark the merger of silence and sound.

Sensational changes are going on: old favorites falling, new skyrocketing.

My predictions for 1930 are—

The New King of Fascination
Maurice Chevalier

The Queen Still Unrivaled
Greta Garbo

Best New Star Bets—

Ann Harding, John Boles, Claudette Colbert, Nancy Carroll, Will Rogers, Mary Nolan, Loretta Young, Ruth Chatterton, Walter Huston

12 Fastest Stepping Leaders in the New Year's Parade—

Greta Garbo, Maurice Chevalier, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, Buddy Rogers, Bebe Daniels, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Clara Bow, Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Doug Fairbanks.

PLACKETY-PLACK,
plack-plack — shoe leather beating wood seems to be the sweetest music to—plackety-plack, plack-plack-plack — producers' ears judging by the hordes of hoofers that plackety-plack, plack-plack across stages and up and down stairs in current pictures but, unless it's stopped, I predict the public will plackety-plack, plack-plack

Hordes of hoofers plackety-plack across stages and up and down stairs in all current pictures.

Illustrated by Ken Chamberlain



BOULEVARDIER

By
Herb Howe

out of theaters . . . and plackety-plack plack-plack soon!

PROOF that there's an audience for sophisticated pictures:

Given a choice of films for their annual fiesta the newsboys of Los Angeles selected "The Lady Lies."

Parents were left home.

WHILE other stars have been whooping and hoofing to make good with the talkies, Greta Garbo has gone silently on smacking records. When at length she does sound off, as she will in "Anna Christie," the effect no doubt will be that of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

I heard Greta speak English soon after she arrived from Sweden. It wasn't much but it was good. She had just done a dance which she thought awkward and she wanted to know if I had seen it. I hadn't. "Thanks God!" said Greta. Which is a lot more than a lot of stars can remember to say.

GRETA GARBO is the last of the Hollywood mysteries. How long will she endure? Well, they haven't got anything on her yet. N'er her secrets has she spilled of love or life or art. No more has the Sphinx and look what a going concern she's been all these years!

STEPIN FETCHIT, Africa's ambassador of good will to Hollywood, has outsped all his pale-

Stepin Fetchin loses his contract again and doesn't know what to do about it.

faced brethren in going that way. A month after his triumph in "Heart's in Dixie," Step had broken his contract, acquired three cars, a chauffeur, a secretary, wife and breach of promise suit.

"Ah allus was terribly bright even as a child," he remarked languidly as we conversed in his chambers in a darktown hacienda.

Though rising at times to Himalayan heights of emotion, Step is afflicted with world weariness and a sense of futility.





Silence reigns at Hollywood parties these days, says Herb Howe. Everybody saves his or her wise-cracks for the talkies.

You might think he was suffering from anemia if it weren't for his color.

"Ye-ah,—the first thing Ah did was break mah contract," said Step, shaking off his lethargy. "They offered me a hundred dollars a week. All right. Ah signed. But that night Ah got to thinkin' a hundred was a unlucky number foh me. Ah got a hundred in vaudeville and never could get no more, never could. So next day Ah went to the studio and explains Ah'd have to have three hundred. First they says no. 'All right,' Ah says, 'Mah manager is wirin' foh me to come to New York.' . . . Ah didn't have no manager in New York. No!", Step doubled up with glee at his ruse, "Ah was jes sayin' that . . . bein' big, understand what Ah mean? Well, finally they says they wouldn't give me no new contract but what they would give me was a rider on the old one. Understand what Ah'm talkin' 'bout? This what-you-call rider would give me two hundred more than the one hundred which would make three hundred. . . . Understand? Wait, Ah'll show you the contract."

Step pulled out the top drawer of a bureau and pawed the contents thoroughly. This failing to bring up the document, he dumped the contents on the bed—letters, neckties, press clippings, charms, badges, bottle openers. Another vigorous shuffling and still the contract failed to emerge.

"Dog-gone," he drawled, "Ah guess Ah done lost it." Whereupon he lit a

cigarette and sat down in the débris with his usual nonchalance.

WHEN the screen went talkative, writers went dumb. Nothing in Hollywood is so valued as a good line and nothing is easier to steal. Thus if a writer happens to pull a wise-crack in front of another it's just a question of whose car's the fastest in getting to the studio. Writers like James Gleason and Will Rogers can't be too careful. Dropping a word may be dropping a wad. That's why they're all lock-jawed these days; they're holding back on the dialogue.

THE only actor in Hollywood who hasn't changed his accent is Rin-tin-tin.

"And I'll never use a double," says the famous canine star, "not as long as they hang meat over that camera!"

SPEAKING of last wills and testaments, I asked Alice Terry over lunch at Montmartre if she had made hers.

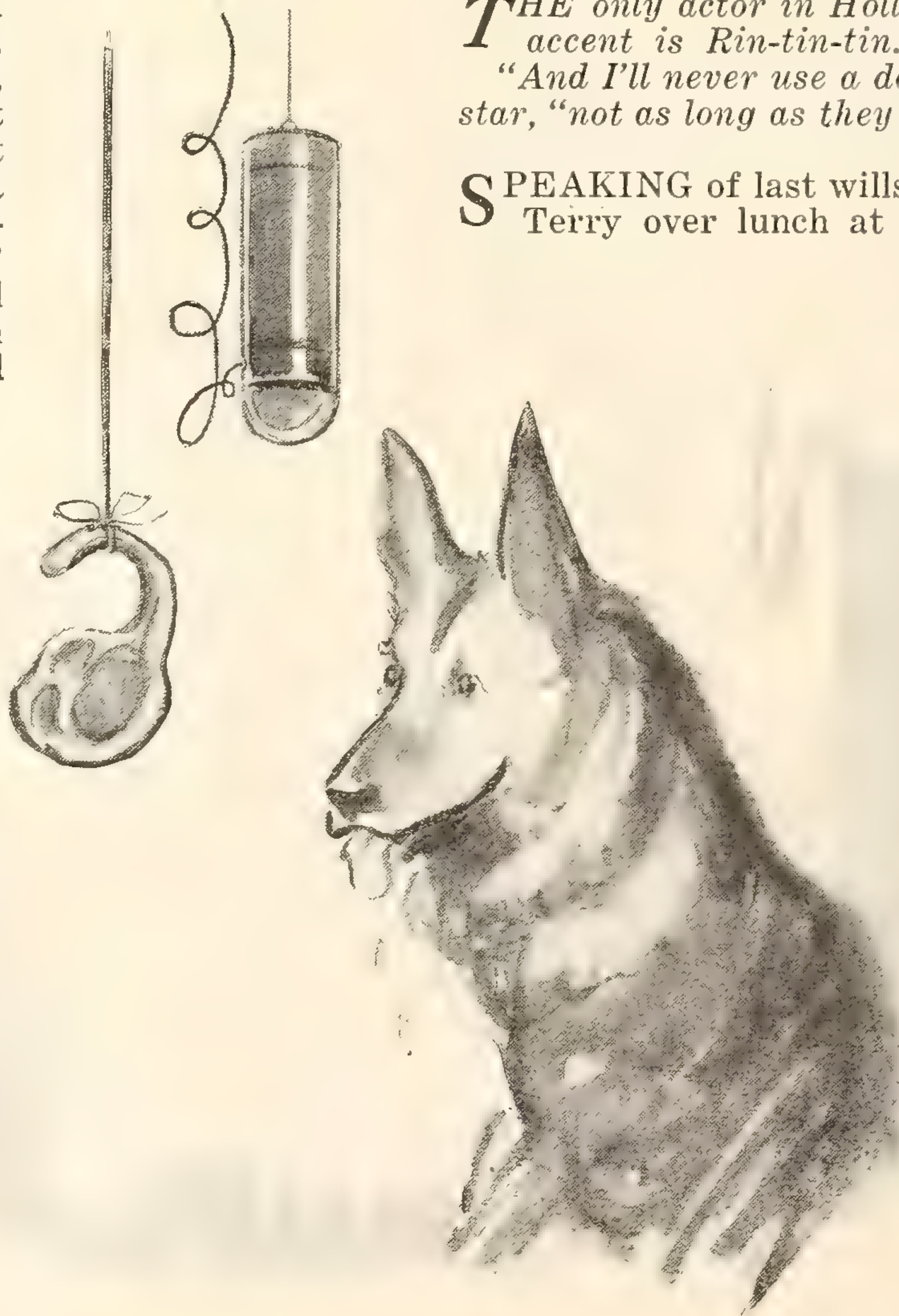
"I've tried to, but it's hard," said Alice. "The difficulty is to think of anyone you care enough about to leave ten thousand dollars!"

Her levity was abruptly checked by a glance at the eighteen-day diet menu.

"I know," said she. "I'm going to leave my money to a home for fat old actresses."

NOW that all the public figures are being forced into talkies by the news reel, it behooves (Con. on page 129)

Rin-Tin-Tin never uses a double and this picture shows exactly why he doesn't need one for the new barkies.



The Birth of the Talkie

A Striking Interview with Thomas Edison, in which the Great Inventor Talks for the First Time of his Pioneer Work with Audible Pictures

By HUGH WEIR

“AND so, gentlemen,” declared the young inventor, “you may decide that what I have to show you is nothing but an interesting toy.” He pushed back his thick, rumpled hair and his nervous voice took on an added tenseness. “On the other hand, you may see what I do—the beginning of a new art which may become historic.”

It was a strange scene there in the darkened room of the New Jersey laboratory—which had already become internationally famous for many strange scenes.

“I have something which interests me, and which may interest you,” Thomas A. Edison had written to the dozen men now grouped together in the long, narrow room into which he had ushered them.

Suddenly, without warning, the lights were extinguished—and as the room was plunged into darkness there came a curious, whirring, rasping sound from somewhere in the rear—like the scraping of a dull needle against a hard surface. Simultaneously—or almost simultaneously—a flickering circle of light was projected on to a crude canvas screen stretched on one wall.

IT now became evident that the rasping sound from the rear emanated from a phonograph—and as the machine spluttered into the metallic strains of a clog dance the picture of a negro became visible in the flickering circle of light. But it was a picture strange to the invited guests—a picture such as none of them had ever seen before. For it had life! Actually before their eyes it began to dance—in perfect rhythm with the strains of the unseen phonograph.

A moment later the dancing negro opened his mouth—the synchronized phonograph followed his moving lips—and as they parted the chorus of a popular song broke forth. The negro on the screen not only was dancing but singing! The first talking picture in history had been given its première!

But the program had been moving far too successfully for a first performance. In the next breath the figure of the dancing negro faded from view—the lights were extinguished—and, although the phonograph continued to grind forth its metallic melody, the illusion of a singing, dancing picture was ruined! Less than a minute had elapsed since the first flicker of light on the canvas screen, and the first rasp from the phonograph.

Sweating and somewhat embarrassed, young Mr. Edison turned on the lights, and stepped into view. “Better success next time, gentlemen!” he said with his direct frankness to which he has always contrived to impart the spirit of his unbeatable

optimism, “We can’t expect a new thing always to do its best at the first trial!”

THAT is the true record of how the talking pictures of today had their birth. The first thought of Thomas A. Edison in the invention of the motion picture was not to make it a silent picture but a sound picture. That fact is not generally known to the present generation, even in its recognition of his historic invention.

When I asked the father of the motion picture to give me the actual facts, Mr. Edison nodded his head and, after a moment, the famous Edison smile spread over his grizzled features. “As usual, I suppose I was ahead of the times. That is one of the troubles of the pioneer.”

“What first suggested the idea of the motion picture camera, Mr. Edison?” I asked.

The reply was as prompt as it was surprising:

“The phonograph. I had been working for several years on my experiments for recording and reproducing sound, and the thought came to me that it should be possible to devise an apparatus to do for the eye what the phonograph was designed to do for the ear. The next logical step was to combine the two. That is what I worked to do at first. And I gave a good part of several years to the job. And then I gave it up—that is, the idea of synchronizing the phonograph and the motion picture.”

“Why?” I asked.

Again the slow Edison smile answered me. “Because I came to the conclusion that the introduction of sound would destroy the illusion I was seeking to create in the silent picture. I thought that the audience would appreciate the motion picture better—and get more from it without sound. So I confined my experimentation entirely to producing the best motion picture camera that I could—and disregarding completely the idea of joining it with the phonograph. As I said before, maybe I was

ahead of the times in my first conception of the mission of the motion picture—and what it could do.”

SAYS THOMAS EDISON:

“I gave up the idea of synchronizing the phonograph and the motion picture because I came to the conclusion that the introduction of sound would destroy the illusion I was seeking to create in the silent picture.

“I thought that the audience would appreciate the motion picture better—and get more from it—without sound. Maybe I was ahead of the times in my first conception of the mission of the motion picture—and what it could do.”

THE father of the motion picture chuckled, quite as though the amazing facts he was stating were ordinary incidents of the day’s work.

“Our first motion picture studio was almost as amazing as the pictures we made in it,” said Mr. Edison. “When we decided that our plans for the development of animated photography were far enough advanced to warrant a special building for the purpose, it was such an ungainly-looking structure when it was completed and

(Continued on page 106)



Photograph by Richee

"That ideal girl stuff is a lot of hooey," says Buddy Rogers to his pal, Dick Hyland. "A man does not picture some ethereal being—blue eyes, picture hat, wind-blown hair and all that sort of thing—and then go tramping the streets looking for her. He just has likes and dislikes and some day meets a girl who has a flock of the likes and not so many of the dislikes—and that is that. She's it."

BUDDY Seeks a GIRL

By DICK HYLAND

SOME day a girl will walk down a church aisle. Music, flowers, beauty will be there. Waiting for her at the altar rail will be Buddy Rogers. Buddy does not know, yet, who this girl is. She may be some smiling lass he knows already, she may be some unknown he has never seen. She may be—it sounds like hokum, but stranger things have happened—she may be *you*, if you are a girl.

There are a hundred thousand girls—or more—who would enjoy stepping out some evening with Buddy Rogers. In fact, it would be a strange young lady indeed who would not get a wee thrill when she peeked out the window and saw Buddy roll up to her door for the first time in his racy black Packard.

I PUT “for the first time” in that last sentence deliberately. Because, unless you fit into Buddy’s scheme of things, unless you had something on the ball, that first time would be your last time. Read on, fluttering hearts, and find out what chance you would have of going out with Buddy Rogers that second time, what chance you would have of eventually walking down that church aisle.

It is possible for two young gents more or less of an age, of rather similar tastes, of not dissimilar pasts, to get very confidential. If it happens to be a cool night outside, and a crackling fire sends flickering shadows bouncing against the walls inside, then it is easier still to talk. But talk as we would, Buddy Rogers avoided the subject of girls.

“NOW you take basketball...” he’d say—and I’d interrupt him.

“All right. I’ll take it and you haven’t got it any more. Now shall we talk about the girlyies right away or gradually lead up to them?” He would grin, would Mister Rogers, knowing what I wanted and stalling me off. Eventually he walked into the trap.

Buddy Rogers in his latest Paramount picture, a circus story in which Jean Arthur appears opposite him. Buddy plays a handsome young aerialist.

Here’s the Kind of Girl Buddy Is Seeking

She must have:

Personality
Be reasonably good looking
Have a sense of humor
Be a good listener
Be able to sympathize

She must not:

Wear too much make-up
Stage jealous scenes

Do you think you have these qualifications? Buddy himself doesn’t believe such a girl exists.

“I don’t think so,” he said. “As far as I am concerned, *personality* comes ahead of *looks* in a girl.”

“Why?” It was my turn to grin. But I did not.

“I don’t know, exactly. But I do know this: that just looks—beauty—alone do not make much of an impression upon me. When I was at college I’d meet a knock-out for looks. I’d think, umm, a honey! And then I take her out—once. I’d never go back. She had nothing to draw me back. No personality, no individuality. Just her face and her figure, and as far as they were concerned I was meeting girls every day who could compete with her (Continued on page 122)





RICHARD BARTHELMESS

GRETA GARBO

JOHN BOLES

WE HAVE WITH US

Ladies and Gentlemen: A toastmaster always likes to introduce somebody from home, and so I turn to a girl who came from the best state in the Union, bar none—Missouri—and from the second best town in the state, Kansas City, first place going to Maryville.

On Christmas morning, twenty years ago, Santa Claus very carefully set down a basket on a doorstep in Kansas City and blew on his hands. Now the former occupant of that basket makes more money in a week than poor old Santa Claus does in a year. It just goes to show that there is more money in acting than in driving reindeer.

I refer, of course, to Marguerite Churchill. For years she lived quietly at home, boarding with her father and mother, and never going out unless accompanied by an older member of the family. At last she grew up as people will who are early to bed and early to rise. Her father was interested in a chain of theatres in South America and, after a time, Marguerite picked up and went down there and lived a year in Buenos Aires. She and Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio are the only girls in Hollywood who can pronounce it correctly.

Growing tired of beans, she finally came back to New York and looked around and got herself a job acting. One day W. R. Sheehan of the William Fox Company saw her and signed her up for the big open spaces of Hollywood.

Thousands of girls arrive annually in Hollywood with their mothers but, so far as history goes, Marguerite is the only one who ever arrived in Hollywood with both a mother and grandmother.

She still has them and, in addition, she also has a grotto. You're just simply nobody in Hollywood if you haven't got a grotto and a couple

of thin-tailed Japanese goldfish swimming around in a pool. But Marguerite has them and can lift her head socially.

Toastmaster's favorite performance: as the Oklahoma girl in "They Had to See Paris," the same having been written by—ahum—the toastmaster himself.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS. I will now direct your attention to that young man sitting there at the end of the table and who is beginning to fold his napkin and look nervously toward the door. Look upon him well, for he is a movie actor born in New York City.

The great event occurred May 9, 1897, and the name that was handed the Bureau of Vital Statistics for recording was Richard Semler Barthelmess. His father came from Nuremberg, Germany, where he was a toy manufacturer. The lady Richard chose for his mother was an American, and thus we have his ancestry. His father was a Bavarian, and his mother an actress, so Dick came by it honestly.

Ambition slumbered in young Richard's bosom, and when he was eighteen he packed the family suitcase and went to Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, where he studied hard and rose rapidly until he was cheer leader.

During his four years in college he acted, but no one took it seriously. One day the dean of the college, who had been watching him act, said:

"Some day that boy is going to make his mark in engineering—or something."

There are probably 188,888 mothers who have taken their daughters to Hollywood to put them into pictures. Some have and some haven't. But here is a new angle.

Mrs. Barthelmess stayed at home and put her son into pictures. She then was teaching

Homer Croy, The New Movie's Ambassador Extraordinary to Hollywood, acts as Toastmaster at our Second Banquet



OUR OWN MR. CROY

NANCY CARROLL

VICTOR McLAGLEN

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

TONIGHT

By Homer Croy
Drawing by Herb Roth

English to Nazimova, and at this time Nazimova was starting a picture entitled, "War Brides," and Mrs. Barthelmess got Son Dick a job actin', and now Son Dick gets 6,000 or so letters a month.

Richard Barthelmess has been married twice: First time was to Mary Hay, and soon little Mary Hay Barthelmess came to live at their house. His second marriage was to Mrs. Jessica Sargent and now they have a lovely little yacht named *Pegasus*.

Dick has just signed a new contract which is to run until 1933, and which calls for him to work only two months a year . . . so don't ever make fun of a college cheer-leader again.

JOHN BOLES. I will introduce to you somebody, the like of whom I have never before presented to you—Dr. Boles.

Dr. Boles arrived in Greenville, Texas, October 27, 1898, and lived quietly on Alamo Avenue, attracting little or no attention except among his relatives.

In him ambition burned as steadily and unwaveringly as the flame in a gas ice box, and, packing up his carpetbag, he went to the University of Texas, at Austin, and walked among the intellectuals. He spent four years there and now, girls, comes the sad part of the tale—the day before he graduated he took unto himself a wife and has been married ever since.

After his name on the diplomy they wrote A. B., but he wanted to be an M. D., and have a little sign out in front of his house which said: "Office Hours 9-12; 2-5." But this was never to be, for the war came along and he joined up and spent eighteen months in France—and in what department do you suppose the mighty brains of the army decided to put him? As a detective. In the intelligence section.

When he got back to Texas it was too late for him to go on with his medical career and, as his wife had developed the habit of eating three times a day, our John began to raise cotton.

But the only place where they grow big crops of cot-

ton is in the talking pictures showing negro life, and, being unable to change his wife's habits, Dr. John came to New York to see if he could do a little singing. It wasn't easy for a cotton planter to get started singing in New York, but pretty soon Luck came and tapped him on the shoulder and he got a job. Every time he sang he made friends, and soon he was leading man in a musical comedy.

Soon he was in films, playing opposite Gloria Swanson, and since that time hard times ain't ever come a-knocking at poor ol' Massah Boles' door.

NANCY CARROLL. My eyes wander down the table and come to rest upon somebody who, I am sure, wants to say a few words this evening. I call upon Nancy Carroll. But let me tell you about her first:

Look upon her well, for you have never seen her like before—a movie star born on Tenth Avenue, New York City. This is not the avenue that Vincent Astor was born on; he was probably in long pants before he was allowed to venture into that region.

When Tenth Avenue first gazed upon her, she was named Nancy LaHiff, and her father was stroight from Oirland, me lad. This was twenty-three years ago, November 19.

But Tenth Avenue didn't gaze upon her long with wonderment, for this same Tenth Avenue was filled with 'em—seven LaHiff children in all.

Still, Nancy was a little different, for she was the seventh child of a seventh child. Try that, if you want to be lucky in the movies.

Her father was a fine mon in every way, although he was addicted to playing on the concertina. And as he played, the LaHiff children would dance. It is said that rents in one section of Tenth Avenue went down sixty per cent in one year, but, of course, this may be exaggerated. Y'know how people like to tell things around.

Her first job was with a lace company.

She couldn't keep her feet still and worked up a vaudeville act and got a (Continued on page 123)



HOPE HAMPTON as MANON

The young and beautiful motion picture star filled a triumphant engagement last Summer in Paris with the Opera Comique, singing Massenet's "Manon" and Puccini's "La Boheme" before crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The Paris critics were unanimous in singing the praises of Miss Hampton and classifying her debut as the most sensational since Mary Garden's first performance. Miss Hampton made her opera debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. You will see Miss Hampton in a singing film in full colors shortly.

Her Greatest ROLE

Mae Marsh Is a Happy
Mother of Three
Lovely Children

By GRACE KINGSLEY

YES, I have three children. I'm rearing the nation—if anybody asks you! And all the children are different. If I ever decided to go into the picture producing business, I'd have all the characters right in my own family!"

Mae Marsh may have three children—but she hasn't three chins!

She hasn't allowed herself to slip into dullness—probably she couldn't anyway—just because she is the mother of three.

I'm inclined to think, in fact, that dull mothers were dull girls, no matter what they may try to make you believe.

We were chatting, out there in Mae's ten-acre California garden, before going in to lunch.

They are all blonde, rosy and blue-eyed, those children of Mae's—Mary, aged ten; Bobby, aged four, and Marguerite, who is fifteen months old. And Bobby and Marguerite, I must admit, wore very little clothes. Mae believes that nakedness in the sunshine is good for little growing bodies.

"They had to wear pajamas when we were at the beach last summer, and they hated it!" declared Mae.

MAE lives with her husband, Louis Lee Arms, former newspaper man, (who is now in business with J. Stuart Blackton), and her children, in a big, beautiful Colonial house, perched almost on top of a hill in Flintridge, which is twenty minutes from Los Angeles—that is, twenty minutes when you drive with Mae or her husband—twenty thrilling minutes, since bridges and chasms and mountain roads seem to mean nothing to them.

Sunlight played on the big, gorgeous old garden as we arrived.



Mae Marsh lives with her husband and her three children on a hill in Flintridge, near Los Angeles. She has a ten-acre garden—and happiness.



"I Have Something Real to Live for Besides Stardom"



Marguerite Arms, Mae's youngest, who is fifteen months old.

out through her eyes, is revealed in the soft curves of her face, is carried out in word and gesture.

I DON'T suppose that any actress in the world has ever had the question asked about her so often, "What has become of her?" as has Mae Marsh.

That question has a sinister sound somehow. It is a sad little question that is chorused about many a film star. But Mae's fate isn't at all sinister. It is all wholesomeness and mostly sunshine. But, of course, no woman arrives at happy wifehood and motherhood without the exercise of a lot of brain power.

But Mae doesn't worry you about those details. She just considers herself a lucky, happy woman and lets it go at that.

Indeed, you needn't worry a bit about Mae.

But it's an awful temptation to talk about the babies—even though I know that you're dying to hear about Mae. So let's get it over with. Anyhow, Mae is so bound up in her children, you simply couldn't express Mae without expressing her children.

ALL Mae's babies have been system babies—that is, they ate and slept with the meter on, as it were—a health meter that prescribed just such food at such hours and such ages, and which required them to sleep on a big open porch. The porch is glassed in, but it is seldom that it isn't open to the fresh air on all sides, even the nipping air which comes to Flintridge in winter time.

They adore their mother. And when the three were all ill with the measles at the same time, a few months ago, would they let their nurse take care of them? Not they. They cried for their gracious, darling mother, and Mae spent days and nights on end at their bedsides.

Mae's husband is a very tall, good-looking man—just the type any sensible girl would choose to be the father of her children. And Mae was a sensible girl, just as she is now a sensible woman.

A little heavier, perhaps, Mae looks almost as she did when I first met her, playing "Apple Pie Mary," long before "The Birth of a Nation" was even conceived.

As for the inward Mae—she has let Life enrich her nature, travel give her culture. All this shines

We sat down at lunch in the pretty dining room, eating of the food prepared by Mae's excellent colored cook, while the children were sent off to the nursery for their food.

Just one meal a week does little Bobby eat with his parents. He is a wily youngster, and he managed to persuade his parents to be allowed to have his mush-and-milk breakfast with Louis and Mae on Sunday morning, when they always breakfast in bed.

BOBBY'S real name is Brewster. However, Mae kept hearing the other children in the neighborhood call him "Rooster" till it got on her nerves, so she and Louis decided to call the child Robert.

"But when he gets high-hat, he tells me his name is Brewster!" explained Mamma Mae.

Marguerite ran in as we were chatting over the chicken and hot biscuit, revealing the reddest cheeks and the brightest blue eyes I have ever seen.

Suddenly—"Come here, Bobby!" called his mother. With motherly instinct she sensed that Bobby was what mothers call being "up to something."

Bobby came in shame-facedly bearing a pair of shears. His mother asked him what he had been doing with them. He didn't lie. That's a nice thing about Mae's children—they are all truth-tellers.

"I was just cuttin' a chair," he explained.

Mae took the
(Continued on
Page 118)



A scene from one of Mae Marsh's popular old Goldwyn films, "The Cinderella Man."

Below: The three children, Marguerite, Bobby and Mary.





PHOTOGRAPH BY
RUTH LITTLE JONES

Just a little girl from Pittsburgh who made good! Otherwise, Sally Starr, who made her film debut—very successfully, too—in Metro-Goldwyn's "So This is College." Director Sam Wood discovered her among the hundreds of girls seeking a movie opportunity at the studio gates. He gave her a chance in "So This is College" and next you will see her in "Dulcy" and in "Lights and Shadows."

Miss Starr has had considerable experience on the stage, despite her youth. She appeared with Ted Lewis and she danced and sang in George White's Scandals and in LeMaire's Affairs. And she danced with several Publix units.



Walter Winchell remembers Rudy Vallee when he played at the Rendezvous Café, where Gilda Gray danced. He was just an unknown "sax tooter" then.

AMONG other thrills that come in a lifetime is sitting back and observing the careers of the lads and lassies with whom you went to school; and seeing them climb rapidly up that oiled ladder to great heights. Take George Jessel, frinstance. Georgie, as he still is affectionately called by those of us who called him that when "we knew him when" is a star, today, a cinema star, if you please, and Eddie Cantor and this article-preparer can tell you that it was only in 1910 at the Imperial Theatre, a Harlem (New York) nickelodeon, where the three of us warbled sad sonks between the reels.

Georgie at the time was eleven. And at that tender age he was a bass singer! Eddie Cantor handled the lead and we tenored, Mrs. Jessel, a widow, wore a shawl as she tore off the five-cent admission tickets in the chilly box-office out on the pavement and the billboards exploited us in this manner: "The Imperial Trio. Those Little Men With the Big Voices." Georgie, however, had a stage name, a fancy one, no less, and if memory serves us, it was Dudley Lincoln, or something along those lines. Wasn't he the one, though?

THEN Gus Edwards happened along, with one of his song-publishing brothers. In those happy days Mr. Edwards was writing such grand tunes as "Sunbonnet Sue," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "School Days" and other hits. He proceeded to fashion a big flash vaudeville act which he eventually titled "The Song Revue" and the Imperial Trio members were the first signed for that act, which later became an annual event.

All of us shelved school

Winnie Lightner was the cut-up in her sister's act, The Lightner Sisters and Alexander. Then she did a single variety act. After that—the movies and success!

That Old Gang of MINE

By WALTER WINCHELL

and opened at Union Hill, now Union City, New Jersey, in June, 1910.

That week the Gus Edwards' and some of us kids were motoring back to the theatre after dining at a hotel, Mrs. Edwards pointed to a two-year-old who had her cute little feet in the gutter water. "Isn't she darling?" said Mrs. Edwards and the chauffeur was instructed to pause. Mr. Edwards got out and picked her up. She cooed back at Mrs. Edwards, and the woman kissed her.

In response to the query, the tot's playmates revealed that her name was Gussie Apfel and that her father owned a house on the corner. The Edwards rushed to the father and urged him to let the child appear in the "Jimmy Valentine" number in the Song



Broadway's Famous Columnist Knew Them When—and He Tells You All About It

Revue. For five dollars this was arranged.

THAT child was Lila Lee!

One of the grandest kids I ever played tag with, and who has never changed from being the sweet little thing she was when she was two, three, four, five, six or sixteen!

Some of us boys taught her what we knew between shows, when she was six. We were her tutors, and Georgie's, and Georgie Price's, by the way. Lila will admit, I think, that she was educated by the little boys in the act, all of whom adored her.

You are probably familiar with Lila's career. She has been successful—after a few years as Mrs. James Kirkwood. Reports came from Hollywood that they were unhappy together. Then they were divorced.

Every time I see Lila in a flicker, something inside of me seems to throb. I'm only thirty-two myself, you know, and here, after all these speeding seasons, Lila Lee has grown up, and has a baby! I wonder if she ever heard of the simile: "As full of memories as a log fire?"

And what a swelegant person is Lila. She has never been in a scandal. She is a charming girl, and I bow low to her for preserving her



Barbara Stanwyck—then Ruby Stevens—danced in Broadway night clubs for a long time. Mr. Winchell tells you of her exciting adventures in Manhattan's cabarets.

spotless reputation. That's an accomplishment these hectic days.

And she has never forgotten the Gus Edwards' for raising her, either. So many of the others have, you know. She rates another salute for that.

The critics unanimously agree that she is beautiful and can act, so her future is a bright one, indeed. And the only thing about Lila I have never seen in print (although it probably has been told before) is that she got her now famous name from Mrs. Gus Edwards, whose maiden tag was Lillian Lee.

BARBARA STANWYCK, the heroine of the stage version of "Burlesque" and films, was Ruby Stevens when we knew her only a few years ago on Broadway. Ruby elevated herself rapidly from Anatole Friedland's floor-shows in the cabarets along the Hardened Artery. And she is listed among the leading ladies who can juggle with your heartstrings and make you weep.

Barbara, as she prefers being called now, is another of the unstained lassies who made good on Broadway first and then in Hollywood. She is Mrs. Frank Fay, and any of the Times Square mob will tell you how she adores that one-time red-headed comic, who, when he came to Hollywood, was transformed into a black-headed person with a long Chester Conklin mustache.

When she first came to New York, Helen Morgan was placed in the back chorus row by Flo Ziegfeld. Last season she received \$1,200 a week from the same famous producer.

Before clicking in Broadway shows, Ruby, I mean Barbara, served in the unimportant cafés as a terpsichorean. It was on a theatre roof, then a night club spot for the tourists, that Barbara encountered a horrible experience.

A certain man decided that he



Winchell's Own Stories of the Great White Way

liked her immensely and tried hard to win her affections. Barbara rebuked him for his advances, but she feared the loss of her cabaret job. She was the sole support of her family in Brooklyn.

It must have been an awful problem. Jobs are usually scarce on Broadway and she probably figured that men would bother her wherever she worked. And so Barbara dodged him when she could.

Then one evening just as she was making ready to go on stage, he cornered her against a wall near the wings.

"WHY don't you be nice to me?" he said. "I like you and can give you everything—but you are a little fool."

"Oh, please," she would say, "I must hurry out there; I'll be late."

"Naw," grunted the rat, "you do as I say or I give you something you never will forget!"

She slapped his face.

He suddenly pinned her to the wall and pressed a freshly lit cigar on her breast, holding it there for at least thirty seconds!

But Barbara never let out a cry. She never winced.

And then he let her go out on stage to do her dancing.

And she danced!

Beautifully, as she always does, and the audience never suspected that she was in great pain.

To this day Barbara carries that scar—to remind her of a Broadwayite who, thank Heaven, is now in Atlanta—a guest of the government.

THEN there's Joe E. Brown, a star, who should have been one long, before Hollywood decided he was immensely clever. Joe was one of the pals around 46th Street and Broadway, particularly at the N. V. A. Club. He is another of that school of fellows who never let his success go to his dome. And Joe, who has been married for fifteen years and has gone Hollywood, still has the same wife!

His contributions to the films are in a large way responsible for their popularity. His is clean



Joe Brown had a long struggle trying to convince the vaudeville booking agents that he had ability.

fun, but then, Joe E. Brown never pulled a rough joke in his career. That business you see Fred Stone do in his shows—leaping off the stage into the orchestra pit and then bouncing right back again is Joe's. He loaned it to Fred, however, so no theft charge is made herewith. But what I recall mainly about Joe is his struggle in the early days. He worked pretty steadily enough, but he couldn't make those booking agents believe he belonged on the big time. It came, of course, a little later, but vaudeville was rapidly degenerating and Joe tried California, the Port of Men Who Miss, to use a Wilson Mizner classic.

His ability immediately stunned the moguls out there and they cashed in on it. Today Joe E. Brown is a fixture in the better pictures and his wage is a

mighty one. When he visits Broadway and 46th Street, he stops to chat with the gang of veteran actors and others who might be unhappy over unemployment, and so forth. He is a delightful guy to know and I am happy to count him among my old friends.

THEN there is Winnie Lightner. Another of the newcomers to the screen who landed with a wallop.

When we were dusting vaudeville stages seven years ago, Winnie was the cut-up in her sister's act, "The Lightner Sisters and Alexander," a favorite trio in the better theatres. She sang the same style of quickly paced numbers, each carrying a terrific punch line and she triumphed at every performance, even when the others in the act "laid an egg," as the saying goes. They said then that Winnie would knock 'em dead if she did a single turn. But Winnie was loyal to her sister and her husband. Offers poured in from the Ziegfelds, Shuberts and other producing impresarios but Winnie wouldn't listen. (Continued on page 120)



Lila Lee was discovered by Gus Edwards when two years old. Lila—then Gusie Apfel—was playing on a Fort Lee street without a thought of movies.



Photograph by William E. Thomas

Helen Twelvetrees, in front of her own Hollywood bungalow. Miss Twelvetrees, who was with the William Fox studios briefly, has been signed by Pathé under a five-year contract, following her performance in "The Grand Parade." Since her salary starts at \$600 a week, she really doesn't need to take broom in hand.



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

GRETA GARBO

The exotic Swedish star plays a great game of tennis. This isn't just a posed sport picture. It's the real thing.

"HOLLYWOOD Is the Dullest TOWN in the WORLD"

CAME THE YAWN

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

DRAWING BY EVERETT SHINN

HOLLYWOOD is wonderful. I love it. I can think of few things I'd like better than going there every year, say for about three weeks in February, when it gets raw and cold in New York, with my expenses paid and some sort of a nebulous job vaguely concerned with "writing something for the movies." I love Hollywood but I'd no more live there than I would in Coney Island, which I love, too, for one night a year. Hollywood is a great improvement on Coney Island. There are more strange sights to see.

The whole place is definitely incredible. If it exists at all—and I have an idea that it fades away the day after we Eastern visitors leave and has been only a kind of a show held for our astonishment—surely it exists as the result of minds who have gone to too many movies, who have made their social life a sort of glorified motion picture—without even the accompaniment of talkie repartee.

THAT Hollywood exists at all is so wonderful, such a perfectly marvelous addition to the always amazing American scene, that everyone who can should go there at once while it is in its present form. Smoothed down a little, it would be only a tawdry and rather vulgar society composed almost entirely of illiterates, with here and there hard-working business men and writers—mostly hacks—doing jobs that are too big for them. Now it is perfect, a flamingly colored flower of our civilization.

Because they are among the first things I'm asked about, I shall try to tell you first of all of the parties, the night life that this truly amazing place has produced. And lest you think that I repay poorly the hospitality that was shown me, I'll admit that I had a perfectly grand time every place I went, and I hope when I go back—and I'm looking forward to going back—I'll be invited all over again. And I know, too, that in my poor way I repaid hospitality by being the "visiting author," guest of honor and, at the end of each evening's entertainment, I made good by being actually able to sign my name and sometimes even a dull line or two, without outside assistance, in the always present guest-book.

And the guest-book is typical of the place. Hollywood

Thyra Samter Winslow says Hollywood has a dull, tawdry and rather vulgar society composed almost entirely of illiterates.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE presents Mrs. Winslow's findings without in any way agreeing with this famous author.

Can Mrs. Winslow number in her "tawdry society" such stars as—

Richard Barthelmess, graduate of Trinity.

Buddy Rogers, of the University of Kansas.

Rudy Vallee, of Yale.

Ronald Colman, badly wounded fighting for his King in France.

Edmund Lowe, of Santa Clara.

John Boles, of the University of Texas.

Adolphe Menjou, of Cornell.

NEXT MONTH

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will present the case for Hollywood—a direct answer to Mrs. Winslow. Watch for it.

folks—unless they are professional writers and sometimes then—can and do read little more. Except in rare homes the library, unless included in the design of the interior decorator who "did" the house, consists of half a dozen screen magazines, clippings concerning the host or hostess, perhaps one or two much discussed and rather sensational novels—and the guest-book in which to register names of supposedly important visitors.

TEN years ago, on one of my first Hollywood visits, I attended a most naïve party. A young newspaper man, who had made around twenty-five dollars a week in New York, came to Hollywood to write scenarios at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars. Wishing to entertain with a party befitting his new and entirely undeserved salary he thought of all of the parties he had attended or read about. Alas, his party-going had been of the most simple kind. An Elks banquet. A political dinner. He knew, of course, the value of light wines and beer and he chose these in profusion. He thought and thought as to what else would be elegant enough for his new friends. Then, suddenly, a wonderful idea came to him. There was one delicacy he had always loved, something he and his friends in New York had always bought when they could afford it. It represented to him the height and acme of expense and elegance. At his party, that night so long ago, waiters arrived bearing buckets and plates. Chinese waiters. And the

one thing served—and there was three hundred dollars' worth of it—was CHICKEN CHOP SUEY.

Those good old days of extravagant simplicity are gone. The parties of today are echoes of it only in that the hosts and hostesses still

"I'd no more live in Hollywood than I'd live in Coney Island. The place is incredible."

—Thyra Samter Winslow



do the things they think are the most elegant—but there are new standards in Hollywood. For this incredible colony has a source of elegance. A guide. In the smarter motion pictures there are examples of how to act in society. THE HOLLYWOOD SET WHICH EARNS FABULOUS SUMS ACTING IN THE MOVIES GOES TO THESE SELF-SAME MOVIES TO FIND OUT HOW TO ACT IN "SOCIETY".

THE average parties given by movie stars are, therefore, as extravagant and as impossible—and as dull—as the parties you see on the screen. In the future perhaps the conversation will be helped by the talkies. Up to now, the parties have been following the silent

films and the talk concerns itself wholly, conceitedly and illiterately with the motion-picture industry.

The stars, as hosts and hostesses, and as guests, too, are bad-tempered and stupid. They have assumed the ridiculous and laughable manners of "the best people"—as portrayed on the screen—and they have added bad manners of their own. They are almost entirely without training, breeding or culture, as we have been taught to recognize it, and almost bereft of gentler feelings and instincts. Actual wild life exists, I believe, in a still lower layer, which I was luckily spared. The scandals are relatively mild—those of any newly-rich class that has about a moron's mental attainment.

There are, of course, exceptions even in Hollywood.



Money does not necessarily mean stupidity there. One of the most charming hostesses I have ever known anywhere lives in Hollywood—Mrs. Antonio Moreno, wife of Antonio Moreno, the screen star. Mrs. Moreno's parties, whether she gives them in her immense and perfectly appointed Hollywood home or in her suite at the Ritz in New York or Paris or in Spain are lovely. Her guests are carefully chosen. (Chorus of my best friends: "Hey, how do you get in?"). The food is grand. The entertainment stimulating. But then, Mrs. Moreno did not depend on sudden Hollywood wealth for her background.

OTHER exceptions in Hollywood are the little sets which remain curiously aloof from the taint of sudden movie gold. These are usually Eastern actors and actresses or writers who have come to Hollywood to make money and are making and saving it and who, while they (Continued on page 116)

The average parties given by movie stars, says Mrs. Winslow, are as extravagant and as impossible—and as dull—as the parties you see on the screen. The stars, as hosts and hostesses, and as guests, too, are bad-tempered and stupid. Each star acts as if he or she had an individual spotlight. The famous film folk, says Mrs. Winslow, never forget their stardom.



Photograph by Lewis F. Nathan

**HAROLD
LLOYD**

The comedian's first portrait in three years, made exclusively for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Harold is camera shy, whether or not you believe it.



Star Sketches:
Jeanette
MacDONALD
 By Albert T. Reid

BOTH the camera and baby Jeanette knew at their first meeting that they were going to be good friends.... At four she decided to be a prima donna and practised religiously on the front porch. The neighbors did not join in Jeanette's enthusiasm.... A desperate love affair at ten threatened her career. She and her "fiancé" spent a great part of their time window-shopping to furnish their castle-in-the-air.... In her first public appearance she sang, "When Highland Mary Did the Highland Fling," and Highland Mary had nothing on Jeanette when it came to the dance.... Her début in the chorus was in "Night Boat" and she danced in kilts. Followed other successful stage engagements.... Then Movies.... She has just made "The Love Parade," with Maurice Chevalier. Next comes "The Vagabond King."



Today John Love Boles, the Greenville boy, is one of the foremost talkie stars in popularity.

IT seems that Fate or some other unseen hand has always guided John Love's life, regardless of his own plans and his own efforts to divert them to another channel," was the declaration of Mrs. J. M. Boles, mother of John Love Boles, the stage and screen celebrity, as we sat in the living room of the charming and typically Southern home in Greenville, Texas, where the star lived the greater part of his eventful career. Here the voice that has thrilled so many hearts from the stage and screen was so often lifted in youthful song designed to please only the owner and his mood.

Studying John Love Boles' life, one sees the truth of her statement. One after another, his plans have seemed to "gang aft agley," diverting from the planned channel into another, but proving in each instance to be a change for the better. And it has always been in spite of, and not because of, his efforts to pursue the original plans.

His one ambition, and the one which he had planned from youth to realize, was to sing in grand opera. He continued singing with that goal in mind.

A QUIET boy, he always thought rather than spoke. One gathers that he was an example of the youthful introvert, thinking quite a lot, but not voicing his thoughts. Rev. W. E.

HOME TOWN

I

John Love Boles and his Boyhood Days in Greenville, Texas

Graham, whose church John Love joined in 1906, said that he was an extraordinarily loyal and faithful member, always in his place in church, and very, very quiet. It is of interest that he and his father joined the church at the same time.

"I don't know where John Love got his voice," his mother told me. "I always thought John, (John Love's father), could have sung if he had ever given any especial attention to his voice. The



Above, John Boles at the age of two months, even then deeply interested in "the squawkies." Right, Boles, in 1918, a member of the 359th Infantry at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.



STORIES of the STARS

By Charles R. Horton

of the
Greenville Evening Banner

school singing when I was a girl usually fell to me but, outside of that and a near relative who had a beautiful voice, there was no vocal heritage to which we can assign his voice."

Mrs. Boles said that John Love's brother, Jake, now connected with the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas, was also a gifted singer and had a voice of unusual quality.

"He always sang, though," she added in speaking of John Love's voice, "from his boyhood days through his life, and the only hobby to which he clung passionately was music."

His music went with him through High School life and, according to his classmates, music seemed to be a part of his life.

"**H**IS voice and elegant manners, along with his handsomeness, made John Love one of the most popular boys in school," said Benton Morgan, Greenville lawyer, who was a member of Boles' graduating class and who was his classmate for four years, later being in the same company with him in the army. "It was a favorite saying of ours that John Love was always practicing his middle name with the ladies. And he did. He was always the center of any of our school groups. You might say that he sang his way through High School. He was a good dancer, too. Whistling was another of his accomplishments."

It is prophetic that John Love Boles had one of the leading parts in the annual senior class play. "Our play for that year was called 'A Bachelor's Romance.' I don't suppose that John Love had any idea then of embarking upon a stage career," Mr. Morgan told me. Mr. Morgan tells an interesting anecdote concerning one of Boles' early romances:

"**J**OHN LOVE was an excellent Southpaw pitcher; in fact, he was one of the best that our High School ever had. It all happened in Sherman. (Sherman is Greenville's greatest athletic rival). He had been expecting to see a young lady he was interested in but whom he had never met, and in about the sixth or seventh inning, when the other side was at bat, he called me, the catcher, out towards the pitcher's box for one of those mysterious conferences that pitchers and catchers often hold.

"'That's her,' he whispered to me as we put our heads together, and he jerked his head toward the bleachers where a beautiful young lady had stationed herself to watch the game. When we



John Boles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Boles, leading citizens of Greenville. Mr. Boles has been in the banking business for many years.

came to bat, John Love went over to see her and, thinking it was the girl he was looking at, made a date for the dance that night. It happened, however, that it was the wrong girl. He kept the date all right, but he managed to effect a change while at the dance and succeeded in escorting the girl of his choice to her home."

John Love Boles' scholastic record is one to be proud of, high marks characterizing each subject he attempted. "He was an exceptionally fine student, always gentlemanly in conduct, and very brilliant in all his studies," L. C. Gee, superintendent of the Greenville Public Schools, said in praise of Boles' High School record. Examining the scholastic records of 1913, the year of Boles' graduation, we found that his best marks were made in the languages, with the marks in English and German being exactly the same. His punctuality record was one hundred per cent, a perfect mark, and his deportment was eighty-seven out of a possible hundred.

Home Town Stories

This is the first of a series of intimate stories of the motion picture stars from the home town angle.

In these there will be nothing of Hollywood or the false glamour that descends upon the screen famous.

These stories will tell what the home towns think of their famous sons and daughters—and what they thought before screen success came. They are being written for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE by newspaper men who live in the home towns, using all the facts out of reach of the Hollywood interviewers. They will tell you what the stars' friends, schoolmates and teachers thought—and what they think now.

Next month—Myrna Loy and her early days in Helena, Montana.

"**B**IG EAT," was his nickname through High School," Mr. Morgan said. "The title was earned by his proclivity toward hearty eating. He had a voracious appetite, being a healthy fellow, and the nickname always seemed particularly applicable in his case.

"It was in the eighth grade in 1909 that I met John Love, when he came from the South Ward School (now renamed Travis School). He and I were the only two in the class who were given special permission to enter the literary society in the High School. The ruling was then in effect that no one could enter until they had reached the ninth grade, but we got

Romance of John Boles, Grandson of Texas Pioneers

around that by getting special permission from the officials of the school. I remember that John Love lost one declamation while a member of the society."

It was in High School that he threw his arm away in a series of baseball games near Greenville, thereby hindering his athletic career at the University of Texas. He pitched two successive games in this series. His mother said that when he stepped from the street car in front of his home after the game she immediately saw that he was not feeling well and asked him what was wrong. "Nothing, mother," he answered, "I'm feeling all right." But he wasn't, he was very ill for about three weeks as a result of the strain to his pitching arm.

ON graduation from High School in June, 1913, John Love Boles entered the University of Texas. He enrolled in the fall of the same year for pre-medical work. He believed that the medical profession gave more relief from monotony than the banking business in which his father was engaged. "John Love always liked out-of-door life instead of inside and confining activities," Mrs. Boles explained. He worked hard at his studies at the university and also found time to be chosen to the Beta Theta Pi, national fraternity, and to membership in the Arrowhead, a social organization on the campus.

It was during his university career that he met Marcelite Dobbs, and, immediately following his graduation from the university in 1917 they were married.

John Love wanted to enlist in the World War, which started right after his graduation, but his professors at the university insisted that the army needed surgeons far more than it needed army men. They prevailed upon him to continue his work in medicine and surgery, giving him the opportunity to complete it in time to enlist. But the United States could not wait. John Love Boles was the first Greenville boy's name to be drawn in the first draft, and he, with seven others, were assigned to Camp Travis at San Antonio. He was then singing with a Chautauqua chorus.

His company was Company H, 359th Infantry, but he was transferred again, this time to the Intelligence Department. Soon afterwards he was sent abroad, where he was stationed in Paris.

"EVERYWHERE John Love went, it seemed there was music," his mother said. And it is so. He soon numbered among his other ac-



An early picture of John (left) and his brother, Jake, who is now with the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas, Texas. Jake has a splendid voice, too.

complishments the ability to entertain, and he sang quite a bit while in France.

He attended a musical event while in Paris. Being close to the orchestra which was then entertaining, he began singing as they played. A leading French voice instructor was near and heard him. He approached Boles with enthusiasm over his voice and offered to give him free lessons. John Love received a number of these lessons but the duties of his office compelled his absence so often that he was forced to drop them.

After a year and a half in the army and following the Armistice, John Love Boles returned to the States and to Dallas to take up the cotton business, studying voice in his spare time. It was while engaged in this business that Oscar Seagle, the baritone, heard him and became enthusiastic over his voice. Boles then became one of Seagle's

pupils. He went East with Seagle, dropping the cotton business after seven months. He went to France to study under Jean de Reske.

Upon his return to the United States, he became a member of the cast of "Little Jesse James," and a number of other musical comedies. It was during his stage career that he was heard by Gloria Swanson who engaged him for her leading man in the production of the motion picture "The Loves of Sunya."

IT is interesting to note that the number 13 is John Love Boles' lucky number. You will remember that it was on Friday 13 that he received the offer to enter the movies as Gloria Swanson's leading man, and looking back we find that his graduation from High School was in the year 1913 and that there were thirteen boys and thirteen girls in the graduating class!

A number of his friends in Greenville remember clearly that John Love Boles worked diligently nearly every summer between school terms, and often on Saturdays during school session. It was from pure joy of having something to do, though, for it was not necessary that he work.

His parents were, and are, one of the foremost families in Greenville. J. M. Boles, his father, has been in the banking business in Greenville since before John Love's birth, and is now connected with the largest banking institution in the city (Cont'd on page 117)



An athletic group at the University of Texas, with John Boles at the extreme right of the first row. Boles always liked sports, particularly baseball.



**FRED
KOHLER**

You know the lad with the iron in his eyes. He ran away with Alice White's "Broadway Babies," playing the happy bootlegger from Chicago, and he frequently has played in the rougher background of the rough Mr. Bancroft's underworld films. Kohler, who was born in Kansas City in 1889, started in films in "The Rough Riders" after four years on the stage. He's a six-footer and weighs 200 pounds.



Edwina Booth, at the left, makes-up in the heart of the African wilds. Miss Booth plays Nina, the white priestess of the savage tribes, described by the now famous old trader in his widely popular book

MAKING "TRADER HORN"



The hippo above is NOT yawning. No, indeed! His jaws have been propped open for a close-up. The hippo was shot by Director W.S. Van Dyke, who heads the Metro-Goldwyn camera expedition



Top, the "Trader Horn" company on the edge of the famous Murchison Falls. At the right, Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in a dramatic moment of the old trader's yarn. Mr. Carey, once a famous star in Westerns, plays the trader and Miss Booth is Nina





JEANETTE MACDONALD

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee



CLARA BOW



WILLIAM POWELL



RICHARD ARLEN



RICHARD DIX

Photograph by Ernest Bachrach



Photograph by Gene Robert Ritchie

FAY WRAY



Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

JOAN CRAWFORD



**CLIVE
BROOK**

Nobody has taken to the talkies with more success than this English actor, who had his larynx debut in "Interference" and recently interpreted the celebrated Conan Doyle sleuth in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Brook has dignity, ability, suavity—and all that sort of thing.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL



How the first flapper of the screen modifies the new fashion to suit her individuality. Clara Bow wears a chiffon frock with soft ruffles that fall away at the front to give a youthful shortness. And please note, too, that Clara's bobbed hair is growing longer

WHAT have you got on the hip, and where do you draw the line? Says Alice White to Clara Bow; sez you, sez me. Waistline, hiplines, hemlines. When they put Alice White in one of the new models, she looked like her mother. Many another agitated flapper has robed herself regally in the new modes, only to view with alarm the reflection in the glass, and to exclaim like the agitated old lady in the nursery rhyme, "Lawk a mercy, is it really I?"

Are the lights of the cinema, and the lovely legs, to be concealed under a bushel, even of imported lace or expensive silk ruffles? Are the athletic waistlines to be pinched down to Mid-Victorian span? What are the lovely ladies of the screen do-

Catherine Dale Owen also wears her skirts short in front. This charming dance frock is of blue moire, with a natural waist line, a full skirt and the very popular uneven hemline

EXIT— FLAPPER

Hollywood adapts the new fashions to its own modes and moods

By Rosalind Shaffer

ing about it? Well, different things, all of them expensive and intricate, and a little beyond the home dress-maker's art.

The prophets of these matterisms who arbitrate the mode in this its most exciting upheaval in recent years,



ENTER— SIREN

Here is a story that will interest every woman who has been puzzled by the most exciting fashion upheaval in years

are the designers of Hollywood, Gilbert Adrian, Max Ree, Sophie Wachner, Travis Banton, Edward Stevenson. They seem to agree that the pictorial type of film star will be ideally framed by the new mode with all its sophistication and subtlety. The real problem is for



Why Alice White doesn't like the new fashions. This dress was designed for her but she says she never will wear another like it. Alice remains in short skirts and Paris can go chase itself. She doesn't believe that the more demure styles suit her type

girls who have been advertised as flappers and who have always gone in for short skirts and sports modes as a large part of their wardrobe.

ADRIAN, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who cares for the dress problems of Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Anita Page, and Joan Crawford, gives his opinion as follows: "I believe

What Dolores Del Rio calls a "very snuggle" gown. It was designed by Augustabernard. The exquisitely fitted hipline with the long graceful droops give it unusual distinction

that in the new mode women will sacrifice some of youth for more of beauty. The last few years have been the era of the older woman who, by means of the subtle psychology of her bobbed hair and short skirts, has been able to recapture her youth. There was no age limit to clothes, and from the back it might be grandma or granddaughter.

The rule of the new fashion mode: complete freedom



Olive Borden, although the small, flapper type, has a pictorial quality that enables her to wear an extreme, formal princess gown. And, below, you see how Joan Crawford, by a few inches added to a skirt, achieves a compromise with the new style. Her skirt is a good, safe length for street wear

Now the word is 'be your age—beautifully.' The mode is divided into the young girl modes, and the sophisticated matron mode, suitable to those around thirty, and over. The sophisticated cut and line, with exquisite simplicity, with revealing fitted body line, its long skirt, and extreme décolleté, will be more beautiful than anything we have had in our era, but it is not a youthful mode.

"Only the really young can look youthful in the present mode. Their youth shines triumphant through the dignifying medium. The new mode will aid women to conceal defects with the flattering long skirts. The slim body fitting line is more difficult. The slender woman as always will be more beautiful because she is graceful and pliable."

Max Ree, designer for RKO, where Olive Borden and Bebe Daniels work, and who first glorified Greta Garbo, says:

HOLLYWOOD created the flapper as a mode, as a type and as a state of mind.

How will the screen adapt itself to the new fashions and the new types of feminine siren?

In this authoritative and revolutionary article, you will find the answer to your clothes question.

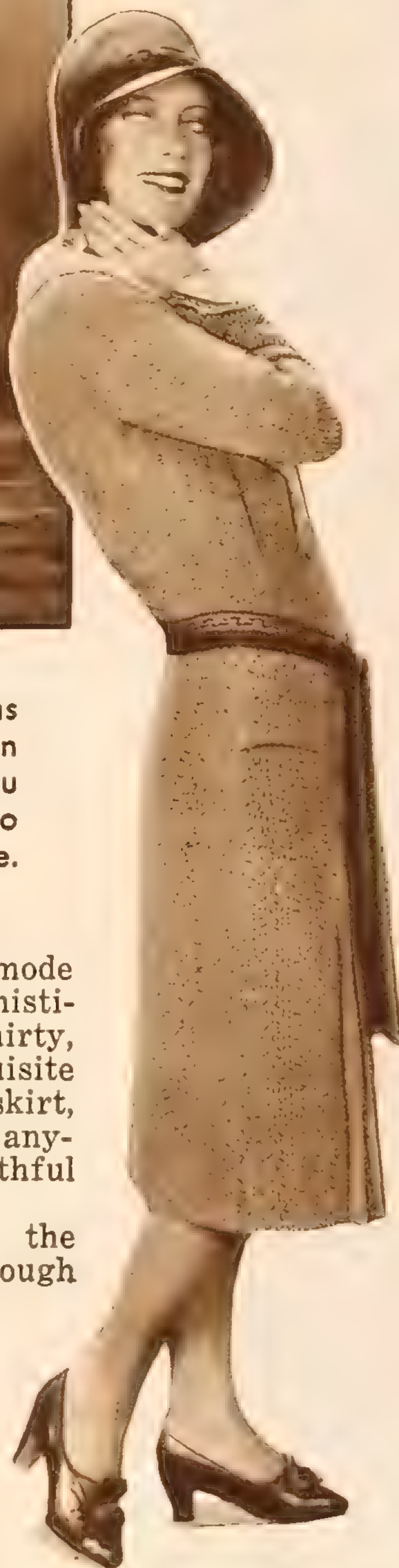
"Beauty is in the entire balance, not in any one definite line. We must accept new ideas and adapt them. This takes time and thought. There are rules for harmony in line; width and length have a certain balance that must be kept. We always go back to the classic models in studies of beauty of line.

ISADORA DUNCAN showed with her use of drapes that action can be accented by leaving the movement behind it in the air, expressed in a following floating drape. I believe, then, that clothes should be designed to suit the use to which they are to be put. A Charleston dancing age, with jerky movements, could not use anything but the short skirts with no sleeves that were so popular. A floating drapery would have become confused in the jerks and shown no motion accent. Short fluttery tabs were acceptable. So now, for modern styles, sport clothes must remain short and sleeveless, and of angular lines, with pleats, box coats and such things. For the dinner gown, the formal afternoon gown, the dance frock, our national prosperity and increased dignity of living is expressed in the dignity and luxuriousness of the long floating gowns. The revival of the waltz and the tango and the return to formal modes of living are expressed in the tea gown, the formal afternoon gown and the elaborately simple evening mode.

"Sophistication and beauty are in the new mode. The mermaid silhouette with its fascinating, concealing and revealing lines, is more alluring than the flapper modes of complete exposure. These gowns conceal imperfections and reveal only perfections. They can be adapted to any type of girl by study."

SOPHIE WACHNER, designer for William Fox, who presides over the sartorial destinies of Sue Carol, Lenore Ulric, Marguerite Churchill and Lola Lane, and who has designed for Mary Pickford, Vilma Banky, Estelle Taylor, Geraldine Farrar and hosts of other celebrities, says:

"There is no reason that the flapper figure as such should not be perfect for the new modes. The princess mode is the most difficult



in sports apparel, absolute formality in evening wear

THE FASHION REVOLUTION

THE flapper mode had in its favor freedom, frankness, convenience. It was a fashion of youth, simplicity, slimness and good health. But it was unromantic, informal, and unflattering to the no-longer young.

The new mode has in its favor sophistication, subtlety and feminine grace. But it must be modified for sport and street wear.

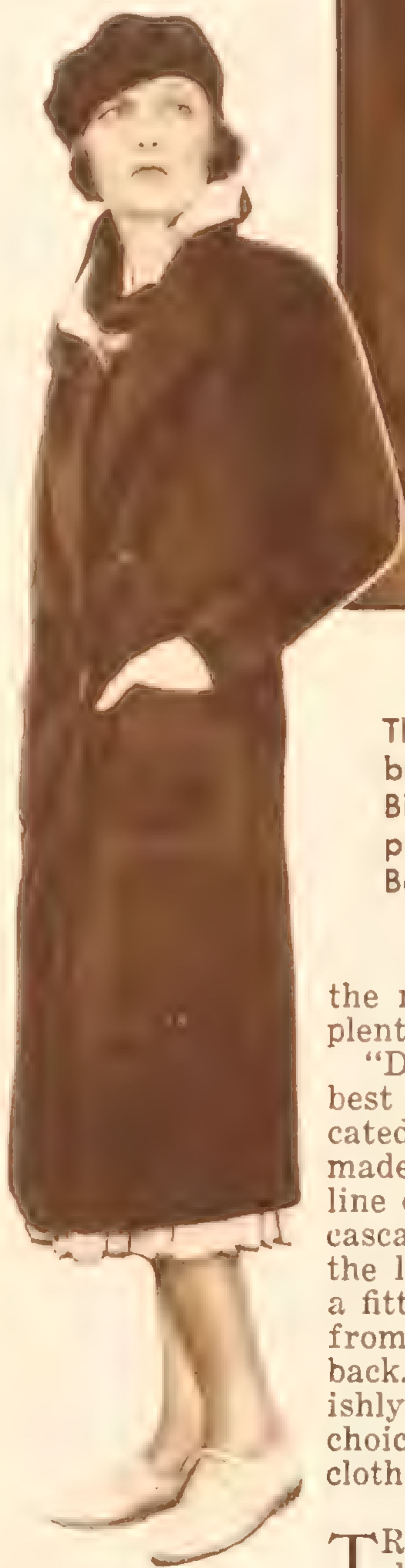
to wear, and only the slender, rounded firmness of a good figure can wear it. Who better than the flapper? The most difficult line for the eye to become accustomed to, and to accept in the new mode, is the long line from the natural waistline to the skirt hem, when it is long.

"The day is gone when the well dressed woman can wear sports clothes for afternoon, for parties, or for anything but sports. The tea gown, the formal afternoon gown, have arrived to stay. For street wear, I do not advise a very long skirt; a compromise mode such as the dress-maker suit, a feminine version of the tailored suit, with a half long skirt is advisable for shopping wear, and looks much smarter for the purpose.

"The danger that large girls, like Marguerite Churchill and Lola Lane, will look older in long skirts, is something that can be avoided by making irregular hemlines. Lace appliquéd in its natural scallops about the hemline, is one way to solve the problem for these tall girls."

JAMES STEVENSON, designer at First National for Alice White, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill and Corinne Griffith, has problems to meet. Alice White frankly does not like the new modes, and Stevenson feels that dressing such a star in something not expressive of her personality and liking is not wise, no matter how modish it may be. Stevenson has met his problem with Alice by keeping her skirts just around the knee, even for evening wear, and in one black allover lace model, trimmed with pleating around the hem, he has added a cascade of pleating from one hip that falls far below the hemline and gives the modish effect. The body is closely fitted.

Stevenson says: "The mode simply must be fitted to the personality. I believe that the flapper type, modified with a bit more roundness, will persist for a time at least. To put obviously unsuitable clothes on a star is to make her grotesque. All designers love



The formal afternoon frock returns to favor, after being obliterated by the popularity of sport wear. Billie Dove wears a lace afternoon frock. Billie prefers the very long skirt to the flapper hemline. Below: Corinne Griffith's favorite sport coat is of dark blue jersey with wide patch pockets

the new modes, as they give such scope, but there is plenty room for the individualist.

"Dorothy Mackaill, although she has always looked best in strictly tailored things, can wear the sophisticated cut and line of this season very well. I have made a gown for her for evening with the princess line on one side, and the other side with a three-tiered cascade of godets falling from the natural waistline to the long hem. A smart dressmaker's suit for her has a fitted yoke with a V in front, met by an ascending V from the knee, below which the skirt flares to a long back. A tuck-in blouse with a straight cut coat, lavishly done with fox collar and cuffs, makes a lovely choice for street wear. The material is a soft broadcloth."

TRAVIS BANTON, Paramount, designer, who plans clothes for Clara Bow and Nancy Carroll, considers the new modes highly flattering to the picture stars.

What the designers say about waistlines and hemlines

He says:

"The new modes are designed especially for the pictorial type of girl, which is the type that predominates in films. Marked individualists, like Clara Bow, must have the modes adapted for them. The selection of fabric to preserve the youthful effect is highly important. The feeling of youth is best achieved by fluttering laces, floating scarves and chiffons and soufflé.

"The irregular hemline, with length achieved in irregularly placed tiers of pleats and godets, and cascades, suggests the mode but still leaves the formal afternoon or evening gown short in front, longer at the sides and very long in back. I do not advise trains for everybody. One must know how to wear and carry a train; they really belong to the more sophisticated matron type."

Dolores Del Rio, who is possessed of one of the largest and most up-to-date wardrobes for personal use of any screen star, is fortunate to be of the pictorial type, which experts agree is ideally suited to the new mode. She is enthusiastic over the change in fashions, and has shopped lavishly among the new models from Vionnet, Paquin, Chanel, Irande, and the new designer, Augustabernard, who specializes in society designing, and does no work for stage or professional people.

She says:

"Looking absolutely right is so important to a screen actress that I do not believe the picture folk will accept anything they do not consider becoming. I personally never use anything, no matter how smart it is, unless I believe it suits me. I am fortunate enough to be the type for the new mode, and I am so excited over my new clothes. Yes, I like them unreservedly. The tight waistline and hip really give a woman two waistlines. Long skirts are universally becoming, I think, if other details are studied to balance them. I am so wild about the new skirt

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The naturally conservative Norma Shearer likes the black velvet afternoon gown. It has a fitted yoke about the hips, with a natural waistline. The wide cuffs are made of rows of tiny satin edged ruching.

HOW THE STARS VOTE ON THE NEW SILHOUETTE:

Dolores Del Rio wears her gowns at ankle length.

Billie Dove likes a modified princess mode. Clara Bow, in her off-screen clothes, enjoys the romance of long dresses.

Joan Crawford wears her sports outfit 13 inches off the ground and her afternoon gowns two inches longer.

Ina Claire dislikes frills and furbelows and hopes the modes will retain something of the old simplicity.

And Greta Garbo dresses to suit her type, regardless of fashion.

length that I am having my afternoon clothes all made very long, to the ankle. Is it not strange that the most extreme things I have are being made for me right here in Hollywood?

"The dresses are all made of little pieces, that it would be impossible to copy. The gorgeous materials, and the large amounts used, with the expensive cutting and designing necessary, make it a rich woman's mode. While fur coats are largely demode for evening, lavish furs are used for trimmings and the fabrics are so gorgeous that it is really no saving."

BILLIE DOVE chooses to have a few ideas of her own about the mode. Billie is of the pictorial type, and realizing this, never wore extremely short skirts all during the rage for them, preferring skirts a little below the knee for herself. While she is delighted with the new fashions, she takes violent exception to one line, that of the hemline which strikes the leg half between the knee and ankle. She considers it very ugly, as it makes even perfect legs appear slightly bowlegged. A line longer for afternoon wear, and a bit shorter for sports, about four inches below the

knee, is her preference. Here is what Miss Dove says:

"The long slightly blousing waist, with the snug hip-line that Chanel is identified with, is my personal preference," declares Billie, "as it is most becoming to me. However, the natural waistline fitted and with a tiny belt, is pretty too. I do not like the extreme princess mode, though a modified form is pretty. I am very happy the long skirts have become fashionable again."

Miss Dove is dressed so elaborately for the screen that she prefers simple things for her personal use, and will have a favorite model copied in another color, with accessories. Incidentally Billie is one of the most picturesque advocates of the "be your

(Continued on page 108)



DOUBLES

Top row, left: Bee Lee. She's the double for Fannie Brice, the comedienne. Miss Lee appeared also in minor rôles of "Sally," "Paris" and "Spring is Here." Top center: Ruth Metzger, double for Mary Astor and frequently mistaken for that favorite. Miss Metzger is a contract chorus girl at the First National Studios. Top right: June De Vine, who doubled for Barbara La Marr. Her resemblance to that ill-fated star is startling. At the right: Josephine Bernhardt, double for Beatrice Lillie. Miss Bernhardt is a former show girl who has appeared in "No, No, Nanette," "The Girl From Woolworth's," "Playing Around" and other films



At the lower right: Jean Morgan, photographic double for Betty Compson. Miss Morgan is a contract chorus girl at First National. At the immediate right: Irene Thompson, Billie Dove's double. You saw Miss Thompson also in small rôles of "Lilies of the Field" and "Paris"

Unknown Hollywood Girls Who Double For the Famous Stars





Nancy Carroll has four sisters and three brothers. Her youngest sister, Terry (above), is now trying her film luck in Paramount short subjects. Her other sister, Mary (on the page opposite), is now in vaudeville, after dancing and singing in a New York musical comedy. Nancy Carroll's real name is Nancy La Hiff, her parents being Thomas and Anna La Hiff. Her father hails from County Clare, Ireland, and her mother from County Roscommon. Nancy, along with her brothers and sisters, was born on the West Side of Manhattan.

The Clan LaHiff

Nancy Carroll's
Two Sisters May
Follow Her to
Film Stardom



Nancy Carroll started her career in a local talent contest in one of the New York Loew theaters. With one of her sisters, she won the prize. Nancy attended the New York public schools and Holy Trinity School.

In 1923 Nancy entered the chorus of "The Passing Show of 1923." She was in various choruses, slowly working her way up to dramatic roles. It was while playing the leading role of the play, "Chicago," with the Pacific Company that Miss Carroll was selected by Paramount to play the part of Rosemary Murphy in the film version of "Abie's Irish Rose." She made a hit—and her progress has been steadily upward since.



Chaplin Knew BEST

By MARIAN JENSEN

Above, Fifi Dorsay as she first came to Hollywood and, below, Miss Dorsay as she appears in "Hot for Paris," her newest William Fox picture with Victor McLaglen.



"MEESTER Charlie Chaplin ees a very wise man! I have followed his advice and now, in my second picture, I have the leading part with Meester McLaglen." Thus spoke Fifi Dorsay, the French mademoiselle who vamped Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris" and who is now playing with Victor McLaglen in "Hot for Paris," as she wriggled back onto the multitude of cushions on her Frenchified divan in an Hollywood apartment.

"I haf always wanted to be in the movies and when I was here with the Greenwich Follies four years ago I would ask for a job maybe eef eet had not been for Monsieur Chaplin.

"I haf lunch at the Montmartre café and Monsieur Charlie Chaplin ees introduce to me. We dance. He asked me if I liked to be in peectures. I throw up my head. I theenk eet ees wise to be always a leetle independent. So I say 'Non' like it mean either the yes or the no.

"'Goot! You are not movie struck. You are wise. You stay on the stage. Wait until they come to you. You do not come to California to stay. When they send for you you will be beeg. Eef you come yourself you will be just one more girl in the movies. Do not come without a contract. Make them offer it to you.'

"I HAVE never forgot what he say. Even when I do no work for nine months and I haf the need of money and theenk maybe I will try for the peectures, I remember and say 'Non! What Meester Chaplin say I will do!'

"I have done it and look where I get just like he tell me?"

It wouldn't seem so far—two pictures. Yet—she is the first girl at the Fox Studio to have a full fledged lead in her second picture. She is the first girl to have demands for stories and pictures from all over the world after her very first picture. The studio publicity department is actually swamped with requests for material upon her.

She has her contract. She is sending for her brother and sister to join her. She is better known today than many who have been in pictures for five years. And she gives the lion's share of the credit to Monsieur Charlie Chaplin.

"Eet has been hard to remember. I have almost forget, just before thees all happen, I am engage to be married. I am ready to be married.

"Thees ees really a great secret. I should not tell it. But what is the good of a secret eef you cannot tell everybody?"

She pounced on the pillows, her legs kicked in the air; her eyes sparkled. "I will tell you about it!

"I am in Pittsburgh. The next week is one off. I am to slip to Detroit to marry my sweet-

The real story of Fifi Dorsay, who gave up marriage for the Hollywood Movies.

heart. I am so happy. I get a wire from my manager to come to New York Monday morning for a motion-picture test.

"**A**T first I haf thrill. What Monsieur Chaplin say has come true. Then I think, 'Ah, what's the use?' They giv tests to many. I should give up going to Detroit to marry for a test. I am in lof—"

"I do not answer. The next day I get a wire to telephone my agent and charge him on the other end of it. Then I know eet is serious eef he pay for eet. But I am in lof. I go to Detroit and when I get there who do I see but my manager! He has suspect me.

"He tell my sweetheart what a beeg part eet ees with Will Rogers. I must not let lof interfere with me. My sweetheart, he sees eet. He does not want to stop me from being a big success in the movies. I go back to New York.

"I go into a beeg office. The first thing they say ees take off your hat. I am tired; I am deesapointed.

"'Eef you don't like me the way I am, I will go back to Detroit and get married!'

"They haf lots of people to test. I am sorry I come. I wish I am in Detroit. But at two o'clock eet ees my turn. I sing, 'Give The Little Baby Lots of Lovin'.' Eet ees my good-luck song. I sing eet for Paul Ash. That I will tell you later.

"Eet ees Saturday. They do not tell me how they think about it. I go back to the girls in the show at Rochester. They all expect me with a wedding ring. I come with no ring but maybe a vamp to Will Rogers.

"Eet is the thirteenth of June when my manager telephone to say he have a contract and everything. On the twentieth I am in Hollywood. Just three weeks on the same day I am for the first time before a camera. What Charlie Chaplin has say happens that all of a sudden!

"With all the girls in Hollywood and New York, for them to chose me. Eet was just like God pointing a finger to Pittsburgh and picking out one Fifi Dorsay!"

SHE sat back, sighed. "But eet has not always been so easy. I haf work very hard. Then just when I am ready to marry—"

"Yes, I still lof heem. I have much, what you say respect. I haf a deep friendship for heem. But—" she hesitated; her eyes brooded. "I don't know. He think I do not care so much. But here in peectures you work so hard there is not so much time to care. He ees my man. I haf lof only heem. But I haf my career—Maybe I *should have* got married!"

"But I haf always a family at my back! I must theenk of them always. My brother ees sixteen. He works in New York. I must send for heem to come to Hollywood. And my sister. She is twenty-one. I am twenty-two months older. She ees stenographer in New York. My mother and father have died. See? I carry always the beads which my mother have in her fingers when she die. I promise I will take care of Roger and Alice. I must do eet. I cannot let lof stop me. They are the last of the keeds. There are thirteen.

"You theenk that is many?" She laughed. From



Fifi's real name is Yvonne. She was born near Paris and migrated to Canada when her father crossed the Atlantic. She came to New York as a stenographer.

pensiveness to gay humor in less than a minute! "You should see my aunt. She haf twenty-two children and three husbands. The husbands all die. She still lives. We are a good family. Some day, I too—I lof children. When I haf made my name and my money.

"But I have not always the advice of Monsieur Chaplin to help me. I have struggle. Oh, my life eet ees sad at moments. I do not know how—"

"**T**HEY call me Miss Fifi from Paris. I am not Fifi. I am not straight from Paris. I am Yvonne Dorsay, born in Asnieres, near Paris. I was to be a nun. They send me to a convent. But even the sisters they tell me not to be a nun but to go on the stage. In the little acts we give I sing and dance. The nuns themselves say, 'Fifi, you should go on the stage.' I make up my mind then. But the stage does not come easy." Another pause; another sigh; another wistful expression.

"My father work for the government. They send him to Canada. I am a stenographer. I write in shorthand both English and French. I still have my accent but I can write English as well as American girls. After four years in Canada I am still wild for the stage, so I haf save enough to come to New York. I think then eet will be easy there."

She shrugged. "Life ees never easy. I find that out. I work as stenographer six months before I have chance to even look behind a curtain. Then I go to the office of John Murray Anderson. I am desperate. I am sixteen. I must get started. (Continued on page 112)



Bessie Love and her dramatic struggle for film success

Cooper and Gladys Brockwell were all at the studio and came into the set frequently.

But of them all, it was Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith who helped me.

I had just visited the principal of the Los Angeles High School. You see, my car passed the campus. No matter how often I was on it, I could scarcely keep from crying, I was so sad because I was not running up and down those familiar stone steps with the other youngsters. One day, the longing became too great. I stopped and asked the principal how I could secure one of the little crescent school pins that I might have it as a keepsake of my days of learning.

"But you must graduate to get that!"

"But—how can I?"

"You can study outside of school, Bessie. Do the work and, if you pass the examination, we will give you a diploma. You do not need to attend the classes. I should advise you to do this. You are not the type of girl who will be content always with the movies. Undoubtedly, there are many fine people in them. But I want you to keep up so that wherever you go, you will be able to talk to all kinds of people."

WITH this new vision of a diploma and the pin which meant so much to me, I commenced studying on the set. One day Douglas Fairbanks took my algebra book from me.

"Algebra has done you all the good that it can," he remarked, as he sat down beside me, "unless you wish to be a mathematician. What you want now is to study people. You should improve yourself by observation. Read romances, not mathematics. Practice walking in front of a mirror. Develop poise, grace, manners."

He was not thinking so much of my picture career, he told me, but of myself, my womanly future.

It is strange, but at the same time that Douglas Fairbanks was using his influence to create my interest in womanly ambition, Mr. Griffith sent for me and offered the same suggestions with my career in mind. He wished me to work before a mirror to improve my acting. A trick of the old school and one which is most valuable. After all, it is before a mirror that you see yourself as your director sees you.

All this could not help but make an impression. Yet, strangely, I did not turn to the women at the studio who were so soon to be famous in what these men were explaining! I was true to form and looked far away from me. It didn't enter my head that I could study those close to me. My mind leapt to New York, to Florida. Norma Talmadge, who was to be a model for picture actresses, was right there before me but I made no

Bessie Love received invaluable advice from Douglas Fairbanks years ago. "To be a successful player, you should study people," he said. "Improve yourself by observation. Practice walking in front of a mirror. Develop poise, grace, manners."

NOTE—Last month Bessie told the readers of The New Movie Magazine of the heartaches and joys of the early days of pictures—of her discovery by David Wark Griffith and of playing opposite Bill Hart. This month she tells of her career—with its thrills and disappointments—up to the coming of the talkies and her great hit in "Broadway Melody."

NEXT morning I returned to the studio to be cast in a picture with Douglas Fairbanks. I smile as I remember the names connected with that production. Then they meant little to me. But today—

Alan Dwan directed. Anita Loos wrote the story. Sidney Franklin and Chester Franklin were co-directing nearby. Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Miriam

REMINISCENCES

As Told by BESSIE LOVE to Ruth Biery

attempt to imitate her; learn from her. How many miles, how many years we could save ourselves if we would only take advantage of our own yards instead of trying to jump the fence to reach those which seem more important because they are remote from us!

IT never is easy for a newcomer to become chummy with those in the movies. In those days it was even more difficult. They had their own clique—these pioneers of stardom. I was an outsider. They were not particularly over-elated to see a new one come among them. I don't blame them. It was like a big family. Papa Griffith had adopted another youngster. The first adopted did not rejoice when he added a High School youngster. They were kind and polite but they did not fold me unto their bosoms.

I did nothing to cross the bridge so automatically erected between us. I had received this advice: "Don't become intimate with those for whom you are working. It is bad business." A certain director, whose name is now forgotten, invited me to dinner. It might have been my opportunity to cross that indefinite barrier between politeness and real acquaintance, but I refused it. If I took the hospitality and the next day something went wrong with the picture, how could I talk about it?

It took a long time for me to learn that there is a middle-ground for those who work together. Today, if my present director asked me to his house for dinner, I'd go, but I'd not let it interfere with anything I might want to say the next day. Comradeship, not intimacy, is the secret of successful business relations.

Therefore, I was a lonesome youngster, I was meeting them all—these destined-to-be leaders in the great industry, but I was really getting little from the acquaintance.

I REMEMBER one day, when Norma Talmadge was having trouble on a picture. She was scrapping with her fine, spirited determination; when she dashed over to me. "Remember this! You are just beginning in pictures," she exclaimed. "You have a long time to live. *Never give up a fight.* No matter how big you become, no matter who you are, never stop fighting. You will recall this day sometime; remember what I have told you."

There came a time when I was not to remember enough and then a day when I did remember to my own advantage. I shall always be grateful to Norma for taking time during a very heated moment to advise the little newcomer.

That indefinite, semi-lonely feeling which was gradually creeping upon me showed, I suppose, that I was really becoming interested in this new, strange business. There were other signs, also.

MONEY! I used to insist upon carrying all of the ten dollars in change in my pocketbook. I had never had so much money in my life. Anything that gave it to me—well, it was worthy of interest. When we found that I was really to remain at the studio, when the publicity which naturally came to any find of D. W.'s continued to heap itself upon me, we

"I was a lonesome youngster," says Bessie Love. "I was meeting all the stars of the future in those early days—the destined-to-be leaders in the great industry—but I was getting little from the acquaintance."

decided I must live closer. We rented a tiny bungalow directly back of the Triangle studio. We bought furniture for it. Here was a definite thrill. Picking out furniture and paying for it from my very own earnings. I had slept in a double bed with my mother. Now we chose twin beds. Somehow those twin beds stand out as milestones in my progress. When I saw them unloaded at our door, I felt that life began to develop a definite ambition. Silly. But all of us have had little things like that which mean specific moments of progress to us.

Then, my first trip to Mack Sennett's. I have tried to show that where D. W. Griffith hung his hat in those days was the focus-point of the industry. On the home lot I might be just the youngest step-child but on foreign lots I came from



The Tragedies and Joys of Bessie Love's Career

Triangle, so I was very much Miss Somebody.

I shall never forget that original visit to another studio. Harry McCoy took me around. Introduced me to Louise Fazenda, Mabel Normand, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost.

The way they nudged on another; their side-glances; their whispers; their very evident interest, almost awe, showed me definitely that they considered me important. Now, I don't suppose there's a person in the world who doesn't really like to be considered important; I frankly was getting my first taste of the subtle flattery which comes with fame. I enjoyed it. It was the awakening of a first self-confidence. Suddenly, being a player assumed a new importance.

Two years rolled by. I had been made a star after my first few pictures. My contract had been torn up three times. I was now getting considerable money. I also had my diploma from high school. That little loneliness which came from being the last adopted baby in a grown-up family had left me time to study. I wore my dear crescent pin. I sometimes still wear it.

D. W. Griffith left the company. That automatically severed my connection.

I re-signed. It was a mistake. Bad pictures. Instead of the latest find of D. W. Griffith, I was just a star who had to make good pictures. There is no use to go into the details. They were largely technical. But I felt they were not living up to the contract, so I left them.

Pathé believed my side of the story. They signed me.

MY first trip to New York City.

Here was my opportunity to study other women, to learn from their dress, to purchase some for myself from the exclusive shops on Fifth Avenue. We stayed at the Biltmore. It was like a page from a fairy story. Yet it was the little things which thrilled me. A nicknack from a cosmetic store. A bunch of violets out of season.

Irene Castle, Fanny Ward and Frank Keenan were the Pathé stars of that day. They were all so sweet to me. Frank Keenan taught me little tricks for the camera. "Listen. Don't let them turn your face away from the camera. Step back so you get the inning."

Florida! I remember when I first went to see D. W. Griffith, there had been a company working in Florida. Mother had said, "A profession which gives you travel can't be so bad. Travel means education."

Now I was going to Florida. I was going to travel. I felt of my little crescent pin and thought that even the principal would approve of this side of my profession. I fear the picture, itself, had little place in my thoughts as the train spun us through the Southern states. The trees, the country-side, the transition from rustic brown leaves—it was fall—to green ones. Ah, the first trip.

How much more it means than those that come thereafter.

I suppose all youth,

The talkies brought Bessie Love back to success after screen oblivion seemed just ahead. "Broadway Melody" made her one of the most sought after young actresses of 1929.

whether it be spent in the movies, in schools or in farm-houses, passes through the same phases. I returned to California and began to wonder just what life had to offer. At this time, I had no real reason for such agnosticism. I was now with Vitagraph on the West

Coast. My salary was huge even for that period of pictures. I had bought a ranch in Tulare County; we owned our home. My pictures were as good as other stars' pictures. But I was growing up. I suffered from mental growing pains. For every bit of happiness and joy I saw around me, I found someone who was miserable, unhappy, to offset it. Was there anything to this hereafter business? What did work, success, fame, money, matter if we were just so many pebbles whirling through eternity without any definite rhythm behind us? I did not think to reverse my adolescent deductions—to remember that for every bit of misery I found, there was happiness somewhere to offset it.

I DON'T know what might have happened to me who had always been so placid, so much the taking-for-granted person, if we hadn't gone to the big trees in northern California to make "The Little Boss." I was walking down the street with Wallace MacDonald, who played the lead opposite me, discussing my feelings about the futility of existence, when for no reason at all, a child dashed across the road and handed me a single, tiny violet. She did not know me. There was no possible motive.

I looked at the flower; I looked into the innocent eyes of the youngster; I saw the hope and the joy of young life dancing within them. She dashed along, skipping; Wally and I walked into the lanes beneath the great trees, with their stateliness of red trunks rising so straightforward above us. I looked at the tiny flower; I breathed the majesty about me. Nature—trees—did being away from man if for only a moment bring out this feeling? And suddenly I knew—

"There must be something, Wally."

It was the turning point from adolescent unrest to womanly, mature thinking.

I WAS making big money but nothing else. I do not blame the profession; I blame myself. I was making bad pictures. Suffering from lack of self-confidence. I did not struggle for good stories, good directors, good casts. I accepted things as they came and paid the penalty.

It was only at rare times that I mustered the courage to fight. I remember I had been in the projection room with David Smith, who was directing; W. S. Smith, who was managing the studio, and the cameraman, to look at a test for a prospective leading man for myself. I didn't like him. I said
(Continued on page 110)





Do you like the smart new type of short jacket? Miss Owen demonstrated the newest mode, with this short jacket of flat clipped caracul in beige. It is worn with a blue street outfit and a hat of black satin.

CATHERINE
DALE OWEN



**MAURICE
CHEVALIER**

A prediction: Maurice Chevalier will be the most popular man star in the talkies. The Reasons: He not only has a voice but he can sing. (There's a difference.) He is good-looking but not too handsome. He has Mènjou's charm plus Gilbert's force. His performance in "The Love Parade" is the gayest, most persuasive acting of the season.

The Month's BEST PERFORMANCES



Right, Helen Morgan, as the burlesque queen of "Applause," a picture remarkable for its camera work as well as for its unusual acting. Left, John Barrymore in a dramatic moment of the revue, "The Show of Shows." Mr. Barrymore's interlude from Shakespeare is the high spot of the singing and dancing film.



Right, Greta Garbo as she appears in the trial scene of "The Kiss." This film is noteworthy in that it is Miss Garbo's final silent appearance. "The Kiss" is a striking drama and the Swedish star does excellent work.



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...own chances.



Above, Mona Maris, and, right, Warner Baxter, in the picturesque melodrama of the South-West, "Romance of the Rio Grande." Miss Maris is a newcomer—the story of a young doctor and a highly promising young nurse for a young chap who has been contributing the nurse himself and tries characterizations of the nurse away from his patient. talkies all sear—she's a pretty reason plications. Dix is an admirable excellent in the talkies. He could material, however. This is light

-Paramount



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

SOME years ago Bayard Veiller wrote a corking stage melodrama, "The Thirteenth Chair," with Margaret Wycherly starred as a quaint old fortune-teller. The big scene, showed a seance, with thirteen seated in a circle, clasping hands. The big moment came when the occupant of the thirteenth chair tumbled forward, dead, stabbed through the back. Yet the circle appeared to be unbroken. This melodrama has been neatly transformed into a talkie, although the crime has been shifted to another character. Miss Wycherly is still the old fortune-teller, while Conrad Nagel and Leila Hyams are the lovers. Bela Lugosi is excellent as the police investigator.



SONG OF LOVE—Columbia

BELLE BAKER, long a popular vaudeville headliner, makes her talkie debut in this, another backstage yarn. Miss Baker plays a variety luminary who does an act with her husband at a piano and her son singing from a box. All goes well until mamma decides that Sonny Boy ought to go to school and have a regular boy's life. She retired from the stage to take care of him and the husband takes a new woman partner. That brings matrimonial disaster, but all goes well in the end. There's a reconciliation. Miss Baker sings five or six songs, including "Take Everything Away But You." A fair picture—if you like Miss Baker and her variety personality.



THE GREAT GABBO—Wide World

THE combination of Erich Von Stroheim as a sinister and egotistical ventriloquist and the direction of James Cruze seemed unbeatable. Particularly, with a corking and unusual story by Ben Hecht. Mr. Hecht told a striking yarn of a ventriloquist whose real self asserted itself only through the dummy used in his act. Hard and brutal on the surface, Gabbo's only kindness came in the dummy's whispered confidences. This story was lost in a maze of musical numbers. Even Von Stroheim, always a vivid player, seemed puzzled in the confusion. He is not at his best. Betty Compson is the girl he loves in his selfish way.



LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox

GEORGE JESSEL, familiar to musical comedy, is not a striking success in the talkies, by any means. In this story he depicts a young Italian who goes back to Italy on a visit and is caught in the whirlpool of the World War. When he gets back to these United States he is blind. The lad recovers his sight after an operation and the first person he sees is his former sweetheart, now the great surgeon's wife. Lila Lee plays the Italian boy's sweetheart. Jessel is now back on Broadway, returning to musical comedy. That's the answer to this film. He was signed up with the army of other stage big names in the hope of discovering a real find.



BIG TIME—Fox

ANOTHER story of vaudevillians with a breaking heart. This ought to be somewhere near the end of them. At that it has a good cast, with Lee Tracy, who played the hoofer in the Broadway production of "Broadway," and the promising and personable Mae Clark, who ought to do big things in the talkies before long. Miss Clark will bear watching. Also you will find Josephine Dunn playing another selfish gal and Stepin Fetchit acting as first aid to the story. Here's hoping that 1930 will clean up on this stock plot of the talkie. We've had enough. And while they're at it, we can get along without underworld stories for a long time; that is, unless George Bancroft plays them.

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

CONDEMNED—*United Artists*

THE personable Ronald Colman and the lovely Ann Harding. There's a combination! Here Colman plays a thief sent to Devil's Island, while Miss Harding is the beautiful wife of the warden. The warden is indiscreet enough to take Mr. Colman into his home as a prisoner-servant—and you can guess what will happen. *It does*—with Mr. Colman and Miss Harding running away to escape it all. The trouble with this picture is that a grim and tight little tragic has been switched into a kidded melodrama, after the fashion of "Bulldog Drummond." That was a mistake, because it wasn't that sort of a yarn. You'll like Mr. Colman and Miss Harding, however.



IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—*Warner Brothers*

THIS stars Ted Lewis, the singing orchestra leader, but, for our part, we like him in his briefer specialty given in the Warners' "Show of Shows." This is just another version of Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool." Lewis plays the son of an old Hungarian concert master. When he comes to America the only way he can make a living is to discard his violin for a saxophone. He is a hit, but the old father is broken-hearted over his boy's cabaret success. Lewis is far from an effective actor but he gets across with a bang when he tosses his old silk hat about and bursts into song in front of his jazz musicians. This is a passable picture.



THE LOCKED DOOR—*United Artists*

ON another page of this issue, Walter Winchell tells you about Barbara Stanwyck, when she was a brave little cabaret girl trying to get a chance on the stage. Then see "The Locked Door," in which she is the star. It is an emotional drama built from Channing Pollock's stage play, "The Sign on the Door." It is the story of a young wife who tries to hide one indiscreet but innocent moment of her past. The waster hounds her—and she goes to his apartment. The husband follows, without knowing his wife is hidden in an inner room. He kills the rotter, arranged the scene to represent a suicide—and goes out, locking his wife in the place behind him. There's a tense moment.



FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS—*First National*

COLLEEN MOORE'S last First National production—and an expensive one. Colleen plays a little Irish girl who masquerades as a red hot French singing star in order to achieve success behind the New York footlights. At heart, she's sincere and sweet and all that sort of thing. On the stage, Oh, la la! This is a slender story of her love for a weakling, discovered in the nick of time. The background of a great big musical show is not new these days, of course, but it is done lavishly and beautifully, with color photography and massive chorus evolutions. Colleen Moore works hard as the star, dances and sings—and gets away with it nicely.



THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Paramount

THE famous old sleuth, created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is back again, this time in the talkies. Guess who plays him? Clive Brook, no less. Personally, our ideal Sherlock is William Gillette and we will never switch our affections to Mr. Brook, despite his skill of acting. In this picture Mr. Holmes, with Dr. Watson hovering about in his familiar old inquiring way, meets the evil Moriarity in battle once more. He captures him and foils a battalion of dangerous crooks who are tapping international wireless telephone messages for tips on rich loot.





SHOW GIRL to SOCIAL LEADER

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Special photographs by Russell Ball

LA TASHMAN, that is what they call her in Hollywood.

La Tashman.

A very little word, but in history it has rocked empires, as you may remember. No adjective can quite take the place of a mere article which at once implies "one and only."

There is something picturesque and vital and piquant about that single word. Lilyan Tashman merits it. She is picturesque and vital and piquant.

To attempt to whitewash Lil into the press agent's conception of what he hopes the public will think about his star would be about as sensible as trying to convince folks that Mary Garden believes storks bring babies.

Not that Miss Tashman is a vampire or a baby bandit or anything like that.

But she is most decidedly a woman of the world—wise, a trifle cynical, deeply sentimental, and invariably amusing. Her brittle wit wouldn't fit into the Elsie Dinsmore books and her philosophy is that of the Broadway show girl who knows how life can hurt you, unless you are well armored and well armed.

THERE are those in Hollywood who still regard La Tashman with annoyance and irritation; who consider her enormous success on the screen as proof positive that there is no justice, and who feel sure that her impudence and unquestionable talent will come to a bad end.

That is the inevitable result of the defeat they were forced to accept at Tashman's elegantly manicured and daintily beringed hands.

On the other hand there are a large number of well-known and well-connected Hollywood people who take off their hats to Tashman for her wit and courage and whose support gains her the title of one of our most brilliant hostesses.

For there can be no doubt that La Tashman defeated



LILYAN TASHMAN—when she first came to Hollywood, with her philosophy of a Broadway show girl who knows how life can hurt you, unless you are well armored and well armed.

Hollywood in open combat. And the defeat was decisive.

It happened like this:

Lilyan Tashman, one of the best of the real Follies girls, descended upon Hollywood some years back. She arrived at a time when Hollywood was undergoing one of its inevitable waves of virtue, resultant upon some too notorious scandal.

IT is always well to remember that Hollywood is no worse and no better, morally, than any other place. It is only more dramatic. Being a colony composed of actors, dramatists, showmen, there is an invariably showy quality to its occasional upsets, whose duplicates take place in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans without being sufficiently colorful to make the front page. Also, those cast in the leading rôles are those whom the public pays good money to see perform imaginary scenes upon the silversheet and naturally the public wants to know every slightest move they make off of it.

Hollywood pays the usual price of fame by having its private life under a scrutiny which no group of people could endure without some few unsavory

The Real Story of Lilyan Tashman, Broadway Beauty

The Story of the Actress Whose Wit Makes Her



LA TASHMAN—as Hollywood knows her today, a trifle cynical, deeply sentimental and invariably amusing, one of the Hollywood famous.

revelations. The Taylor murder occurred in Hollywood, but the Hall-Mills didn't.

However, every now and then Hollywood reacts violently from being called a modern Babylon and becomes actually sugary in its attempts to disprove the statement.

Lilyan Tashman deserted her beloved New York, where she had scored a triumph in the original stage version of "The Gold-Diggers"; where the night clubs paused breathless before her suave and brilliant entrance; where George Jean Nathan quoted her—without quotation marks, of course; where life moved swiftly at her gay command.

Out into the vast and unknown open spaces she trekked—for just one reason.

A man.

The wise Tashman of the Follies was no more proof against love than any highschool girl.

"Hollywood pays the usual price of fame by having its private life under a scrutiny no human being could endure."

high class Follies girl. And Hollywood at the moment was much more anxious to welcome winners of beauty contests who had just graduated from high school in Peoria, Kansas, with 100 in deportment.

of work, and she isn't super-sensitive. Few big people are. But after a while it dawned upon her that she was not getting a break, either professionally or socially.

Her motives were misinterpreted.

Hollywood gossips accept the slightest excuse to pin scandals on anyone.

Hollywood is always ready to believe the worst on the slightest evidence.

What did Tashman, who adored the theater, the lights, the applause, the audience, the grease-paint, care for motion pictures? What did Lil, who knew all the wits and wags, crooks and characters, great ones and little ones, playboys and spenders, stars and geniuses of the most famous street in the world, care about Hollywood?

She was a typical Broadway-ite—and Broadway knew her, loved her, hailed her.

More than that, Lilyan Tashman had every chance to succeed on the stage. Along with a number of other critics who know much more than I ever will about real acting, I saw Lil play a one-act thing of Eugene O'Neill's called "Thirst" at the Writers' Club in Hollywood. Everyone agreed that she might have given Jeanne Eagels a run for her money as a dramatic actress. Her speaking voice is superb.

But Lil was in love and so she forsook everything, as women have been doing for centuries, to follow her man.

Edmund Lowe had yielded to the call of the camera after seven failures behind the footlights in one season. Not *his* failures, the critics attested. Just the failures of playwrights who had written him good parts in wretched shows. Eddie had loved the stage ever since he played the bearded old gentleman in "The Bells" during his sophomore year at Santa Clara University. But a man must live and the movies lured him with glitter of much gold.

He had made good in pictures, accepted a contract, so Lil forsook Jimmy Walker's little village by the Hudson and went to Hollywood. Arriving, as I have mentioned, during a reform wave.

She was very smartly gowned, very witty, very wise. A typical

THE reception Miss Tashman got was a bit congealing.

It took Lil a long time to recognize this. She was very happy with Eddie—they got married not long after her arrival—she was interested in her new medium

One of Hollywood's Most Brilliant Hostesses

In the first place, she dressed too well. Hollywood still has a tinge of the provincial attitude that it is immoral to be perfectly *chic*. In the second place her wit was too vivid and too impersonal. And thirdly, she was too honest. Being used to deal with people who could jolly well take care of themselves, Tashman said what she thought in a blunt fashion which delighted the few and scandalized the many.

Lil is no respecter of persons. There are no sacred cows in her conversational forays.

Likewise, she made no pretense of an innocence which the varietal *débutante* would repudiate, but which the screen ingénue often thinks she must simulate. Nor did she claim a distinguished family background. None of this had been necessary where she came from.

For a while, Lil let the whisperers whisper, ignored the slights and laughed at the whole business.

THEN, because she is a very smart gal, Lil suddenly decided to give battle. Not on her own account. As Lil Tashman, I think she would have gone on contemptuous, amused, impudent to the end—or returned to her beloved Broadway. As Mrs. Edmund Lowe, she must figure differently. It behooved her to make a place for herself in the society where her husband's greatest earning power lay. As a wife, she desired to hold her own and to carry her end of a marriage which she passionately desired to make successful.

It shows Lil's real character that she saw this and conceded it. Ambitious, intense, fearfully proud, somewhat scornful of the small town she conceived Hollywood to be, her man came first. Which is more than I can say of a lot of other women.

Facts had to be faced. Socially she wasn't "accepted." Professionally she wasn't getting the work her ability and name entitled her to.

Something must be done. The citadel must be stormed. It had become a strategic point. La Tashman took stock of the situation.

Then she made a brilliant tactical move. She didn't attack direct. She didn't storm straight into a position she knew to be already well fortified against her. She didn't buck the line where she knew it was strongest and prepared to meet any offense she might conceive.

She attacked by an unexpected flank movement.

Thus:

All Hollywood desires social prominence outside its own limited circle. Not as a steady diet, but artistic and professional people are as a rule soon bored by mere society. But recognition by the social leaders is coveted by nearly all theatrical people. At Pickfair



LA TASHMAN—as Hollywood first knew her, a smartly gowned young woman who was too honest, too vivid and too impersonal in her wit.

"Hollywood is no worse and no better morally than any other place. It is only more dramatic in everything it does."

they entertain Princes and Princesses and cement their royal dominion over the movie colony. Marion Davies, the acknowledged social power of all moviedom, gains prestige when dukes and earls, ambassadors, and celebrities flock to her brilliant table.

THE vivid Lilyan, knowing well how the bloods and playboys of the Social Register and the Racket Club love to stray into the fascinating circle of the stage, determined to go over the heads

of those who had refused her recognition. Always sure of her power as an entertaining dinner guest, of her wit, of her perfect costuming, Lilyan conceived the idea that in the west as in New York, society might like a new sensation. She would be it.

She was.

There is in Pasadena, in Santa Barbara, in Del Monte, in Burlingame real (Continued on page 128)



When such players as Mary Brian, Sue Carol, Hoot Gibson, Sally Eilers, Jobyna Ralston and Nick Stuart get together at a party, what do they do? This story tells you how Hollywood amuses itself.

The First of The New Movie's Detailed Stories of Parties in the Movie Colony

By MARIAN JENSEN

Special Photographs by Stagg

SMALL, intimate dinner parties are the vogue on the Hollywood social calendar. Additional extra friends always are asked to drop in afterwards for games and entertainment.

Bob Vignola, the Robert Armstrongs, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, the James Gleasons, the younger set including Sue Carol, Mary Brian and Sally Eilers, are among those giving a series of these intimate gatherings as pre-holiday festivities.

The custom was initiated before the recent stock-market crash, so it has nothing to do with financial retrenchment. In fact, the series of intimate dinners are proving more of a strain upon the pocketbook than the large dinners and general entertainments. To serve a perfect table in the latest fashion has become the pride of each hostess.

The small, intimate group was established because of the joy which comes from conversation among eight or ten, in comparison to eighteen or twenty, but it has developed to the point where the demands upon the hostess are even greater than at the larger gatherings. They always are extremely elaborate in appointments. In fact, the pre-holiday season in Hollywood this year was reminiscent of the old New York social days, when

one hostess competed with another for supremacy.

One of the loveliest of these small gatherings was given by Sue Carol. It was one of a series for the younger group. I am going to describe it in minute detail for you.

SUE opened the door to her guests herself. Although the dinner, like the majority of the others, was formal, she gave this personal, informal touch at the very beginning to create a home-like, get-together spirit. Yes, Sue has a butler, but she relegated him to the background when it came to the welcome.

The lady guests were led upstairs to Sue's boudoir by the hostess, where intimacies of gossip were exchanged and dresses openly admired. All the gowns touched the floor. The new fashions have conquered Hollywood for formal events. Sue's was of bright flame chiffon, with high waistband. Form-fitting to the knee, where it flared in all directions, to ripple over the tips of her toes and on to the floor, lengthening into train in the rear. Sally Eiler's was of deep cream satin. Also bodice fitting but with some points which were long and others short and leg-revealing. Mary Brian's was a polka-dot chiffon—sweetly girlish—

How Hollywood Entertains

just dusted the satin of her blue slippers. A few moments of informal discussion and then dinner was announced—this time by the butler.

THE first glimpse of a modern dinner table always carries an inspiration with it. Sue's was so delightfully colorful—in honor of the Autumn season. The large centerpiece was of brightly colored fall flowers. Dainty place cards of cardboard flowers in the same shades graced the table. High goblets of red Venetian glass. Pale-blue Bavarian service plates—the blue matching, exactly, the blue flowers in the centerpiece. Dainty lace doilies separating the service plates from the smaller caviar ones, which were red and gold. The almost-cathedral candles, in gold, shedding a shadowy light from their high silver pedestals. Three candles at each end of the table.

Caviar, whites and yolks of eggs in a three-compartment glass and silver dish. Served by the butler and a waitress. A fork and spoon for the service. Melba toast. And onions! It was interesting that not a guest

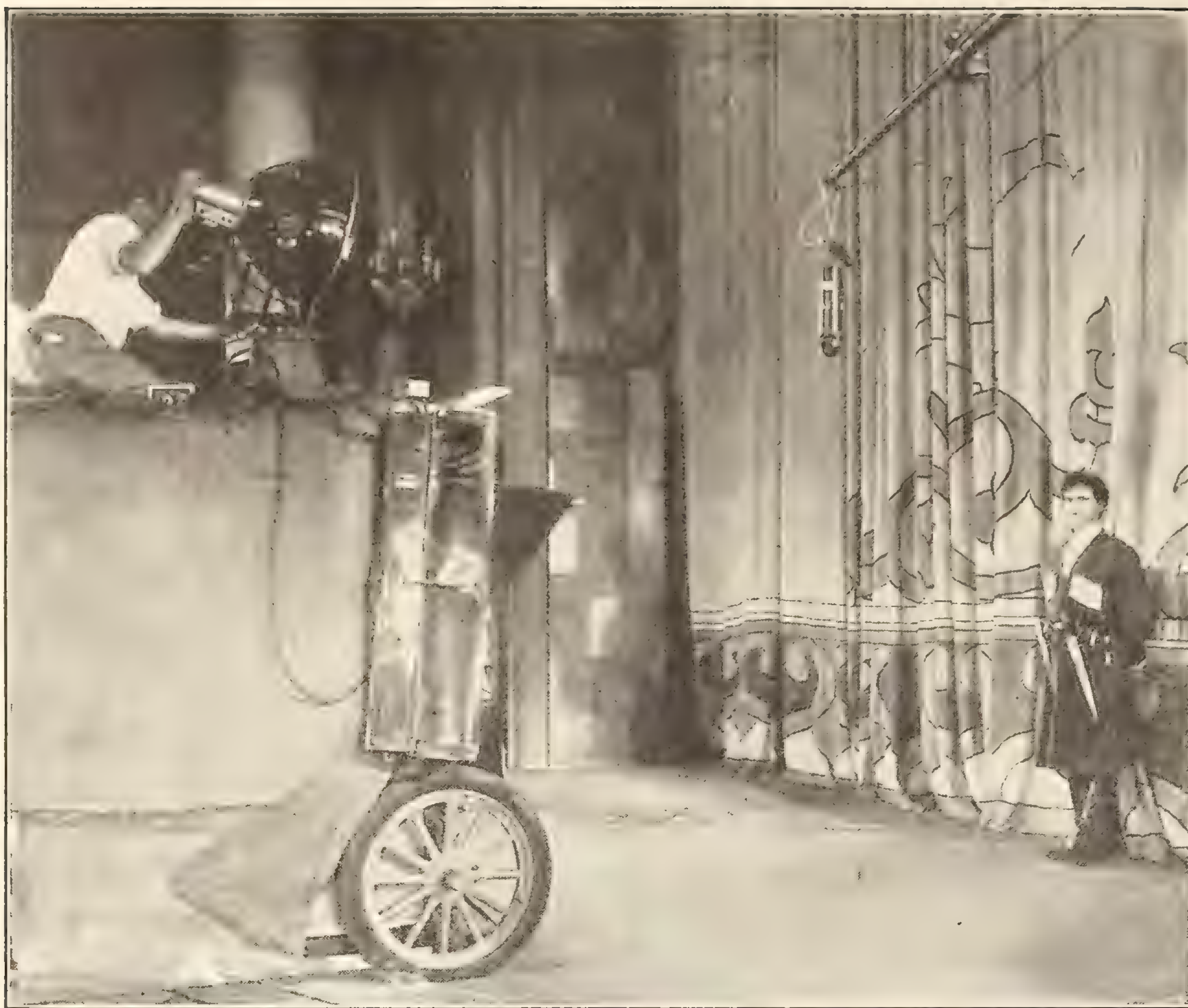
failed to flavor their own caviar with shredded onions.

The entire service was removed when we had finished and a new service plate—carrying out the fall colorings in Bavarian ware—substituted. The soup containers introduced the Lennox ware set, which was used in the main course of the dinner. Creamed tomato soup with whipped cream which was almost aerial in its lightness. Cheese straws as a complement.

THE main course consisted of turkey, walnut dressing, candied sweet potatoes, cranberry ring with pickled peaches as a center, fresh peas and Brussels sprouts. All Hollywood hostesses feature fresh vegetables, in or out of season. Each offering came on a huge silver platter, served by the butler or the waitress to the left of each guest, of course. The dark-meat turkey was arranged on the outer part of the immense silver platter, with the white meat in the center. The cranberry ring in bright red, with pickled peaches in bright yellow with it, gave another Thanksgiving or Christmas color-touch which was charm- (Continued on page 107)

How Sue Carol's dinner table was set, with the central piece of bright Fall flowers. The service plates were of colorful Bavarian ware and the high goblets of red Venetian glass





In "The Rogue's Song," Lawrence Tibbett sings before a theatre curtain to an imaginary audience. Note the microphone hanging above his head. The cameras are in the rolling booth mounted with lights. Tibbett is a prominent member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The noiseless camera at the right of the picture below is focussed upon Blanche Sweet and John Miljan in the cabaret scene of a new night life story, "The Woman Racket." The dancing frame is designed to prevent the two principals from moving outside of the zone of the camera's eye. Of course, the frame doesn't show in the picture. The mike hangs just above, also out of range of the photographer.



MIKE Secrets

The mike, as they call the microphone, reigns supreme in Hollywood! In the scene from "Devil May Care" at the right, the mike is hidden. The tall pole with the camera platform is a new device by which the camera can follow the star, Ramon Novarro, as he climbs up the ivy wall to the balcony of the chateau. The platform, of course, moves upward, silently, like an elevator.

Below, another scene from "The Woman Racket," with Tom Moore seated beside Blanche Sweet. The lowered microphone, visible behind the light and over Miss Sweet's head, is all set to catch a sigh from the supposedly unconscious heroine. In the background Robert Ober and Albert Kelley watch the delicate close-up recording.



They Write for the New Movie

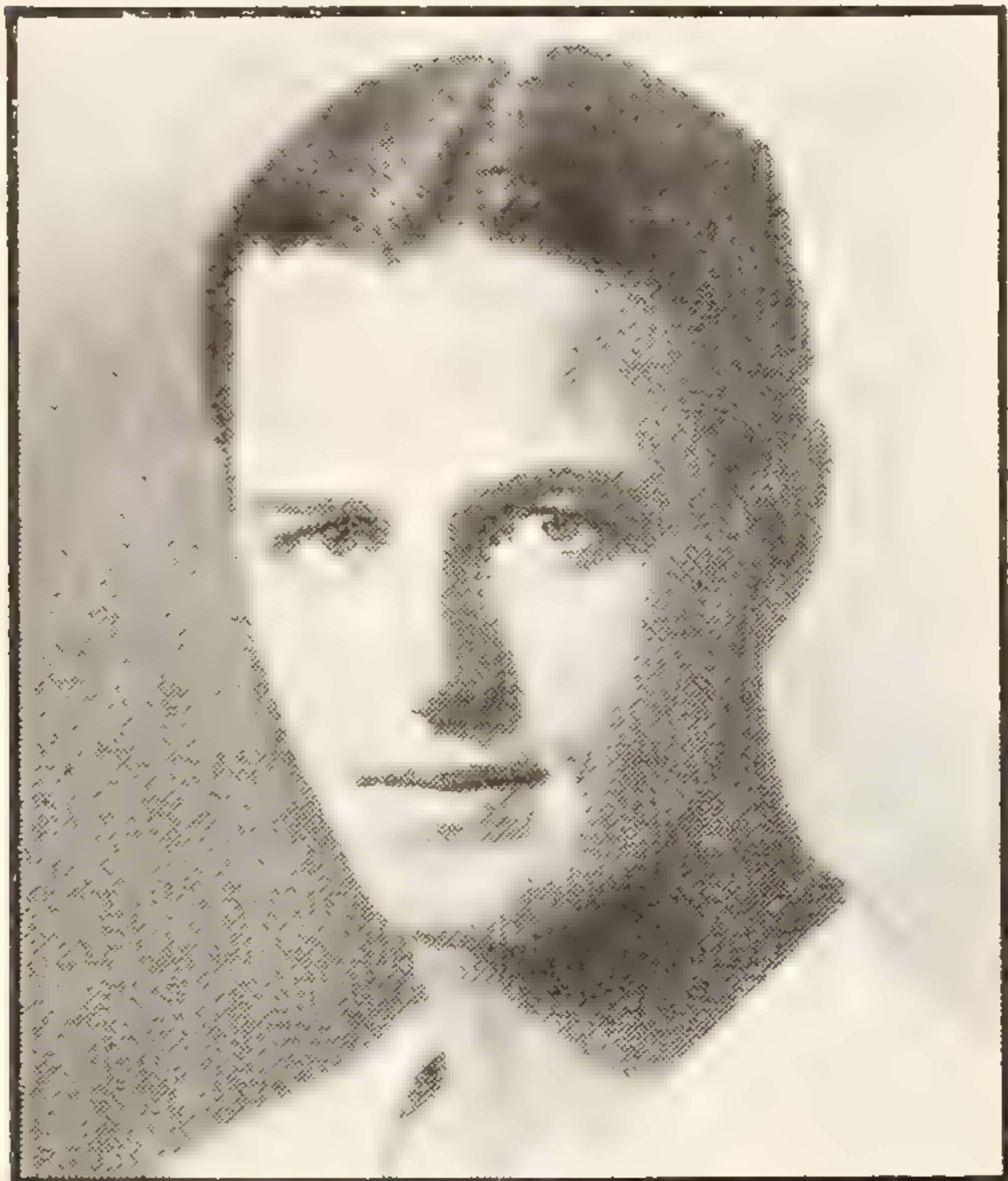


ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Famous Authors Who Contribute Exclusively to This Magazine

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

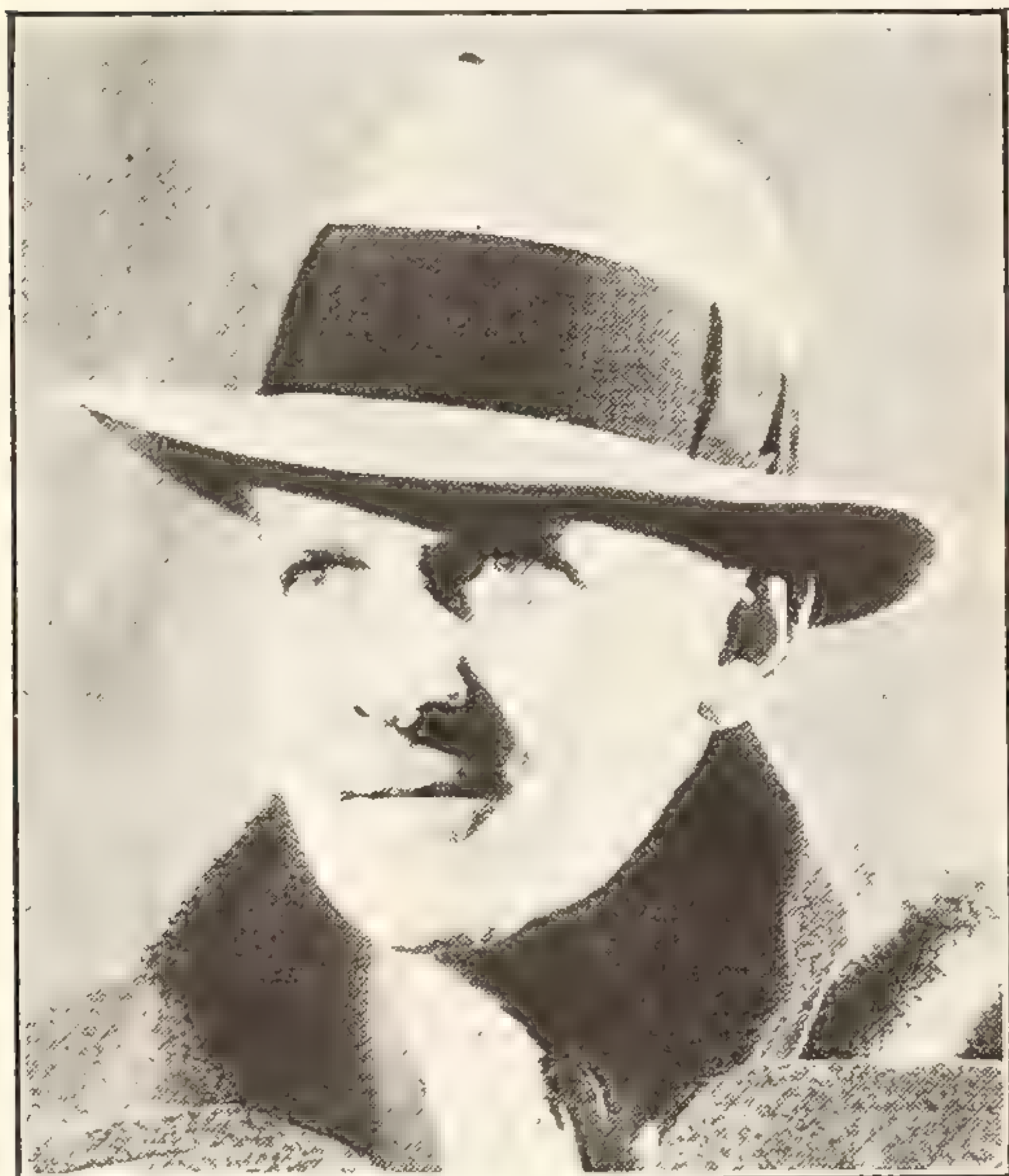
FAMOUS contributor to *Liberty*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping* and other leading magazines. Author of many best selling novels, including "A Free Soul" and "The Single Standard," recently filmed by Greta Garbo. She is the best known of all biographers of Hollywood film stars. Miss St. Johns was born in San Francisco, the daughter of California's most celebrated criminal lawyer, Earl Rogers. She became the cub reporter on *The Los Angeles Evening Herald* and grew up with the famous early stars of motion pictures, Mary Pickford, the Gishes, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh and the Talmadges. Miss St. Johns has lived in Hollywood ever since. She has watched the stars come and go, knows all of them intimately and is the most widely known of all screen writers. Miss St. Johns contributes exclusively to THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE in the motion picture field.



DICK HYLAND

DICK HYLAND

DICK HYLAND attracted attention as a magazine writer before he left college. While he was still star halfback of Pop Warner's famous Stanford team, Hyland broke into print with some corking gridiron yarns. Aside from his all-American football activities, Hyland was a member of the United States rugby team which won the Olympic championship at Paris in 1924 and he was a star of the Stanford track team. Hyland was born in San Francisco and spent four years as a forest ranger in Yosemite National Park before going to college. Hyland is Western editorial representative of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. He is married to Adela Rogers St. Johns. They have one son, Richard Rogers Hyland, now a year old.



WALTER WINCHELL

WALTER WINCHELL

WALTER WINCHELL is probably the most widely read columnist in America. His comments upon the activities of Broadway in *The Daily Mirror* in New York have attracted country-wide attention. Winchell knows his Manhattan as nobody else. Read his "That Old Gang of Mine" in this issue and you will know how intimately Winchell is acquainted with the famous folk along the Great White Way.

HERBERT HOWE

HERBERT HOWE is the most popular of all the Hollywood commentators. He personally knows every star of importance and he will tell you about them in forthcoming issues of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Mr. Howe is as well known in the studios of Europe as in those of Hollywood. He spends part of every year in Paris, Rome, Berlin and Vienna, studying motion picture activities. Spare time he devotes to his estate below Los Angeles on the edge of the Pacific.

READ THEM EXCLUSIVELY IN THE NEW MOVIE

LETTERS of a Property MAN

BY
HERBERT
STEPHEN

*Instalment Due Inn
Wells, Maine
Collection Day, 1929.*

DEAR Half of My Life:
What's the biggern and better idea? Here I've been in this wide spot of the road, that even the tax collector forgot, for the last two weeks and not a squack from your oxidized cage in the swampy heights of the world's gift to Jimmy Walker. How come you look that direction? Grab yourself a pencil from the grocery man pronto and scrawl me a few lines on how the kid

DRAWING,
BY
HERB
ROTH

Jimmy puts all he's got into the scene, kisses the fair dame au revoir and does a nose dive for the puddle of sea water at the bottom of the cliff. He misses the rocks and gets stuck in the mud with his feet the only thing in sight.



When Blue Meets Gray—A Brand New Humorist

is coming along. You easily can forget about yourself.

And, while you are at it, Thoughtless, tie a can of cigarettes to the billet doux and send it along. They has smokes up here but they is too opera hat for yours truly. And how that director and leading man can forget to lay in a supply of lung-destroyers whenever we go out on location! In town they always has a full pack, but get 'em in the cross-road section of the world and they're always out. Believe you me, they won't ask for the second butt when you send them dopes along. What they make them pills of is nobody's entertainment. Guess they uses old rubber and alfalfa.

Anyhow, I had to hoof it five long rocky miles the other day to get a pack of smoke sticks for the gang and when I gets back I finds I've been missing something. The Greek god that plays the rah rah collegiate part in this flicker had done up and told Jimmy Queensly, the voice of the megaphone, to do it hisself.

NOW the stunt wasn't bad—it was just downright foolish. All the offspring of Mrs. O'Neal had to do was jump off a cliff. Of course, the jump part wasn't going to muss up his pretty face and figger but—the sudden stop at the bottom might. You see, they was about ten feet clearance between the rocks and the tide was out, so they was only about two feet of water in the pool.

Jimmy could have changed the location to where the water was deep, and the kid would probably have done the leap but, no, that meant retake on one scene and besides, who is the director of this celluloid spasm? Jimmy is a eggotistikal guy anyhow and the sudden raring of temperament of young Adonis just made Jimmy boil over. He gets sarcastic with a capital "S." At least that's what the innocent (Bah!) young dear that plays opposite O'Neal says. The kid steams up, too, and tells Jimmy to do the leap hisself; he don't have any dear public awaiting his next appearance in the galloping opera and the O'Neal has. That was the final pinprick to Jimmy's blimp.

"By Harry, I will double for you, you coward," says the balloon-headed megaphone wielder. And he did. The Kid's clothes were pretty tight, 'cause Jimmy has lost that svelte-like figger of his juvenile days, but into 'em he got. The kid was warped into an overcoat and set in the car. He didn't need any wraps, to hear the bunch tell it, he was blowing off a full head of steam. Jimmy in the kid's suit was oozing fog out of every seam, too.

Jimmy puts all he's got into the scene, kisses the fair dame au revoir and does a nose dive for the puddle of sea water at the bottom of the cliff. He misses the rocks all right, but they's a kinda whirlpool in the bottom of the pool and Jimmy gets stuck, with his feet the only thing in sight. It takes all hands and the cameraman to drag him out and the kid is the first one to reach him. Gee, they musta worked on Jimmy for ten minutes to bring him to. Jimmy is a good egg at that. When he comes to and can tear a yard of bandage off his glims he shakes hands with the kid and says it's all in a day's work. But we had to lay off the rest of the day to get the Kid's suit rebuilt at the village millinery and for Jimmy to recuperate.

JIMMY got off a heap easier than Forteus G. Franklin, the star director of Hinchville, in the days when cowboy pictures was made with real cowboys. Franklin had worked for the old Melies' company and what he didn't know about making pictures, to hear him tell it, was less than nothing.

The script calls for the blue cavalry to be ambushed as they passed the junction of the two cliffs. When the dust cleared, every darn horse in the troop was loose and heading for the hills. It looked just like a massacre.

"Yeast Head," the Indians called him, and the Indians don't often go wrong.

He knew all the tricks of the trade, according to his own admissions—and some from the other trades, too, which he don't admit. Tommy Hinch, the boss, liked him though, 'cause he not only directed, but he played the double-dyed villain with a willingness that made some of the lady stars hate his shadow even. He could, if we could keep him away from Playa del Rey long enough, turn out four one-reel pictures in a week. He was a worker, all right, and a slave driver that would have given Simon Legree deuces wild and beaten him to the joker. But his head was bigger than one of those sausage balloons.

"We was making one of the first epics of filmdom, honest we was. Tommy Hinch had promised us three cameras for our big scenes and one crank-turner assigned to a director in them days meant he was made. He also promised all of us a sort of bonus for this horse opera, as his press agent had grown quite eloquent over the story. Yep, it was to be an epic all right.

The opera was the regular carbon copy of what some good writer had writ for the dime novels. Our bright little boys in the scenario department just lifted the idea and changed the locations, that's all. The actors got so they knew all the situations, so rehearsals were a cinch. Why, some of those beard-tusslers learned to put glue on their crêpe hair and were perpetual General Grants or Stonewall Jacksons. Yep, we was original in them days, we did the same thing over and over again only in a different spot—just like they does nowadays.

The poor boobs that signed on as extras caught merry hades though, and the boys in the cavalry got it, too. The cavalry was made up of cowboys, Indians and whatever they could scrape up from the gutters on Los Angeles street to wear chaps. They was paid monthly, darn little dough, a bunk, cakes and an occasional bottle. The lunch was generally two measly, dry sandwiches, a saucer of milk or coffee and a orange, and cull oranges at that. If the extra could put on crêpe hair he might get an extra half buck a day. If he had his own gee gee he could raise the ante to five smackers and oats for the quadruped.

TO save time, which also meant save nickels for Tommy Hinch, the cavalry and extras would "underdress." They'd wear both the blue and the gray. That is, if they was making war pictures, and we was most of the time, some of 'em would have the gray uniforms on the outside with the blue underneath. Others would show the blues to the gaze of their admiring public. And how them babies could change. Many a time when the fillum was thrown on the screen



Tells the Inside Story of a Movie Massacre

Bill Jones would see himself as a bearded Yank chase himself as a Gilleted reb through the house. Of course, they'd change horses, but not often. Most of the brutes was assigned for the picture. Granny, the camera man, had one, an old bag of bones assigned him, though, that only he ever rode. That combination could fasten a camera to the pommel of a saddle and crank a chase scene both going and coming. And that old nag knew his master too, you couldn't get him ten feet from the camera when he was on location. Granny used to glom carrots from the cook shack for 'im.

As I said before, this galloping drama was to be different. We knew that was true 'cause all the heads had told us so. The same villain, Franklin, chased the same virtuous ingenue over the hills, but this time he was to use the mouth of a canyon. For once they picked a location that could be used without me cutting down a mountain or hacksawing through a forest of underbrush. They was two cliffs at the mouth of the canyon. They was about fifty feet high and about one hundred feet apart and right on a line with each other.

The morning for the big scenes arrived as per usual. The fog held for a couple of hours and then the sun just wouldn't stay out. Franklin arrived about an hour late, which didn't matter, but he had a grouch on. He'd been out the night before and one of the boys had pried him loose from chinning himself on a curbstone at Third and Main, where the barkeep had throwed him when they'd closed the joint. His head was big enough any time, but with a hangover it was like the start of the National Balloon Race. He just made himself generally disagreeable all morning, had a scrap with the head cameraman, sassed the corral boss and was taking all of his hate out on the leading lady and muh. We all tried to get him to rehearse the scenes and then shoot 'em when the sun stayed out. Taking advice was just one of his won't's that day.

THE script called for the blue cavalry to be ambushed as they passed the junction of the two cliffs. A squad of Johnny Rebs was planted on top of each hill with a camera right behind 'em. They wasn't taking any chances of missing this one big scene. Granny sets up about a hundred feet down from the mouth. The blues was to ride down, the rebs on the hills was to

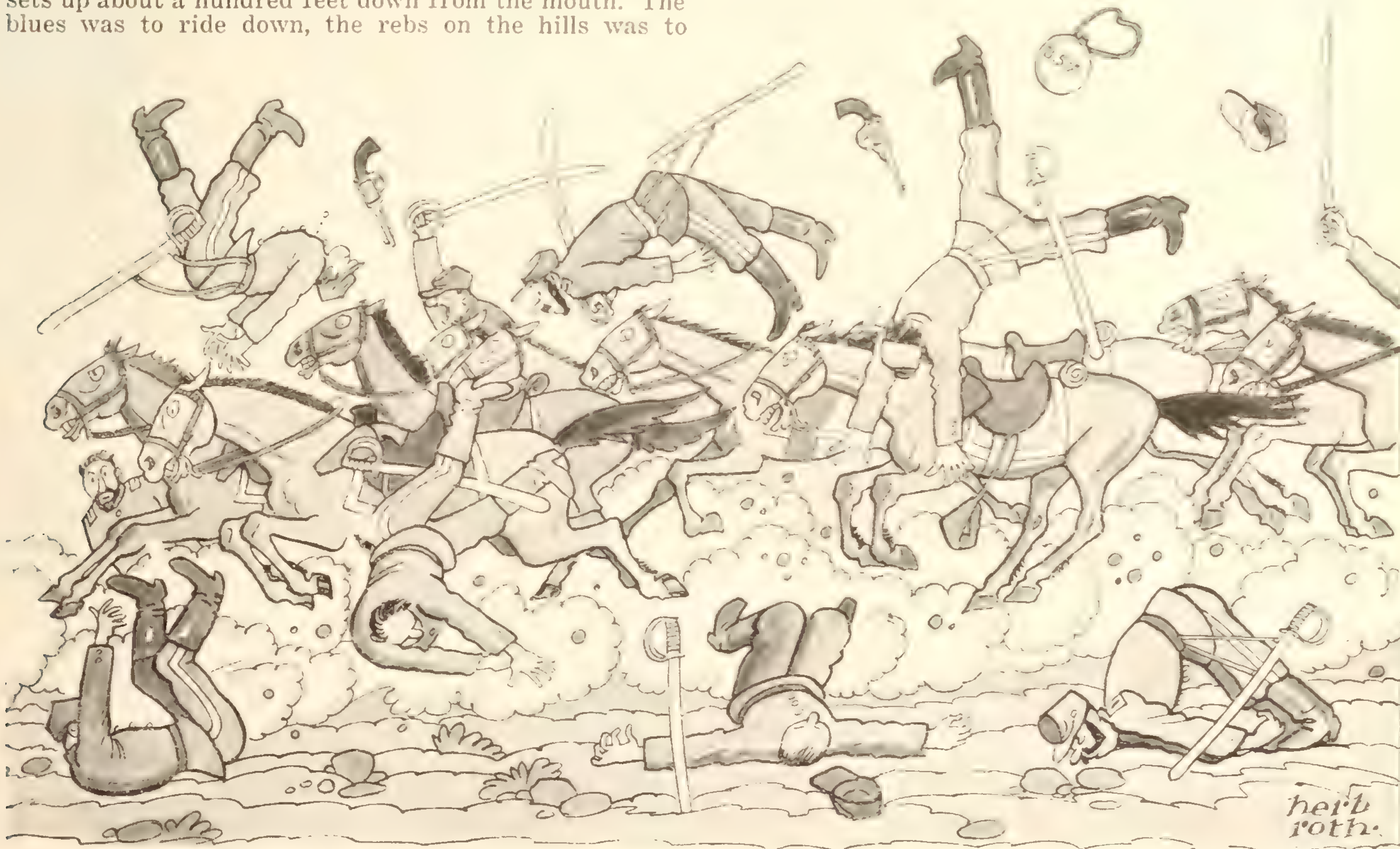
fire and the blues was to mill around, some of 'em get killed and then they was to retreat. The leading lady was then to chase after 'em and to rescue her fond lover, who was supposed to be with 'em.

Granny gets set and focused. He checks up the other stiffs that ground film and hollers to Franklin: "Rattle your hocks, you poor Centaurs, the sun is glooming." The poor punks didn't know that Centaurs meant bulls, they just wasn't educated.

Franklin sent me to the prop-room about a mile away for the flag and on a pony properly named Nuisance. I got back without breaking any bones but not fast enough to suit his nobbs. He had sent the troop up the canyon and told 'em to ride down the canyon toward Granny and to ride like the rebels was after 'em. He told me plenty when I arrived, then handed me a blue jacket and says, "Lead 'em down and don't be afraid to kick that nag into a gallop; this is a race for life and liberty, not a jaunt in the park. Keep the flag waving and keep it in front!" Then he told the rebel squads to fire on us when we hit the junction.

WHEN I got out of sight of the camera, where the gang was waiting about 150 strong, I hollered back, "Anything special," hoping that he would yell. "Yea, do a fall and pick out some more to fall, too." And falls meant an extra dollar and, if it was a good flop right in the foreground, it might bring two bucks. I needed some extra two buckses. Back came his voice through a megaphone, "Never mind about anything special, get riding and ride like Hell. I'm directing this picture."

"All right, old top," says I to myself and gave old Nuisance the spur. Down we came waving the old flag like a Barbara Frietchie. We hit the mouth of the canyon at full speed. The gray troops fought bravely. They opened fire. Nuisance, darn her, took the bit in her mouth and then we did ride. We rode a full mile before I could pull the old she-devil up. When I got back the dust was clearing up. (Continued on page 114)





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARY BRIAN

How did Mary Brian become Hollywood's best girl? Two or three years ago Mary never had a date. Now she is the belle of the movie capital. Who did Rudy Vallee choose as the subject of his attentions? None other than Mary. Here's the secret of her popularity: "If you let a man lead the conversation, he's pretty likely to call again!"

Hollywood's BEST GIRL

By Marian Jensen

RUDY VALLEE, the answer to every girl's prayer, chose Mary Brian from all of the Hollywood belles for his attentions while he was in this city.

Biff Hoffman, captain of last year's Stanford team, was introduced to practically every woman in the city. He was a hero. When he met Mary Brian he forgot all about heroes and became just a plain man in love with one woman.

Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Sally O'Neil—all the so-called colorful babies of the movies, have fallen back into line and allowed little sister Mary to go to the head



Mary Brian, Just before she was selected to play Wendy in "Peter Pan." She was fifteen—and plain little Mary then.



of the class when celebrities come a-visiting. Even the home-town sheiks are tumbling in her wake, now, with the examples put before them by such famous young men as Richard Dix, Charles Buddy Rogers, Billy Bakewell, and Arthur Lake, as well as the Southern California, the Stanford and Berkeley fraternity men.

It is safe to say that Mary Brian is the most popular girl in the city of world popular girls.

Just how did it happen? How has Mary so quietly crept into the front ranks when so short a time ago she was just plain "little Mary," the Wendy of "Peter Pan," who brought no competition to the other feminine headliners?

We decided to ask her about it.

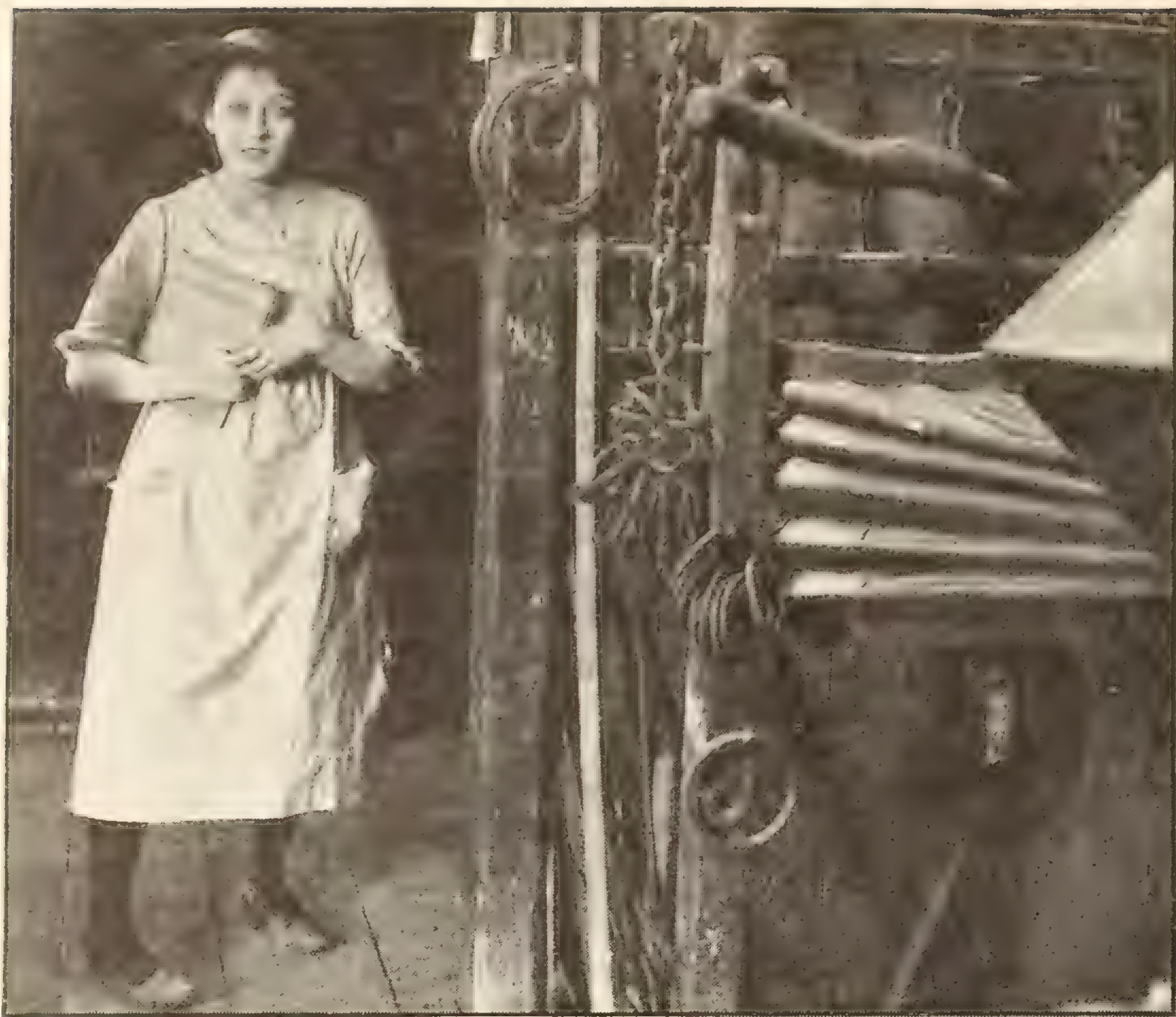
"I don't know." She sat like a small child with her legs curled beneath her; her long bob, with its natural wave, flirting with the black velvet bows up on her shoulders. After all, she has youth. She is but twenty. But so are Lupe, Sally and Clara. Sophisticated twenties. While Mary is still in her little-girl twenties.

"It has all come so gradually that I—well, I haven't realized it was coming. It doesn't seem possible, of course, but only four years ago I was going from casting office to casting office and not getting beyond the man behind the window.

"Lonesome! It seemed as though I might as well try to catch a moonbeam as it came through our one-room window as to attempt to find friends in this city. I

used to stand, at night, at the window of our room, which was in a big white house directly across from the Hollywood Athletic Club and watch the people coming there for dinner and dancing. (Cont. on page 110)

Mary Brian today, the life of every gathering. The background trio numbers Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper and James Hall. No, they will not be arrested for parking near a hydrant. This is Hollywood, after all.



At the left: Gloria Swanson, when she was a Cecil DeMille star. Only a short time before this Mr. DeMille discovered Gloria in the Mack Sennett bathing girl squad. Here she appears in Mr. DeMille's considerably talked-about film of the day, "Something to Think About."

At the right: Norma Talmadge, just after she had deserted old Vitagraph for Triangle-Fine Arts. She did this Glimpse of Salome in Fine Arts vivid picture of "Fifty-Fifty."



Last month THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE published a picture of Edith Storey in an old Vitagraph picture. The pictorial recollection of Miss Storey aroused so much interest among fans who remembered her excellent work in the old days of pictures, that we present another glimpse this month. At the left, Miss Storey, as a mountain lass in one of those old fashioned moonshiner dramas.

SCREEN MEMORIES

Maybe you remember Norma Shearer in the days before she was a Metro-Goldwyn star, long before her first hit with John Gilbert in "He Who Gets Slapped." The study at the right by Alfred Cheney Johnson, was made before Miss Shearer went West to try her film luck. She appeared in a picture or two for Paramount--and then hit success at Metro-Goldwyn.



At the left, the oldest film memory of these two pages: Florence Lawrence and Harry Myers in a Lubin drama, "Vanity and Its Lure." Harry is still active in Hollywood, but Miss Lawrence, who now lives in California, retired from pictures some years ago.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

THE real trouble with all attempts at home facial treatments is that they are seldom pursued persistently enough to accomplish any lasting good. They are, like diets and special exercises, started with great hope and enthusiasm, kept up for a few conscientious days and then forgotten entirely.

A week's use of any régime or any group of preparations is not a fair trial; your new treatment may show a few good effects but it cannot overcome the handicap of years of neglect or the wrong sort of care.

Those who are obliged to make a habit of facial care are the movie stars who have done much to abolish the old superstition that too many cosmetics are bad for the skin. Actresses constantly wear the heaviest make-ups in the studio and yet they are perhaps the youngest, freshest group of women in the world and they have the best complexions.

To apply an effective movie make-up an actress must have a skin that is not only free from blemishes but scrupulously clean. Make-up can change the screen appearance of features to a certain extent but it cannot gloss over a poor skin or personal carelessness. The cleanliness which is so important is the result of no mere hasty scrubbing. First, the skin is washed with warm water (not too hot) and fine, light-textured soap. It is then rinsed carefully, given a cold-cream rub for further cleanliness, a good cleaning again with a cream remover and then another rinse with cold water, followed perhaps by a light rubbing with ice. It is well to remember, however, that ice should not be left too long on the face unless your skin is very oily or your face unusually plump.

WASHING the face, simple and commonplace as that may seem, is the important start of any beauty treatment. Some women imagine that they have skin that will not tolerate soap. In most cases this is, to be blunt, a delusion. The better toilet soaps not only are pure but they are tuned to suit the most delicate skin.

There are wonderful women, too, who use only cold water on their faces. For the most part you hear of these heroines only in novels. The average woman, living as she does in an age of motoring, athletics and the dust of cities, needs two cleansing agents—soap and cold cream.

BEAUTY IN WINTER

Movie stars have done much to abolish the old superstition that too many cosmetics are bad for the skin.

Actresses constantly wear the heaviest make-ups in the studios and yet they are the youngest, freshest group of women in the world. And they have good complexions.

Special attention to the skin is essential in winter.

Ann Boyd tells you here the answers to your beauty problems.



How the movie stars make up. Dorothy Jordan, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is concentrating upon the art of making her eyes beautiful.

IN foggy, moist climates the skin needs less care, which accounts for the fine complexions of English and Irish women. But the American climate is harsher, and generally drier and our social life is more urban than rustic. Nature can be counted on only to take care of those who take care of themselves.

For instance, since this is winter, in addition to your cleansing cream, you will need a heavier cream, one with considerable body to it. This cream you will find essential after you have been exposed to cold or wind. Or you may prefer one of the liquid creams which may be applied before or after going out into the cold.

This is no modern, superfluous fad. Two generations ago your grandmother kept her skin smooth and unchapped in winter by rubbing it with mutton tallow. It was one of her home-made beauty preparations. Today you will find less crude, more attractive and more effective lotions on any list of toilet accessories.

OTHER handicaps to a good winter skin are lack of exercises, too many rich foods and too little sleep. Girls who exercise strenuously all summer let down in winter, although indoor gymnasiums and swimming pools are almost as plentiful as public libraries. The week-end vacation, so essential in summer, deserves to be carried over to the cold months, for the sake of its exercise and relaxation.

Lack of sleep is a more serious deterrent to a clear skin. In Hollywood, when an actress

(Continued on page 117)



We predict for

1930

 <p><i>January</i></p> <p>Many thousand women will be delighted by the summery sweet-smelling freshness Fels-Naptha gives even to clothes that are winter-dried.</p>	 <p><i>February</i></p> <p>Many a once-grouchy husband will smilingly admit that, aided by Fels-Naptha, his wife has practically a dry-cleaner's knack for removing spots.</p>	 <p><i>March</i></p> <p>A great many hands will have come through the worst of the winter with their softness and smoothness intact—because Fels-Naptha suds are gentle.</p>
 <p><i>April</i></p> <p>Housecleaning housewives will exclaim over the way Fels-Naptha freshens painted woodwork and makes window-panes glitter.</p>	 <p><i>May</i></p> <p>A lot of women are going to be even more enthusiastic about their washing machines after they've tried them with Fels-Naptha.</p>	 <p><i>June</i></p> <p>Wedding linens will be much admired—and the best housekeeper she knows will tell the bride to wash them with Fels-Naptha.</p>
 <p><i>July</i></p> <p>There will be quite a little front porch talk of Fels-Naptha's ability to keep summer dresses looking their best.</p>	 <p><i>August</i></p> <p>In many bathrooms, fixtures and tiling will shine brighter—and stay shining!—thanks to the discovery of this added use for Fels-Naptha.</p>	 <p><i>September</i></p> <p>School clothes will once more swell the hamper—but that won't worry the mothers who use Fels-Naptha.</p>
 <p><i>October</i></p> <p>More women who believe in boiling clothes will thankfully discover that Fels-Naptha gives the same <i>extra</i> help in the wash boiler that it gives in water of any temperature.</p>	 <p><i>November</i></p> <p>In every town, certain lucky babies will crow contentedly in clothes that Fels-Naptha has gotten clean clear through with less work on their mothers' part.</p>	 <p><i>December</i></p> <p>Women who have used it during the year will agree in saying, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."</p>

THIS prediction isn't guesswork. Each year more and more Fels-Naptha is sold . . . which means that each year thousands of women are discovering Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It's the *extra* help of two active cleaners working together; not "just soap" but good golden soap hand-in-hand with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Let this be the year—and let today be the day (provided of course it's not New Year's Day)—that *you* discover it. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer and learn the comfort of having *extra* help with every soap and water task.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Thousands of women have regularly chipped Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, using just an ordinary kitchen knife. Some now find it easier to use the Fels-Naptha Chipper to get fresh golden chips containing plenty of naptha, made just as you need them. The Chipper—a simple, handy little device—will be sent you postpaid on request. Just mail the coupon!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

T&M 1-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



extra help for millions of women

The Birth of the Talkie

(Continued from
page 35)

the boys had so much sport with it that we christened it 'The Black Maria.' We were looking for service not art—and, remember, it was the first motion picture studio which the world had ever seen.

"The building, itself, was about twenty-five by thirty feet in dimensions, I should say, and we gave a grotesque effect to the roof by slanting it up in a hunch in the center and arranging shutters that could be opened or closed with a pulley to obtain the greatest benefit from the light.

"Then, in order to make certain of as long a working day as possible, we swung the whole building on pivots like an old-fashioned river bridge so it could be turned to follow the course of the sun. We covered it with black tar paper outside, and painted it a dead black inside to bring out actors into the sharpest relief. It was a ghastly proposition for a stranger daring enough to brave its mysteries—especially when it began to turn like a ship in a gale. But we did manage to make pictures there. And, after all, that was the real test.

"THE 'Black Maria' always reminded me of an Irishman who used to work for me in my early days when we were trying out certain variations of the railroad telegraph system; that is, sending a message from an ordinary wire to and from a moving train. We were working with our apparatus down on Staten Island at the time, and my Irish friend—his name was King—was in charge of the crew on the line.

"He was a good electrician, too, but for some reason he had difficulty in making the system operate as it should. Strange to say, it worked like a charm when the train was running in one direction but as soon as it started on the return trip troubles began. Although King would swear and tear his hair he couldn't fathom the source of the disturbance.

"Finally, in disgust, he wrote me that the only solution he could think of was to run an axle under Staten Island so the island could be turned instead of the train! This was a good deal the same kind of problem we had with our old 'Black Maria.' But we couldn't very well control the sun. So we had to compromise—and fix up a contrivance to turn the studio.

"We didn't use artificial light in those days. We had to depend altogether on nature. Therefore, it was a case of literally having to follow up the sun so as to extract all the benefit we could from every fugitive ray." Crude methods, the modern film producer may say, but they gave us results—and fairly continuous results, too.

"That was the broad purpose, but how to accomplish that purpose was a problem which seemed more impossible the longer I studied it. It was in 1887 that I began my investigations, and photography, compared to what it is today, was in a decidedly crude state of development. Pictures were made by 'wet' plates, operated by involved mechanism. The modern dry films were unheard of.

"I HAD only one fact to guide me at all. This was the principle of optics, technically called 'the persistence of vision,' which proves that the

sensation of light lingers in the brain for anywhere from one-tenth to one-twentieth part of a second after the light itself has disappeared from the sight of the eye.

"Ptolemy, the ancient Greek mathematician, first demonstrated this truth by means of a wooden wheel, painted with spots of red paint. As the wheel was whirled swiftly around, the spots on its surface apparently melted together and gave the effect of one continuous red streak, although when the wheel had stopped it was seen the spots had not changed their positions at all.

"This fact served as the basic principle for various mechanical toys, creating the illusion of pictures that moved before the eyes of the beholder. A very simple contrivance of this kind was spinning cardboard, revolving on a string. On one side was the picture of a man, and on the other side the picture of a galloping horse. As the card spun, the man apparently leaped into the saddle of the horse, whereas what actually happened was that the revolutions of the card brought the second picture into view before the eye had lost the mental image of the first. I presume the inventor of the novelty made a good sum. He deserved to.

"This same idea was later elaborated into a contrivance called the 'Zoetrope' that was very popular when I was a young man. Around the inside lower rim of a cylinder affair, opened at the top, a series of related pictures was pasted, generally of a humorous character. As the cylinder was rapidly rotated the wondering eye, glued to the opening in the top, was regaled with a succession of scenes presumed to have all the appearance of life. The fact that most of the pictures were woodcuts and that the action didn't always match at the right moment created at times a weird effect, but for years the Zoetrope was one of the most popular fads of the day.

"The photographic art itself was beginning to languish but even with its imperfections it remained for the camera to add the needed touch of finish and reality to the revolving pictures. The circumstances of how this came about were rather curious. Indeed, I don't think that many persons today, even connected with the film industry, are familiar with the facts of how photography contrived to introduce the semblance of motion in its product.

"AN ENGLISHMAN of the name of Muybridge, who was an enthusiast on two subjects—cameras and race-horses—was visiting, at his California farm, Senator Leland Stanford, who was also something of a 'crank' on the subject of blooded trotters. During the visit the merits of a certain horse, owned by the Senator, came under discussion, Stanford contending for one fact and his guest arguing for another. To settle the dispute Muybridge conceived an ingenious plan.

"Along one side of the private race-course on the farm he placed a row of twenty-four cameras. Attached to the shutter of each, he fastened a long thread, which in turn was carried across the track, and then, to make sure of obtaining sharp exposures, he

erected a white screen opposite to serve as a reflector. When all was in readiness the race-horse was turned loose down the track.

"As it dashed past the rows of cameras the various threads were snapped, and a series of photographs, establishing each successive point in the 'action' of the horse, were automatically registered. When they were developed they revealed for the first time a complete photographic record of the minutest details of a horse in actual motion, and Muybridge had the satisfaction of using them to win his argument.

"He would have laid the pictures away in his private collection, but someone suggested trying the effect on a Zoetrope apparatus. The result was so startling that it created something of a public sensation. But, except as a novelty, there was little practicable benefit gained. To have made an actual motion picture, lasting even for the space of a single minute, at the rate of twelve exposures per second, the minimum for steady illusion, would have required, under the plan of Muybridge, seven hundred and twenty different cameras."

"What then were your main problems in the construction of the first motion-picture camera?"

"BEFORE everything else the question of making a unit machine—that is, one where all the exposures needed could be made with the same apparatus and through the same lens. And this at once brought up the second difficulty. Obviously, it was quite impossible to construct any single camera capable of the proper speed and mechanism required for the purpose and use glass plates for the exposures. I saw at once these would have to be discarded entirely, and any experiments would have to start from a brand new point of departure.

"We tried various kinds of mechanisms and various kinds of materials and chemicals for our negatives. The experiments of a laboratory consist mostly in finding that something won't work. The worst of it is you never know beforehand, and sometimes it takes months, even years, before you discover you have been on the wrong line all the time. First we tried making a cylindrical shell, something like an ordinary phonograph cylinder, and sensitizing the surface in the hope of obtaining microscopic photographs which could be enlarged.

"These impressions would have been no larger than the point of a pin, if successful, and, of course, our plan involved a tremendous magnifying process to produce results. But we couldn't find a substance for coating the cylinder that was sensitive enough for our need. The old dry albumen that had been used by photographers we found would not do at all. Then we tried a gelatine bromide of silver emulsion, and for a little while it looked like it might work.

"And again we found that we were wrong. Celluloid by this time was on the market—and we conceived the idea of a drum, over which a sheet of pre-

(Continued on page 109)

How Hollywood Entertains *(Continued from page 93)*



Sue Carol's bridge game with Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson apparently pitting their skill against the whole crowd.

ing. Poppy rolls and butter completed this course.

THE fruit salad also came to us on a huge serving platter. This time the rich yellow mayonnaise lay in charming waves in the center with fresh pears, fresh raspberries and strawberries, jumbo black grapes, bananas, etc., forming a colorful ring about it. Royal puff wafers accompanied it.

The dessert, served on small glass plates, topping glass serving plates (also in gold and yellow), were individual turkeys in ice cream and ices for the ladies and pumpkins for the gentlemen. Tiny French cakes were on the plates when they were served.

EITHER demi-tasse or large cups of coffee followed. This was an informal concession of the hostess because she knew that two of her guests, Hoot Gibson and Nick Stuart, prefer large cups. Large cups are often substituted for demi-tasse in Hollywood since the hostesses place enjoyment higher than fashion.

The after-dinner entertainment was a matter of preference. Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen played bridge opposite Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.

The only thing that interrupted their pleasure was the announcement over

the radio that the vogue of Western pictures had ended. No one showed any interest in them! Such actors as Hoot Gibson were expected to be forced to new manners of finding a living. Hoot's cards poised in mid-air as he listened. He frowned. What was this? Why, his last three had been among his largest box-office returns, he stutered.

A moment more and the same radio gave a review of Gary Cooper's and Mary Brian's latest picture, "The Virginian." The picture was terrible, said the announcer. Gary Cooper was good, he continued. But Mary Brian—! She didn't cry but one could see it was merely courtesy which restrained her. Why, the reviews had been the best of her career! How could they?

THE gathering might have thought it a gag, if it hadn't been that the orchestras and solos interspersed the announcements.

However, Sue could let them suffer too long. It was a gag—always the Hollywood pet way of entertaining. Nick led me to the garage where a phonograph was whirling off the orchestral numbers and the butler was announcing before a microphone which was connected with the real radio in the living-room. A clever stunt that

has caused many of Sue's guests moments of real anxiety.

THEN the piano and songs! Sally Eilers left the bridge game to play accompaniments. And they thought Sally could really play—so well did she follow the player grand piano. But the vocal harmony was close, believe it or not. So close that we shut our ears with our hands. However we have heard others practice for talking pictures!

Games on the floor completed the evening. Fake card games and "Classification," created by Charlie Chaplin at one of Mary Pickford's parties. Ten qualifications for each person. Ten points the limit for each qualification. Personality; beauty; brains; etc. You rate each of your fellow guests, as well yourself. Then compare what you gave yourself with what your friends give you. One guest awarded himself 10 per cent. in brains while the others only averaged two for the same person. No, it would be too mean to reveal who this was. There were a number of guests from Chicago. We'll let it go for one of them.

Midnight saw a general exodus. Practically every professional guest was either working or taking a test the next morning. Hollywood parties always end early.

Exit, Flapper—Enter, Siren

(Continued from
Page 72)



Below, an "Angel" tea gown of powder blue georgette. It has flowing draperies but it is not of extreme length. The design at the back is painted in rose and gold. And Bessie Love wears it.



The richly brocaded evening wrap above is trimmed in mink. The gown, with its flair of net ruffles from the knee to the floor, has the mermaid silhouette. And the lady who wears it so attractively is Kay Johnson.

age—beautifully" slogan that Adrian quotes.

Clara Bow has been letting her hair grow long and wearing long period dresses for some time. She has at various times confessed for a yearning after the feminine modes. "I don't believe I will ever reach the place where I won't want short sports clothes and short street suits that give me freedom," says Clara, "but I certainly like the romance of the new clothes. They give one a totally different manner and state of mind when wearing them. I think I like it."

CORINNE GRIFFITH has gone farther with the matter of lengthening sport clothes than nearly anyone in the colony. They are not so long as to be unwieldy, in fact, one could say that her movement could be less restrained in the me-



The very young Olive Borden in a very sophisticated tea gown of green panne velvet, with a narrow border of silver sequins. It is elaborately draped and has the smart new narrow fishtail train.

dium long style of garment she uses for sports. She says:

"Outdoor amusements are so much more a vital part of our all-the-year-round life in California than in most other parts of the world, that we will be less influenced by prescribed formulas of style than our sisters in the East. Besides, the motion picture colony has always shown a spirit of intelligence when it comes to fashions, as we are second only to the French couturières in the matter of creating new styles. As for myself, though I am quite willing to follow the new prevailing modes in my evening apparel, I firmly believe that every woman should dress to fit her own personality when it comes to color, material and line.

"I would offer as a suggestion that accessories are far more important to the
(Continued on page 124)

The Birth of the Talkie

(Continued from
page 106).

pared celluloid was drawn, with the edges squeezed into narrow slots in the rim, like the old tin-foil phonograph. We had to take our pictures spirally, and they were so limited in size as a result that only the center of each could be brought into focus.

"IT was along about this point that George Eastman came into our experiments. I heard that he was working on a new kind of dry film, and asked him to come down and talk it over. The result was that his representative went back home to see what he could do in making a narrow strip of sensitized film that would operate on a roll. Without George Eastman I don't know what the result would have been in the motion picture. The months that followed were a series of discouragements for all of us. While he was busy with the problem of chemicals we were busy with the problem of mechanics.

"It is almost impossible for the layman to appreciate the extreme niceties of adjustment we had to overcome. Try to realize that we were dealing always with minute fractions of seconds. For instance, allowing forty-six exposures per second, as we did at first, we had to face the fact that the film had to be stopped and started again after each exposure. Now, allowing a minimum of one hundredth part of a second for every impression that was registered, you can see that practically half of our time was already gone, and in the remainder of the time we had to move the film forward the necessary distance for the next exposures.

"And all this had to be done with the exactness of a watch movement. If there was the slightest variation in the movement of the film, or if it slipped at any time by so much as a hair's breadth, this fact was certain to show up in the enlargements. Finally we completed a mechanism that allowed the film to be moved in the uniform ratio of one-tenth part of the time needed for a satisfactory exposure, and permitted from twenty to forty such exposures per second.

"It looked as though we were finished, and we tried the first roll of film jubilantly. Success was in our hands. But we had counted too soon.

"THE strips had been made in a one-half inch width that we thought was ample, but it was not enough. We had to make a large size, allowing a one-inch surface for the emulsion, with a one-half inch margin for the perforations needed for the locking device that we used for starting and stopping the film.

"This meant, of course, adjusting our mechanical apparatus also to carry the new-sized roll; but we did it at last and in the summer of 1889 the first of the new cameras was ready to show what it could do."

"When was the first patent applied for?"

"Not until two years later. I was very much occupied with other matters, and while we all congratulated ourselves on what we had accomplished, and knew we had an interesting and novel apparatus, we generally regarded it more or less as a curiosity with no very large practicable possibilities. It probably seems strange to the world now, but such was the fact, even after we had exhibited our first pictures.

"These were shown originally in an apparatus that we christened 'The Kinetoscope,' consisting of a cabinet equipped with an electrical motor and battery, and carrying a fifty-foot band of film, passed through the field of a magnifying glass. They attracted quite a lot of attention at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, but we didn't think much of it until we found that two Englishmen, who had been interested in the exhibit, finding that I had carelessly neglected to patent the apparatus abroad, had started an independent manufacture on a considerable scale.

"Of course, it was too late then to protect myself, and I concentrated my efforts in devising a mechanism that would project the pictures on a screen before an audience. This consisted largely in reversing the action of the apparatus for taking the original pictures.

"THE main trouble we found here was the question of 'flicker' and eye strain. It was necessary primarily to find and establish a uniform speed both for photographing and projecting the pictures. If we kept the number of exposures down too low it made the action jerky and hard to follow on the screen. Nearly all of our first pictures allowed from thirty to forty exposures per second, although the number has since been reduced to from fifteen to twenty."

"What do you consider the greatest mission of the motion picture today?"

"First, to make people happy—to bring more joy, and cheer and wholesome good will into this world of ours. And God knows we need it.

"Second—to educate, elevate, and inspire. I believe that the motion picture is destined to revolutionize our educational system, and that in a few years it will supplant largely, if not entirely, the use of text-books in our schools. Books are clumsy methods of instruction at best, and often even the words of explanation in them have to be explained.

"I SHOULD say that on the average we get only about two-per-cent efficiency out of school books as they are written today. The education of the future, as I see it, will be conducted through the medium of the motion picture—a visualized education, where it should be possible to obtain a one-hundred-per-cent efficiency.

"The motion picture has tremendous possibilities for the training and development of the memory. There is no medium for memory-building as productive as the human eye.

"That is another basic reason for the motion picture in the school. It will make a more alert and more capable generation of citizens and parents. You can't make a trained animal unless you start with a puppy. It is next to impossible to teach an old dog new tricks.

"I do not believe that any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture. And those possibilities are only beginning to be touched."

Watch Next Month's New Movie Magazine for—

The first appearance of

J. P. McEvoy, Famous Creator
of "Show Girl"

Adela Rogers St. Johns
Herb Howe
Walter Winchell

Homer Croy
Rosalind Shaffer
Grace Kingsley

Hollywood's Best Girl

(Continued
from page 101)

The music would find its way across the street and I would cry—cry because I was so lonesome and didn't know anybody. One night I saw Bert Lytell get out of his car. If I could only know one person like that well enough so he would say 'hello' to me!

"We walked from one studio to another. Down to Fox, back to the United Artists—where Lasky's is now—back to the old Lasky's studio on Vine street and then over to Charlie Chaplin's on La Brea. Every day. Each day like the other.

"Mother used to say, 'Never mind, dear, this is one way of seeing Hollywood. It is lovely, Mary, lovely.'

"And it was lovely compared to the sands of Texas. The big trees—there were more than—the sunshine. The famous people. But I'd answer, 'What's the use of it's being so lovely when we haven't anyone to enjoy it with!'

"I don't know what would have happened if 'Peter Pan' hadn't come just when it did! We were almost to that last proverbial penny and I don't believe I could have stood the loneliness much longer.

"I thought when I was finally chosen (I won't repeat that story; it has been written so often) that the loneliness would be over. I felt there would be a difference when you went from outside the gate to inside it. But there wasn't much in the beginning. Except I had work. And work is always a help in forgetting that you don't know anybody.

"Naturally, I met people on the picture. Betty Bronson and Ernest Torrence. But they were busy, too. They had their own friends. Oh, I did meet Esther Ralston. She became my best friend. If I met any boys, I don't remember. They didn't do anything about it.

"They sent me to New York right after that picture. Perhaps, if I had stayed here my acquaintanceship would have widened sooner.

"Betty Bronson went to New York first. She made some personal appearances. Naturally, they couldn't push two of us from one picture. I didn't know anyone in New York anymore than I did in Hollywood.

"It was my first visit. I worked in a new picture. It was 'The Little French Girl' with Esther Ralston starred and Herbert Brenon directing. He had directed 'Peter Pan.' So I wasn't professionally lonesome. But I guess the men thought I was too young to take to night clubs or theatres. Our room in the hotel might as well have been the one across from the Athletic Club in Hollywood. This time I would look out at the big signs and wonder and wonder if I would ever have anyone who would take me to see the things they were advertising.

"My mother never had objected to my going out. She would have been glad to have me see places. But there just wasn't anyone to see them with. I used to think of all the other girls who were so popular and wonder if I would ever be one of them—one whom the men liked to take places.

"When we came back to Hollywood, it was better. Betty Bronson, Lois Moran and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a few others and myself fell into the

habit of going places together. We didn't have any set beaux or anything like that. We weren't invited to the big Hollywood parties. Somebody would just send a car and pick up one after the other and we'd all go up to Doug Jr.'s house or to a motion picture theatre. We weren't taken seriously by anybody. We were just the kids of the movies. It was wonderful for me. For the first time I stopped being lonesome. But I was very far from being called popular or having regular dates like the other girls in pictures.

"Paramount loaned me to the Fox studio to make a picture with Buddy Rogers. This was before he made 'Wings' or was the least bit famous. He lived with a fraternity brother and we started going around together. We'd have picnics with other fraternity brothers and things like that. That was something different and I met a few young men. But before we could really get acquainted, I was sent back to New York for another picture. Buddy was there, too! This was still before 'Wings.'

"We saw New York together. That is, we saw it from the outside. We didn't go to a night club or anything like that. We would walk up and down the streets, reading the big signs, wondering if our names would ever be twinkling in electric lights. Two kids looking the big town over.

"But everywhere Buddy goes, he finds just loads of fraternity brothers. Even now that is true. Then we'd all go out together. One night five of us hired a car and went way to the edge of New York to see the picture Buddy and I had made just before leaving. Buddy was more or less giving me my

co-ed training! It was wonderful for me.

"I was so thrilled! I'd listen to every word they said and remember what they liked to talk about. And then when I met others I'd talk on the same subjects. I never talked about pictures but about football and proms and dancing. I didn't do this intentionally, exactly. I was something like a sponge. I absorbed everything they said because it was all so new and so different and so terribly interesting.

"I started going to all of their dances. I was a college girl without a college background!

"Just as I really was getting acquainted with all the New York college boys and having dates right and left, they brought me back to Hollywood.

"Somehow, our kid's group had grown up a bit by this time. And I had learned a lot in New York City. We extended our social circle out here. There were Buddy and Dick Arlen and Allan Simpson. We began to have parties at the Ambassador instead of just at each other's houses. We wore more grown-up evening gowns and the boys put on Tuxedos. Then they—you know how Hollywood is—they said Buddy and I were engaged. My first rumored engagement! It really did make me feel important!

"And again, just as we were swinging along into our own social group and the newspapers were beginning to talk about us, I was sent back to New York.

"But this time it was different. The first time I had stayed in my room and peeped wistfully out of my windows. The second time Buddy and I had been wistful together—and then gone collegiate. But this time! Tea dances,

(Continued on page 121)

Reminiscences

(Continued from page 80)

so. Mr. Smith, who had all the woes of the studio upon his shoulders, snapped, "My dear Miss Love, I think if you will look at your contract you will find that you have no choice—"

"I don't care about my contract. I haven't looked at it since I signed it. But I am interested in making you good pictures. If I do not like this man, it is up to me to say so."

But I did that too seldom. I felt they knew what they were doing, they were making the productions.

Worse Bessie Love pictures.

Contrary to the popular conception I have never been really off the screen. I have been, however, in small productions, independents, and free-lancing.

I REALIZED that the time for fighting had arrived.

We saw the ranch going; we saw the home going. I did not even have a car which I could drive myself. It was a town car and demanded a chauffeur. Never again. My present car—I have only one—can be driven by anybody!

We let the house go to save the ranch. We moved into a tiny apart-

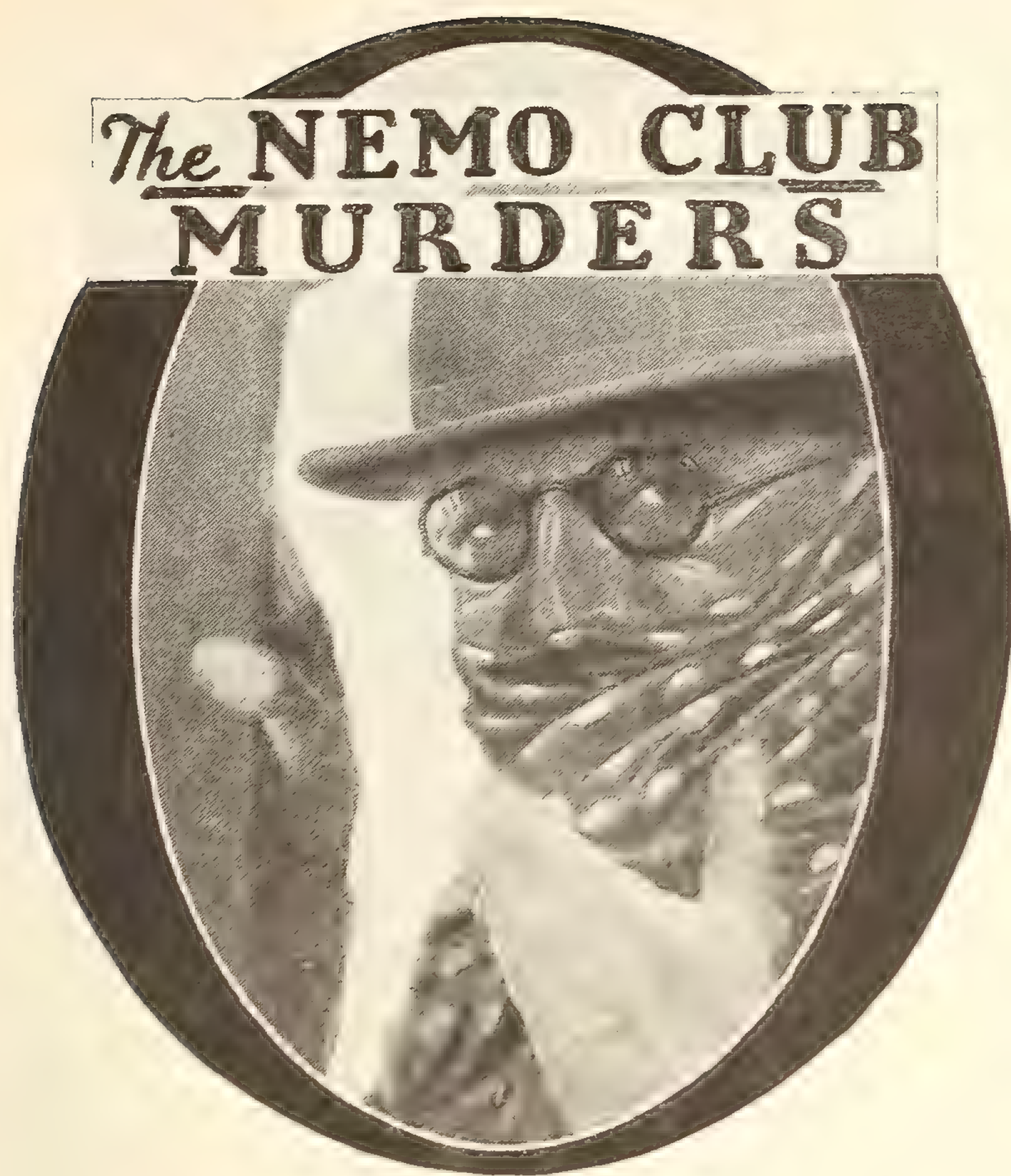
ment. I had never driven a car but twice in my life and then with the chauffeur sitting beside me. I sold the town car, bought a modest one—and got in and drove it.

Was I the one who had been indifferent to the movies? Was I the one who had thought they were insignificant in comparison to a completed education? I realized, all of a sudden, that I had been in no position to appreciate them.

I had never been away from them. I gritted my teeth and sat down to analyze, to determine just how I could get back to the old position but get back on a firmer foundation. How could I build so I would have real protection?

The talkies were just around the corner but Miss Love did not know it. She built for other ends but built in such a way that she was prepared for whatever might happen. Just how did she do it? She was engaged for two days to one man; secretly engaged to another. Why didn't she marry?

She will tell you all this in the last chapter next month.



Four millionaires vanished into thin air—and Scotland Yard faced a problem apparently without solution, except for the rumors of the sinister Number Nought. Was he a man or a phantom? What was the secret fear that terrorized fashionable London and brought death to those who dared to talk?

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Half a ton of comedy. The Floradora boys of the big Warner Brothers revue, "The Show of Shows." From left to right: Ben Turpin, Heinie Conklin, Lupino Lane, Lee Moran, Bert Roach and Lloyd Hamilton. Talk about all star sextettes! Here's a real one.

Chaplin Knew Best (Continued from page 77)

There is a cute secretary. She ask me what I can do. I say, 'Sing and dance and roll my eyes.'

"If you can sing and dance like you roll your eyes, you are all right. You go down to the Forty-Fourth street theater on Thursday. I will speak a good word for you," she tells me.

"I go and see all those girls on the stage on their toes. 'Mon Dieu, I can never be able to do that!' I say. But I keep coming. And when they call for chorus girls—They say nothing when I am finished. I keep coming. Finally, I say when will they choose us.

"You were chose a long time ago!" they tell me.

"Why you not tell me?"

"We want to see how long you keep coming."

"I thought I am a success. But I am in the road show. At first I feel bad and then I think, 'Never mind. I can now see the country with somebody paying for it.' I like so mooch to travel.

"I get thirty-five dollars per week and then I go with Gallagher and Skeets at sixty! I am in Heaven. Now I am beeg American actress.

"But the show closes. I forget that shows close. I must do something queek. I model for arteests. I model for clothes. Then I go on vaudeville. We play Los Angeles. My dressing-room is next to Theodore Roberts. I lof heem. He ees seeck. He ees on crutches. He cannot go out for hees dinners. I eet with heem. I teach heem French lessons. I theenk I make your Theodore Roberts happy. I am happy.

But he say just what Charlie Chaplin say, 'Don't try to get into the movies, Fifi. Make good on the stage and they will come to you. Then you will have two chances. And you will make more money.'

"I REMEMBER what Charlie Chaplin say and I decide I better not try pictures the second time while I am in Los Angeles.

"But I want to make good in a hurry. I want to get beeg on the stage. I leave the act queek and go back to New York to become a beeg stage lady.

"And for nine months I haf no work. I have leetle and leetler money. I haf nervous breakdown. I haf to cry. Then I get again desperate. I must get work. I will not be beeg American actress sitting in a tiny bedroom and crying. I know what Paul Ash done for Helen Kane. I know he has helped other girls.

"He is having an amateur try-out at the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn. I go and say I want to go on first before the other twelve girls. I theenk by the time he has heard six or seven he will pay no attention and I will not haf a chance. He read my mind and say, 'You are a wise baby. Go first.'

"He put me over. I sing 'Give the Little Baby Lots of Loving.' Then eet becomes my lucky song. I sing 'My Man' in French. I am glad I haf stage experience or I would be frozen. He took my hand. He make much over me. I get hired.

"I am Meestress of ceremonies. I

introduce Rudy Vallee. All the girls—Oo-la-la. They come back to see me. Flappers. Society women. They want me to introduce Monsieur Vallee. He ees a nice kid. I like him but—the women they fall over themselves to get to him.

"WHEN I go on the road, I get my notice. Then for one week I go over beeg and they take it back. But it is good one week and not so good the next. I hav lof. I theenk I stop and marry. But, non, Mr. Fox make me a vamp instead of a mamma."

Fifi Dorsay has something new to offer the screen. Raoul Walsh, who has just finished directing her, says, "She has a greater future than any new actress."

He says she doesn't need direction. "Just let her be herself and she's all that is needed in any picture." Fifi isn't temperamental. She says so herself.

"Non. Eet ees bad to be temperamental. I am no. I am eezy to handle. You haf hear that I go home the other night from 'The New Orleans Frolics'. But I am so tired. I work all day with Meester McLaglen. Then at midnight I must do an act for the Frolics. I am spoiled by Mr. Borzage and Mr. Walsh, who are always so kind to me. But I do not tell thees new director anything. I say nothing. I just go home."

Shades of Pola Negri, Maria Corda, Jetta Goudal and Greta Garbo. She just go home—but she ees not temperamental!



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Just plug the cord into a light socket. In a few moments you have a warm, healing vapor that spells quick relief to head and chest colds, congestions, and similar complaints.

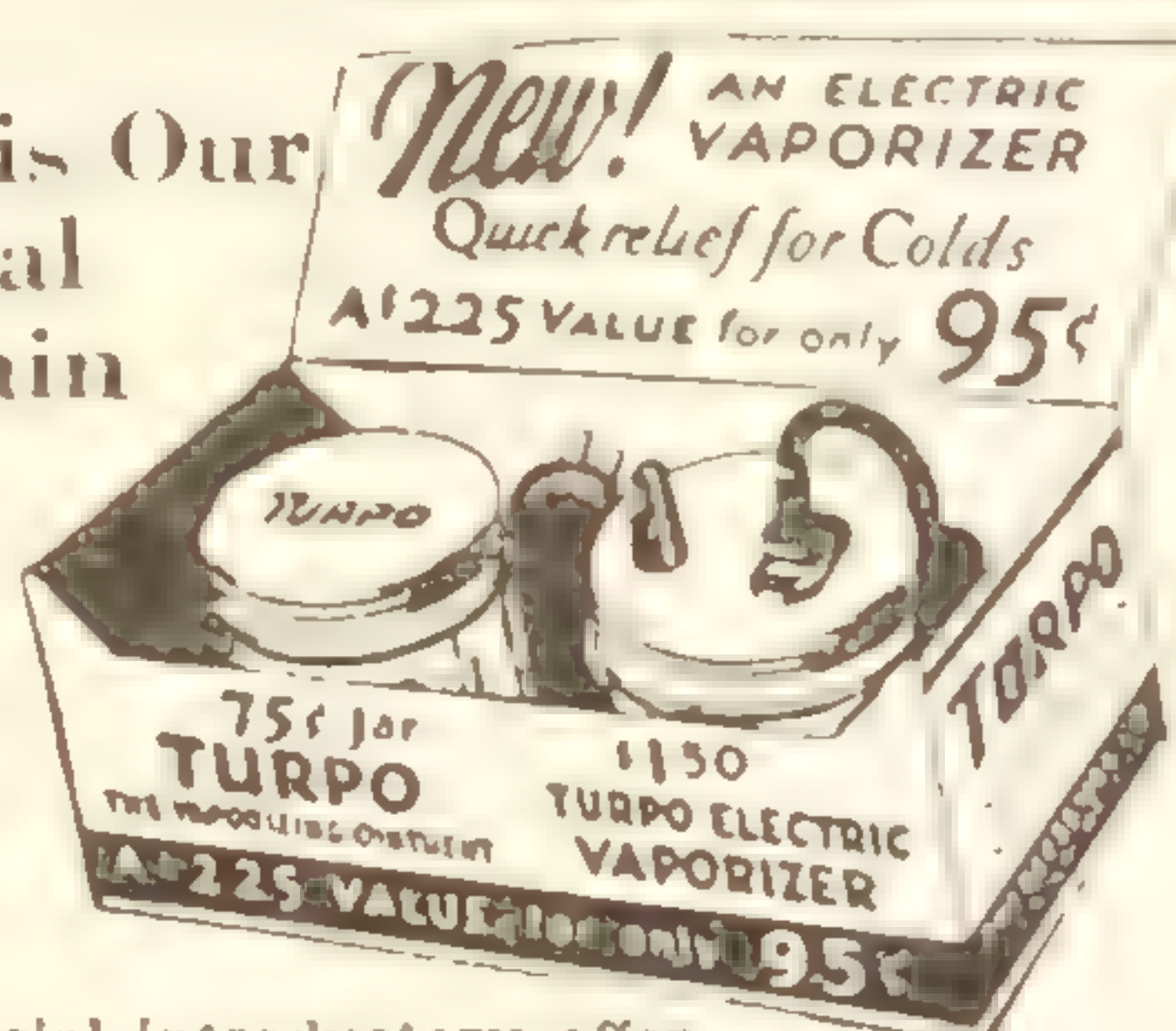
You can feel this Turpo vapor reach the spot. The first breath will convince you that finally you have found real help for colds. You will inhale a vapor so potent, so profuse, so ideally adapted to its purpose that each breath carries the true essence of Turpentine, Menthol and Camphor direct to the sore, inflamed, congested membranes of the nose, throat and chest.

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The Turpo Vaporizer is a thoroughly tested electric appliance. It comes complete with five feet of high quality cord and standard connection ready to plug into socket. The vaporizer jar itself is interchangeable with any regular Turpo jar of the same size. It is so staunchly made that it should last for years.

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Danger months are here. Another dreaded FLU epidemic may be just around the corner.

This special offer is good for a short time only. Get your Turpo Vaporizer now at the special bargain price. Your druggist is able to buy only a limited quantity at this bargain figure and if you wait you will be forced to pay \$2.25 instead of only 95c. Go to your leading drug or department store now, or fill out and mail the coupon. This is a real opportunity—don't delay!

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and a full size 75c jar of Turpo, a regular \$2.25 value at only 95c.
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Letters of a Property Man

(Continued from page 99)

Presenting the bridegroom—Harry Richman. Possibly when you read these lines, the wedding of Clara Bow and Mr. Richman will have crossed across the front pages of the country. Anyway, you will have an opportunity to see Mr. Richman, graduate of the Broadway night clubs, in his first talkie, a production of United Artists, in March. The picture is called "Puttin' on the Ritz," and tells the story of a vaudeville team played by Mr. Richman and Mr. James Gleason. Complications appear when Mr. Richman loses his heart to half of another vaudeville team, played by Joan Bennett. Then the real troubles begin.

But Franklin wasn't smiling and kidding. He was working up a hate that almost blew the top of the mountain off. Then he lets loose. Why the ———blank———blank——— did you birds try to spoil my picture. Then I looked around, every doggone calvaryman was setting on his horse as pretty as you please. Not a one had fallen when the grays fired. "Why the ——— and ——— the ——— didn't some of you damn bums fall when they fired on you. Are you afraid to fall?" yelled our well-known director. I started to alibi the gang when some buck private in the rear rank, Pee Wee, I think, sang out, "Why don't you do a fall yourself, you big stiff —why don't you earn that 200 bucks a week. Now who's afraid?"

The boss just aviated right then and there. He told us all what we was, how we was born, where we was going and when, and then "——Burr——I'll do a fall. I'll show you ladylike jockeys something. Here, Jack, give me that coat and that damn plug."

Did I unload? Listen old Goal Keeper, a coal driver on a late Saturday night in the winter had nothing on me. I just fell off that nag and out of that jacket. He climbed on to Nuisance, yanked the flag out of my hands and screamed, "And I'll do a forward flop too." That meant he would do a forward somersault land on his feet maybe and count on the speed to tip him forward on his face and hands. It's a nasty bit, at best. Generally you land up with a pair of black eyes and the looks of a pork and beaner around ten rounds.

As he rode off through the troops he was searching for something; finally he said, "Where is that bozo that squacked? I'd like for him to ride with me." No answer, though I noticed that Pee Wee had edged away from him and was up in the front rank and smiling. What he said to them on the way back out of sight, I don't know. Soon he hollered, "Hey, Jack, grab Grann's nag and come up here." I did. He handed me the flag again and said, "Get out in front, take a good flop and you'll get a present in your stocking for Christmas."

I squacked for a fifty foot start by alibiing that the plug was slow. He said, "All right, get going—CAM." "Hey," I yelled back at him, "how many——?" "None of your damn business," came back our sweet-tempered director. What I wanted to know was how many was going to get piled up alongside me. "CAMERA," yelled Franklin.

Down we came toward Granny. The old nag was extending himself—pretty near time to fall, wasn't it? No, they hadn't fired yet. Take it easy. Bank—Pop—bank, and I went over the head of Granny's bag of bones. The nag had been hit with some of the gun wadding and decided not to wait for me. It was

no game for a good camera horse so he hikes hisself right straight to the corral. I landed flat on my misplaced chest. Then I had horses' hoofs to the right of me, horses' hoofs to the left of me, and how they volleyed and thundered.

I COULD hear Granny's voice hollering "Whoopee, Hey, Yip, Yip"—and thought he was crazy, but all he was doing was trying to chase the darn horses away from his camera. I rolled over after a while and looked toward him but the dust was too thick. Then I looked around me: first one soldier would stumble up, then another, then another the other side of him. Then I saw Franklin start to get up about fifty feet away. He got half way up, let a groan out of hisself and flopped over. I thought he was hurt, so I hiked over to help him. All he could do was blubber like some baby and point. By this time the dust had cleared. I took one look and howled to the troupers to "catch 'em up." Every darn horse in the troop was loose and heading for the hills.

"Good shooting," said Granny, as I went past him on the run. "Good shooting my eye, look at all those darn plugs," said I. "Look at all the dead soldiers," said Granny—and started to laugh.

"It was a Mexican massacre," he howled, "every darn one was killed." He was right—every one in the troop had fallen. And the gray squads only had three rounds each.

Franklin just rolled over again and groaned. To make it nicer, Tommy Hinch had dropped in behind one of the cameras on the hill while the action was going on. He came toward Franklin. Tommy didn't like to waste nickels like that, this was a serious drama. I started to help herd up the animals which was all over the twelve hundred acres. If we had kept Granny's horse at the camera we could have herded 'em easy but as it was, we spent the rest of the day catching 'em up. So I didn't hear what Hinch told Franklin. And Granny wouldn't tell. But I do know that Franklin straggled over to his car like a whipped dog after his talk with Hinch, and beat it for home. I watched him from the hill top.

THAT'S only half of it. Hinch kept those scenes. Every time that Franklin got on his high pinto and threatened to quit Hinch would invite him into the projection room and show him those scenes. In one the gray squads would fire and nobody in the one hundred and fifty would fall. In the last one a few of the grays would fire and the whole one hundred and fifty fell. It was sure a funny bit. It got so at last that Franklin would refuse to go into the projection room with anyone, unless the operator told him the scenes were not in the room. They razed him for years about it.

About three years later when they had taken the swelling out of Franklin's head by getting him canned from as many lots in that length of time, he was considered a real guy. Fred Mace and his gang of comedians came along and wanted some battle stuff. They wanted some real battle stuff but when they saw those two scenes they changed their story around and used 'em for the main theme.

The picture was a hit and made the

(Continued on page 121)



Betty Lou

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Sue Carol

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The talkies have moved outdoors. "In Old Arizona" started the march to the mesa. Now the William Fox studios have made "The Lone Star Ranger" with all the accompanying sounds, starring George O'Brien. Here's a striking scene on the edge of the Bad Lands.

Came the Yawn

(Continued
from page 51)

enjoy the lovely sunshine and beauty of California, are not swayed to sudden extravagances by sudden large salaries. Florence Eldredge and Frederick March, Marian Spitzer and Harlan Thompson, a couple of dozen others, live in Hollywood with a servant or two apiece, and charmingly and smoothly run homes. They enjoy tennis and bathing and golf and books. They give small dinners and the usual run of parties that people give in any pleasant, human community. And there is John Colton, who is as pleasant in Hollywood as in New York. Louella Parsons and Beulah Livingstone can write of the stars and keep their perspectives. These people are the exceptions. They live nothing like the Hollywood folks who learned from the movies.

The average Hollywood success—the Hollywood star—is entirely without background. These stars reach Hollywood with two assets—conceit, which includes the desire for exhibition, and a face and form that happens to photograph well. Occasionally the stars who arrive *via* the stage add fairly pleasing voices and little tricks of stage presence to their assets. Other stars, besides taking good pictures, have proved pleasing, in a more personal way, to someone in authority.

So, there you have them. Ordinarily, these girls and men would have been—and sometimes were—servants, baker boys, bootblacks, telephone girls, wait-

resses. Folk say it is "sweet" because they do not try to conceal an origin that there is no possible chance of concealing. Some of the girls had slightly better backgrounds. They were from vaudeville, from show families, or were stenographers or file girls. And some of the men were camera men or shoe clerks or elevator operators. They had been poor, and culture, because it was unknown, was undesirable. Their people still occupy humble positions unless prosperity has carried the whole family up on the wave.

THESE young people are good looking, of course. Full of a desire to exhibit themselves, preferably before a camera. They now find themselves earning fabulous salaries. Why bother about manners, culture? They arrived, didn't they? Whole armies are hired to write interviews about them, to write stories for them—so they can strut before an admiring public. From being nothing at all on nothing a week, there are contracts, flattery, adulation. There are the usual sycophants that spring up over night, crawling with praise. Heads are turned completely. No wonder most Hollywood stars are bad-tempered, unbelievably conceited.

The stars, wealthy for the first time in their lives, find houses to live in, Hollywood houses. Already these incredible edifices have been prepared for them by canny real estate dealers or by other movie stars who can no longer

afford them or who learned that money can be made even faster in Hollywood real estate than in picture studios.

THESE remarkable houses are usually huge and of Spanish or English influence, badly overdone. They go in for rough walls and beamed ceilings and archways and sometimes there are swimming pools and tennis courts and rather weird landscape gardening. And inside, there is a perfect rash of over-stuffed furniture, too elaborate in velvet and brocade and tassels. And over-trimmed lamps and over-ornate hangings and over-decorated boudoirs. Just the place for entertaining! So the stars entertain with "little dinners at home."

Of course, knowing no one but stars and people connected with the motion picture world—with an occasional visiting celebrity thrown in as extra red meat—the conversation must necessarily more than just smack of the studios. I believe there is a fine if anything except studio gossip is mentioned, though an occasional reference to the newest boot-legger—not boot-licker—and perhaps to the plays in New York is allowed.

The Hollywood cooks are good, even though the majority of the guests may be dieting—and talking about it. The service is as meticulous as if the servants were in front of a camera registering how a well-trained butler

(Continued on page 119)

A colorful character study of

RUTH CHATTERTON

in next month's New Movie Magazine

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 8)

"Dance Away the Night," the waltz hit of "Married in Hollywood" has been widely recorded. Leo Reisman and his orchestra play it for Victor. James Melton sings it for Columbia. And the Columbia Photo Players have made a good version for Columbia.

The Happiness Boys (Billy Jones and Ernest Hare) have created a splendid hit record for Victor. On one side is a swell comedy song, "Sergeant Flagg and Sergeant Quirt," built upon the immortal characters of "The Cock-Eyed World." You'll roar over this. On the other side of the record is "I Can't Sleep in the Movies Any More," presenting some of the trials of the noisy talkies.

Ted Lewis plays his hit number from "The Show of Shows," called "Lady Lucky," for Columbia. This is done with lots of color. On the other side is "My Little Dream Boat."

On radio or phonograph you can't get away from Gloria Swanson's song, "Love, Your Spell is Everywhere." You will like Ben Slavin's rendition of this number for Columbia. On the reverse side is "Sunny Side Up," the fox trot from the popular film of that name.

There's a coming song hit in "The Battle of Paris" that will get to you soon. Will Osborne and his orchestra play a singable version of this number for Columbia.

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 104)

is working in a picture, no engagement, however attractive, will lure her into losing her eight-hour sleep. A series of sleepless nights will add years to any woman's age and the loss of even a few hours result immediately and noticeably in a sallow, lifeless skin.

Diet, of course, has been so extensively discussed that there probably isn't a woman in the country who doesn't know that fruit juices and green vegetables are one of the first necessities of beauty. However, few women realize that too meagre a diet—usually undergone as a reducing regimen—is quite as harmful to the skin as a too rich one. In fact, one of the penalties of any reducing diet is a lustreless

skin, tiny wrinkles and a perpetually hungry look.

If you must diet, be sure to give your skin extra attention. You will need a good nourishing cold cream to fill out the hollows and you will need plenty of sleep to avoid the dark circles under your eyes. Sometimes a reducing diet will result in digestive disorders that react badly on the skin; in that case, of course, either stop the diet or modify it to suit your constitution.

And last of all, whether you are dieting to gain or to lose weight, don't forget that, for a really beautiful skin, you must take water both internally and externally. Drink at least eight glasses a day—not chilled—and notice the good results.

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 56)

and one of the soundest financial organizations in East Texas. John Love's grandparents on both his father's and mother's side were pioneer Texans and both his grandfathers fought in the Civil War in the Confederate Army.

Mr. Boles is outstanding in all the civic and social enterprises, and Mrs. Boles is one of the most prominent club woman in the city. She is a member of the Pallas Club, a woman's literary organization, which sponsored John Love Boles' program in Greenville on September 22, 1922, just before he left for France to study under Jean de Reske.

Instead of being the typical country "one-horse" village that one movie magazine would have us believe, John Love Boles' birthplace is quite an outstanding Texas city. Refuting the magazine's statement that it has very little pavement, it is said that in proportion to population has more miles of pavement than any other city in the nation.

Anyway, suffice it to say that it was one of the first cities in Texas to attain to talking pictures, and, despite the magazine's intimations, it does not possess any town pump on the city square.

Reviews of All the New Films

Pages
84-87

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Her Greatest Rôle

(Continued from
page 42)

shears away from him with a little cry. But she didn't scold him, nor tell him he was a bad boy. She explained quietly to him what an awful tragedy it would be if all the chairs in the house were broken and nobody had any to sit on, and I'm sure he will at least never try to commit that sort of mischief again.

Which shows that Mae's children are "system" children in more ways than one.

The maid that morning had told the children to keep quiet and not waken their mother, because father and mother had been out late the night before. But Bobby hadn't been able to stand it. He had gone underneath his mother's window at seven-thirty, and had called to her to wake up.

"I want to see you awful bad, muvver!" he had called.

Of course, no mother could resist that.

MARY came in just then to bid us goodbye. She was to spend a week-end with H. B. Warner's children. The Warners and the Armses are great friends and their children are pals.

Mary has great dignity and understanding.

She declares that she is going to be a motion picture actress like her mother. Or else she is going to be a laundress; that mangle down in the laundry certainly does intrigue her! But most of the time she means to be an actress.

"Mary is always saying to me," Mae explained, 'Oh, mamma, the girls want to know why you don't go back into pictures?' And she insisted on my taking

her to see 'The Birth of a Nation' when the picture was revived recently. She was so excited as she watched me on the screen!

"She said to me, 'Oh, mamma, were you really as little as that?' And she cried at my death. When we were in the car on the way home, she threw her arms around me and exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma, you were just beautiful! I think you were more beautiful than Janet Gaynor!' There's loyalty for you, since Janet is her idol.

"That was the greatest thrill I ever had. It was a thrill when I went to see 'The Birth of a Nation' for the first time; but that thrill couldn't compare with the one I got from seeing it with my daughter!"

Mae declares that she will let Mary be in pictures later on.

"That is, if she still wants to—and pictures want her!"

But Mary must finish High School first. She needn't go to college if she doesn't wish.

SPEAKING to Mae of her family cares, which are heavy in spite of the cook and the nurse, I said that three children were quite a houseful.

"Well, I think," retorted Mae, "that one child is the biggest family a person can have! My children play together and work together and study together in such a way that they aren't nearly as much worry as one child would be."

Mae brings all the good sense and good humor and glint of genius to her home making that she once brought to her picture work. That is why she's a success. I have a theory that if a per-

son is good at any one thing, he would probably be a success at anything else he undertook.

"I can cook and sew and I like both," said Mae, "except darning my husband's socks! I hate that. But I do it. Don't know why I hate it except maybe it's because it makes me feel just sunk in house-wifery."

Mae has had the world at her feet—might have it again—and yet can, and what's more does, darn her husband's socks!

There in her garden, clad in her sport suit and floppy garden hat, Mae looked very young and very pretty—much prettier, if you ask me, than in the old days. There is a fine, healthful glow to her skin, a zestful sparkle in her eyes, a softness that happiness brings, which were not there in the old days of striving, driving ambition.

"I was always mad about my film work until I had Mary," remarked Mae, as we walked among her roses. "After that I had something to live for besides seeing my name on the billboards. Maybe when the children are older, I might like to work."

"They will always be babies to you," I cautioned her.

"I suppose so," she smiled.

MAE has had a number of offers to return to pictures, but is interested only in her family.

"If you bring these little innocent souls into the world, you ought to take care of them," she explained gravely. "It's up to you to see that they make good."

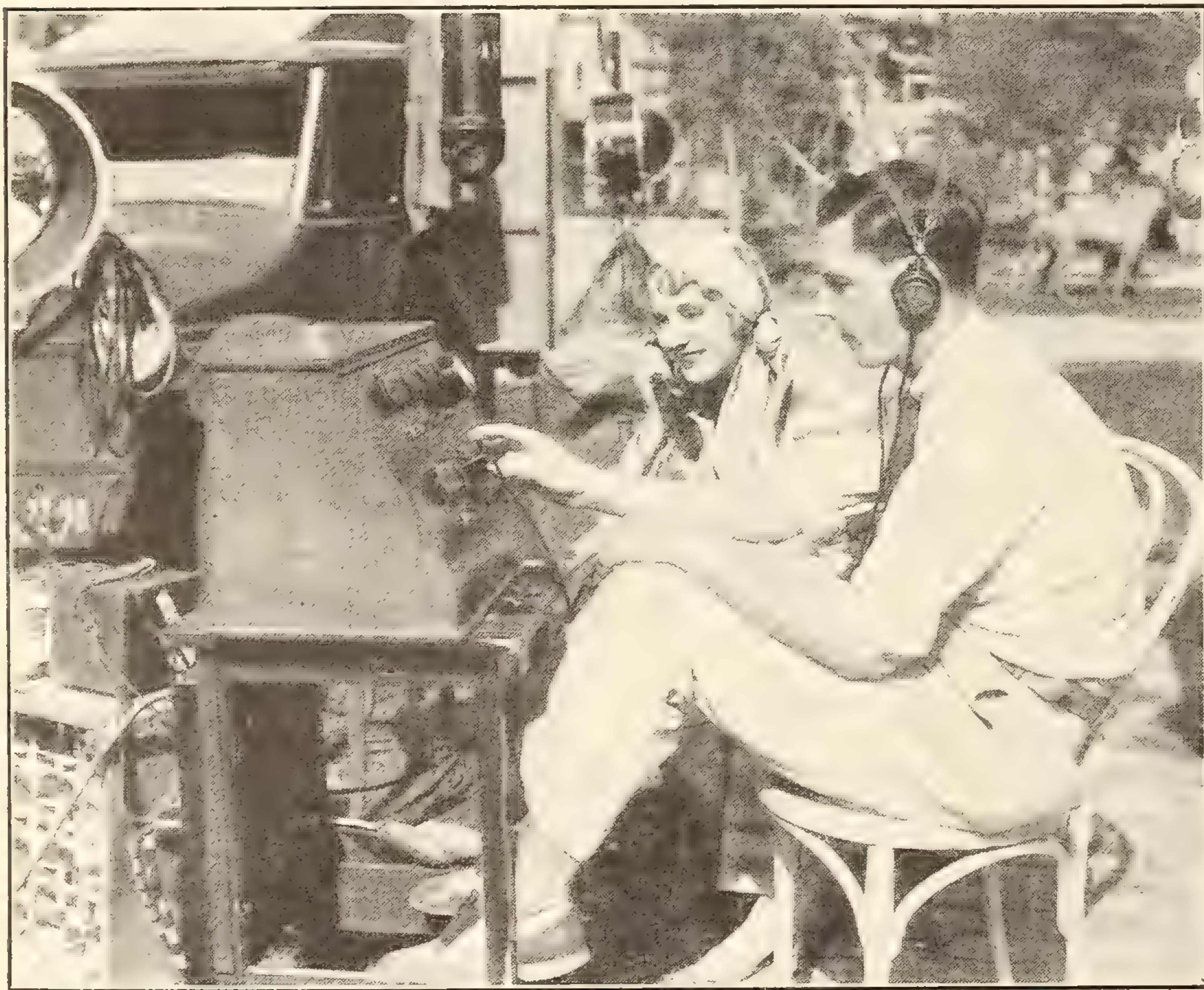
Yes, certainly, the deeper realities of life have their grip on this artist.

Bobby and Marguerite toddled up to us just then. Bobby has a wonderful muscular development for such a youngster.

"Goodness knows, he may turn into a stunt man!" exclaimed Mae. "He goes swimming with me at the beach. He has since he was two years old. Of course, he says he means to be a garbage man when he grows up. That's so he can drive a truck, the garbage truck being the only kind he sees." Mae laughed that charming little throaty laugh of hers.

Mae has an excellent system of exercise for herself. It doesn't involve any of those touching-the-fingers-to-the-floor-without-bending-the-knees things either. She simply takes a long walk around her ten acres every morning, examining the plants to see what is needed in the way of gardening, doing a bit of gardening herself, too, and picking the flowers which are to adorn the house for the day. She has loads of roses, which she prefers to all other flowers, and she is quite a botanist. Mary, her demure older daughter, loves to go with her on these expeditions, and is rapidly developing a taste for botany herself.

HER life abroad has added to her charm. She lived abroad for some time, you know, while she worked in German and English pictures. And she is the sort of person who absorbs eagerly the history and the meanings of things that she sees. A gorgeous sense of humor, in addition, illumines life for her.



Leila Hyams listens in while Mixer Gavin Burns handles the recording of an outdoor scene in "The Bishop Murder Case," the S. S. Van Dine novel, being made by Metro-Goldwyn. This mixing board connects with the main recording room, exactly two miles distant.

"Mary was over there with me and learned German playing with the children in the Berlin parks," she told me. "And she still remembers some of it," she added proudly.

She told me of some German peasant women to whom, when she saw them going barefoot, she had given shoes—only to see them later, walking barefoot along the country roads, thriftily carrying their shoes in their hands!

She said that she felt she had never heard music until she heard it in Berlin—and she had joined the Germans in eating and drinking between acts.

This Mae Marsh—this former idol of the world—what does she think of the talking pictures?

She declared that she enjoyed them, only that the voices sounded pretty much all alike.

She believes that the talking pictures have come to stay, that they opened up visions of possibilities combining stage and screen which so far had been hardly dreamed of. She thinks they will revolutionize acting.

Certain shadings of pantomime will necessarily be lost, she believes, but the psychology of character will be developed.

"I am getting awfully tired of musical comedy on the screen," she said. "I do wish that they would make some dramas. Every time you see a picture, even though it is supposed to be a drama, somebody will suddenly break forth into song or go into a dance."

Yes, she would, she said, like to try

a talking picture, a good character part, later on.

MAE should be a success in the talking pictures. Not only has she a rich, sweet voice, which should record splendidly on the screen, but her art was always universal. Mae's acting never had the faults shown by many picture actresses' work. It was natural, sincere and never over-done.

Mae hasn't forsaken art altogether, at that. She has been working away at her sculpture, which she had a great talent for, and which she always loved. A short time ago she modeled the heads of some children in the neighborhood.

Mary, too, is interested in sculpture and is studying it at school.

Mae drove me home in her new Cadillac, a gift from her husband on her last birthday. We chatted about old friends we had both known in the Griffith days.

MAE'S dead sister, Marguerite, had a daughter named Leslie. Leslie is now married and living with her husband in Honolulu.

Mae's mother died suddenly, after an illness of only a few hours, two years ago. Mae and her mother were very close to each other and the loss was a terrible one to Mae.

Driving through Hollywood, we passed close to the house where Mae had lived with all her brothers and sisters in the old days.

"My, those were the lively times!" she smiled. But there wasn't the weest bit of regret in her voice.

Came the Yawn

(Continued from page 116)

ought to act—and many of the servants, no doubt, have slight leanings toward exhibitionism. The dinners are quite as colorless as if a director had full charge and a camera was grinding all the time.

Hollywood dinner parties are not dull, on purpose. Mercy, no. They are meant to be marvelous. It's only that no one ever has anything to say that could possibly be of any interest to anyone, excepting as a psychological study.

At one dinner a well-known star sat opposite me. When he found—horror of horrors—that I had never seen him in the pictures, he ignored me absolutely. However, as his conversation consisted of second-hand and not very correct observations on the half dozen plays he had seen during a recent visit to New York, rather catty remarks about a few other players and a long discussion about himself, I felt that not noticing me was the nicest thing he could have done. I didn't do as well with the—shall I say—gentleman on my right. I hear that he has fame as a picture star. His conversation consisted entirely of telling me how good he was. Nothing else. I am still unconvinced. I have not seen him on the screen and, God willing, I never shall, but I feel that I know all about him, from his stage presence to the last detail of his home life—and every bit of it boring.

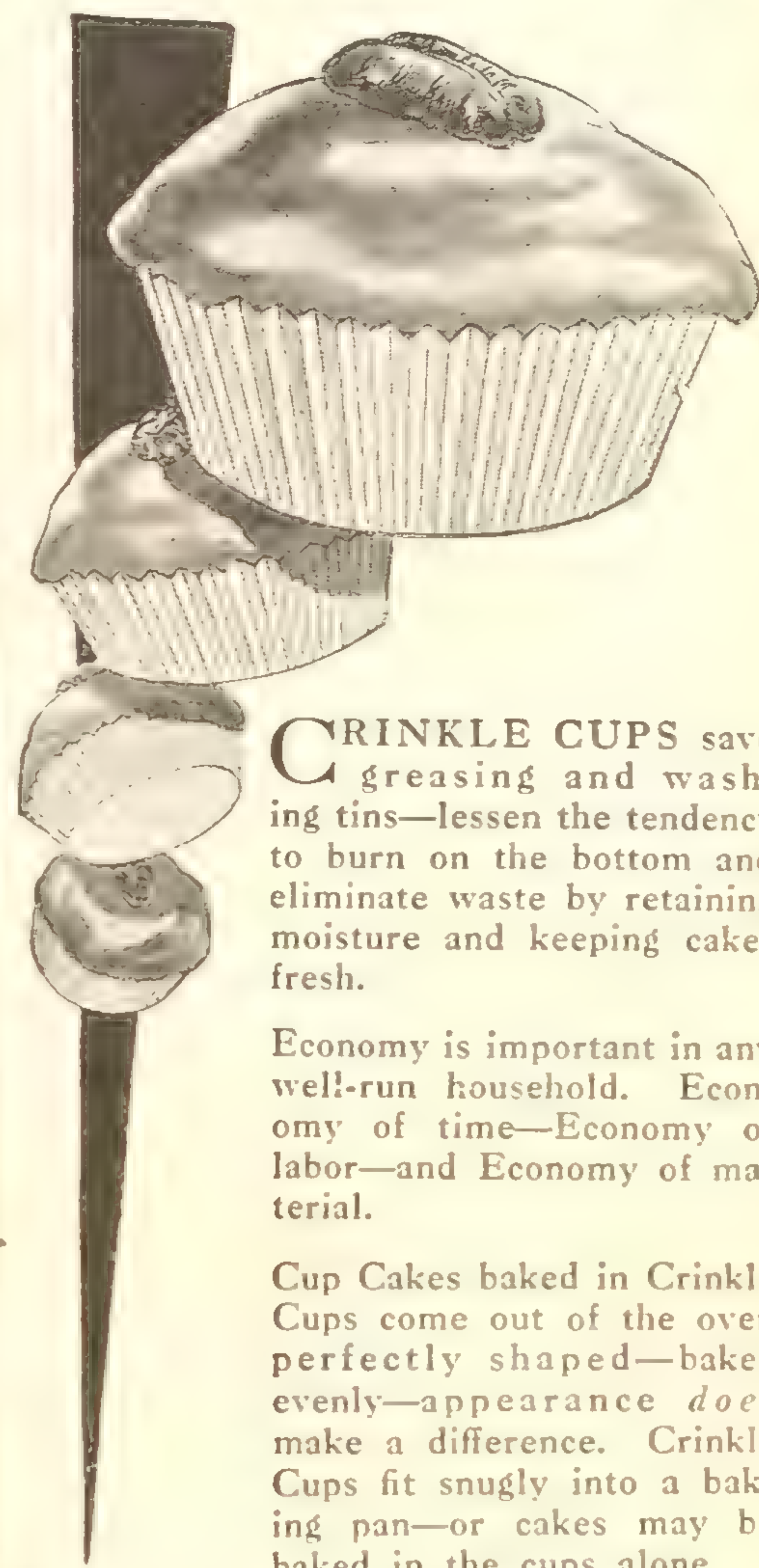
The feminine stars are just as dull, always with the few exceptions—and how few they are. The gentle little star

from Texas, who hides her origin under a pseudo-English accent, is not a bit more tiresome in her sweet gentility than the little star from Brooklyn. They all talk only about themselves and their successes on the screen and the troubles they are having with their best friends, enemies or directors. They are full of jealousy, rudeness and conceit. And they do not lend themselves to party merriment. Each star lives in his or her little world as completely as if he or she were suffering from one type of paranoia that ignores altogether the rest of the world. Each star has a little coterie of sycophants—and the parasites are as dull as the stars. What jolly parties those people can give when they get together!

IN the more elaborate homes of the stars there are motion picture screens and after dinner you can—in fact, you must, watch the newest film in which your host or hostess appears. And what a treat that turns out to be! And after that there is a little dancing and some rather poor things to drink—and the party is over. Sometimes the parties are held at rather "quaint" restaurants, black and tan places or "dives" with supposedly foreign atmosphere and definitely poor food. And when the movie star comes in the fun goes out. You can't have a group of people, each one showing off, acting and preening, and still have a good time.

(Continued on page 125)

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A beautiful cinematic moment in "Pointed Heels," with the Rasch Ballet in action.

That Old Gang of Mine

(Continued from page 46)

But the act eventually broke up and Winnie singled it.

And now looka!

Did you miss that picture, "Gold Diggers of Broadway?"

Well, you've missed the hit of the hit.

Her quickly-tempoed melodies not only leave you limp with laughter, but her scenes, in which she enlivens the proceedings, are masterpieces. And see and hear her trying to study a few lines in which she says: "I am the symbol of civilization." It is one of the more hilarious laugh-provokers.

Winnie Lightner is destined for grander rôles; watch her.

HELEN MORGAN'S head still is the same as it was before she was "discovered" by the Paramount crew for "Applause" and other starring vehicles. Helen is the little girl who came from Chicago not five years ago with a letter to Florenz Ziegfeld. The letter was a fervent one from Amy Leslie, Chicago's woman drama defender, who hoped that Ziggie would place Helen in a show.

Ziegfeld, however, wasn't impressed with Helen at all. But, to oblige Miss Leslie, he placed her in the back row of "Sally," which was going on tour, and Helen accepted the assignment, money being as scarce in those days as it is now.

Last season it was Helen's great privilege to star in Ziegfeld's "Show Boat" at \$1,200 per week, which was \$1,150 more than he paid her five years before.

The vengeance beautiful, what?

But I was disappointed in the decision of the Paramount officials when

they cast Helen Morgan in "Applause." While she creditably accounted for herself and sang delightfully, Helen was cast for a rôle that certainly did not offer her much. She is a beautiful woman, whose excellent taste in clothes is well known in New York, but the Paramount firm dressed her up in rags and made her play an old lady. I understand that the next Morgan picture will not give her the chance to be much different, and this is a pity.

The women picture-house goers are being robbed of a treat. When Helen is seen in one of those chin-emas dressed up in class, those women will be thrilled, and the sooner those officials realize that, the sooner will Helen Morgan be a box-office breaker. "Applause" was distinguished by Rouben Mamoulian's great direction.

PERHAPS Rudy Vallee belongs in this list of People I Knew When. I knew Rudy when he came to New York and played with an obscure crew of syncopators at the Rendezvous café in which Gilda Gray starred. It was one of the smart places but Rudy was just so much of a sax tooter. Today he is a matinée idol and he regrets it, too.

The other evening I sat with him at his Villa Vallee place on 60th street and among his admirers was Theda Bara, who sat there from 8 till 1 a. m., adoring Rudy. Rudy waxed sentimental, because I had chided him for permitting ghost writers to make him say things in the magazines and newspapers that made him look ridiculous. He agreed that it was silly and argued that he was writing his own book and that, when it was completed,

he would let me read the original.

It sounds promising and most sincere. The poor guy hasn't any privacy any more.

"Gee," he gee'd, "they make fun of me now because the girls send me fan mail. Do you know I can't have any fun at all? Every time I'm seen with a girl, the papers try to make it front-page stuff by hinting that I'm in love with her or that I will marry her."

I told him that he was excellent copy these days and that whatever he did was practically news—so far as that army of hero-worshipping girls was concerned. He couldn't see it that way.

"Why didn't they mention me in those days when I made fifty bucks a week?" he cried. "In those days the fellows in my orchestra would join me for a long walk along Riverside Drive because we were so lonesome and without friends. In those happy days a flirtation with a girl was a thrill. Because they came so seldom, I guess. We couldn't get girls to look at us! Now I must not be seen with the same girl twice or I find myself engaged!"

So you see, girls, what you are doing to him?

It really is pediculous of you!

The poor feller is unhappy because he makes others happy.

But that's what he says!

Poor Rudy.

Yet, with all his fame, the sign that covers a corner of 42nd street and Broadway (announcing the "Glorifying the American Girl" picture) spells it "Rudee Valle".

Poor Rudolph!

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NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE
NEXT MONTH

A Striking Inside Story of
The Way the
Sensational
Aviation Pictures
Are Made!

Watch for it!

Letters of a
Property Man

(Continued from page 115)

comedy company one of the leading ones. Franklin refused to look at the picture but he did make Mace pay him \$150 for them scenes, and smiled when he got the dough.

"Why the delayed smile?" asked Grany who was there when the check came through. "Well," said the now well-tempered Franklin, "Tommy Hinch made me pay every one of those darn hoodlums a buck a piece out of my own pocket for their falls in that one scene and there was just an even 150 of them." The dirty bum—he forgot me and I did the best fall of the bunch.

Will see you when the old dollar bills go out of circulation,

As ever

Jack

Hollywood's Best
Girl

(Continued from page 110)

dinners, theatres, suppers—all with different people in the same day and every day in the week. It was wonderful.

"Ben Lyons was in my picture. He was in love with Marilyn Miller. They took me into that crowd.

"The fraternity boys hadn't forgotten and I went to all of the dances at Yale and Princeton and other universities.

"Richard Dix introduced me to night clubs and theatres with his group of people.

"Dick Holliday was with Putnam's and knew all the newspaper crowd and the younger theatrical group. He took me back stage and I saw—Well, this theatre life was as thrilling to me as it is for other people to see how the movies are made.

"I guess I pretty nearly saw all of New York and all different kinds of people. I had a hard time keeping my engagements!

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Buddy Seeks a Girl (Continued from page 37)

on that score. Beauty can be found anywhere, but attractive personalities cannot."

BUT don't you want the girl you are going out with, the girl you dance with, are seen with, to be good looking? Presentably so, at least?"

"Naturally. Who doesn't? The better looking they are the better I like it—if they have the other things."

"And they are . . . ?"

"What is this?" he laughed. "An oral examination?"

"Sounds like it, at that."

"Well, you've got me started, I might as well carry on. But how do I know what girls have? Some have one thing, some another. Some—lucky ones—have two or three things."

"Lord, but you are difficult. What are those things? What do you like about the girlies? I see you out with five or six different ones. Why do you spread your attentions so thin? Afraid of entangling alliances?"

"NO—" he hesitated a moment, "that's not it, although I'm not sure that I want to get married for a few years yet. It's just that I get one thing from one girl, one from another. All of them give me something, if only a tummy ache."

Sometimes I'm tired. I want to be amused. I know one girl who

does that better than the rest of them do. Therefore I take her out that night. Again I may feel a gabby spell coming on me. That means a girl I know, who is a great listener, is going to have a date that night if she has not one already. That girl can listen on a subject more intelligently than anyone I know—whether she knows anything about it or not. I think her trick is being interested in the person talking, as well as in what he is talking about. I know she makes me feel good and that is the important thing—to me as it is to most of the pants-wearing brethren.

"Another one is a beauty, but she is the greatest little sympathizer you ever met. She can sympathize you right out of the worst case of the blues in history. Understand what I mean now—some have one thing, some another?"

"Yes. I understand that what you need is a harem."

"MAYBE you're right," he said, ignoring for a moment the way I had said it. "And someday maybe I'll find a harem—all rolled into one girl. Don't you snoot me, either. I can remember you bragging to Dick Arlen one time that you had found a girl who could go all around the clock with you. You were smart enough to marry her. But what did you mean by that, except that you had found some one who could adapt herself to all your bum Irish moods?"

I HAD no answer for that one. I hit into something which has been raved about in song and fable.

"What are you looking for? Some ideal? Have you got an ideal girl pictured in your mind?"

"No," he smiled that quiet Rogers smile, "I don't think so. That ideal stuff is a lot of hooey, anyway. A man does not picture some ethereal being—blue eyes, picture hat, wind-blown hair and all that sort of thing—and then go tramping the streets looking for her. He just has likes and dislikes and some day meets a girl who has a flock of the likes and not so many of the dislikes—and that is that. She's it. He'll know her when he finds her. Or if he does not, and she is smart, she soon shows him she is it."

"Ahah! The rabbit is out of the hat. You were only looking for moods a little while ago, things more mental than otherwise. Now you spring likes and dislikes on me. Whaddaya mean?"

"What do I mean? What do I mean? Lord, you ask enough questions. What do you think I mean?"

"You might mean anything—but if I had said that about likes and dislikes I'd have meant things such as, say, hands. Hands are a weakness with me."

"You, too?" asked Buddy in surprise. "That's one of mine. I look at a girl's hands the first chance I get. And if some of the girls knew how important their hands were, I have a hunch they would take care of them a little more. They are the most obvious thing about a woman. Eating, talking, playing cards, smoking—everything she does flashes a woman's hands before your eyes."

"I KNOW one girl I was thrown into contact with quite a bit here in the studio. She was pretty, but—ugh! her hands! Dirty under the nails all the time. Black dirt, dirty dirt, and no excuse for it."

"Another is those bright red fingernails affected by so many women. They may go big in an Arabian harem, but they are a nightmare to me."

"Then there's make-up. Of course, I'm used to that in this business. You need it on the set because of the camera and unnatural lighting. But out in the open—is there anything worse than a splatter of red upon a whitewashed background? I've seen girls with a heavier make-up for the street than we use for the camera. And it's ruinous. It takes away from a girl's personality and looks. Many girls have pretty features and a pleasant personality, but you can't see either for all that blotchy make-up butting in before your eyes. And so few of them remember to make up the back of their necks to match the color of their face. Makes the neck look dirty when they don't."

"A LOT of the gals with loud make-ups are looked at plenty," I said.

"Sure. You look at anything which is striking to the eye. But you don't take it home with you. You just look and pass on. Make-up may be necessary but it should be used to deceive, not attract the eye. It should be put on in such a way that the boy friend will think it is the girl herself and not a lot of paint, powder and rouge."



Hal Skelly, the Broadway stage star now in pictures, introduces little Delmar Watson, two and a half years old, to the talking picture microphone. Delmar is the tiniest of the pictorially famous Watson family.

"I must agree with you there."

"And I don't like wild-eyed jealousy scenes, either. Most of them are played for the effect they will have rather than any sincere feeling. I don't like 'em."

"Who does? And you like . . . ?"

"I'd like to go to bed."

"Pretty soon. You like—regarding the physical attributes of the gentler sex?"

"About the same as anyone else, I guess. Not too fat, not too thin, blond or brunette."

"UMHUM. Well, it's a nice picture. Let me see. A girl who can be gay when you need her to be gay, who can cheer you out of the blues, who can listen to you talk and perhaps talk a bit herself. A girl who is fairly attractive but not necessarily a beauty; who is clean, has no sloppy traits; who has sense enough to keep quiet when

you do not feel like entertaining her, who will not nag, lecture, complain: Is that the gal?"

"She sounds nice to me," Buddy agreed.

"AND one who thinks Buddy can do no wrong," I continued. "That's important. Smooths out a lot of little angles for you. Well, one word in farewell; if you met this damsel tomorrow, knew her, recognized in her these likes you must have, saw few of the dislikes—what would you do?"

"Throw a rope around her; tie her up on a long term contract and forget about that not marrying business."

So there you are, girls, the gate is open. Go right in. It sounds simple but Buddy Rogers has not as yet been able to find the girl he wants. He is looking—and waiting. Maybe he will find her; maybe she will find him.

We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 39)

booking for it. She went to the theater, that first night, with a friend—Buddy Carroll. She must have a name, but what name?

"Use yours and mine," said Buddy and there in the dressing-room Nancy Carroll was born.

A young newspaper man by the name of Jack Kirkland began to walk out with her and now the little un's name is Patsy.

Note for the studios: Here is a way to keep from getting Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll mixed up. Sue has only one *r* and one *l*, and was born Evelyn Lederer.

Also, Sue's father did not play a concertina.

GRETA GARBO. I'll now introduce somebody to you who will not talk; you'll just have to look at her. The last long sentence she said was, "Mamma, baby want tandu."

I refer, of course, to Greta Garbo, the Swedish Sphinx.

Greta was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1905, and when they wrote her last name down in the family Bible it was Gustavson. Nils Asther, by the way, who was born in Malmo, same country, was able at the time to put four birthday candles on his cake.

Greta has made a fortune playing love parts, but she would not know the real Cupid if she met him on an escalator.

One time a report got out that Greta actually and really was going to be wedded in holy bliss, and a reporter went to see her.

"Is the report true?" he asked.

And this is what Greta said:

"I luff no man. My hert is empty."

And so it is. No one will ever strike a Swedish match there.

She is the most melancholy person in Hollywood. One time she was seen to laugh and three stage hands thought that she had had a stroke.

"What are you laughing at?" she was asked.

"Somebuddy said I was engaged," she replied.

Now as to what the boys want to know; she is five feet and six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds in her silk stockings and has light golden brown hair.

But you need not write, boys. If John Gilbert couldn't win her, what chance has an amateur?

VICTOR McLAGLEN. I will now introduce to you the only male foreigner we have with us tonight, and also the tallest speaker that I have ever presented to you, the same being six feet three inches and tipping the bathroom scales at 205 pounds. Of course, there could be only one person by that description, and your guess is correct—Victor McLaglen.

His first appearance in this cock-eyed world was in London, and the date was March 11, and the year was 1888.

When Victor was fourteen he went out to Windsor where the King lives and joined the Queen's Guard. Later he sailed for Africa to see what the Boers were doing. After he had properly humbled them and brought them to submission, he returned to London, but to an old campaigner of sixteen, London was slow and Victor pulled out for Canada, where there was a big silver rush on and everybody was getting rich.

But by the time he got there somebody had rushed all the silver, and eating became haphazard. One day a circus troupe came along and Victor tackled it for a job.

"Can you fight?" asked the boss.

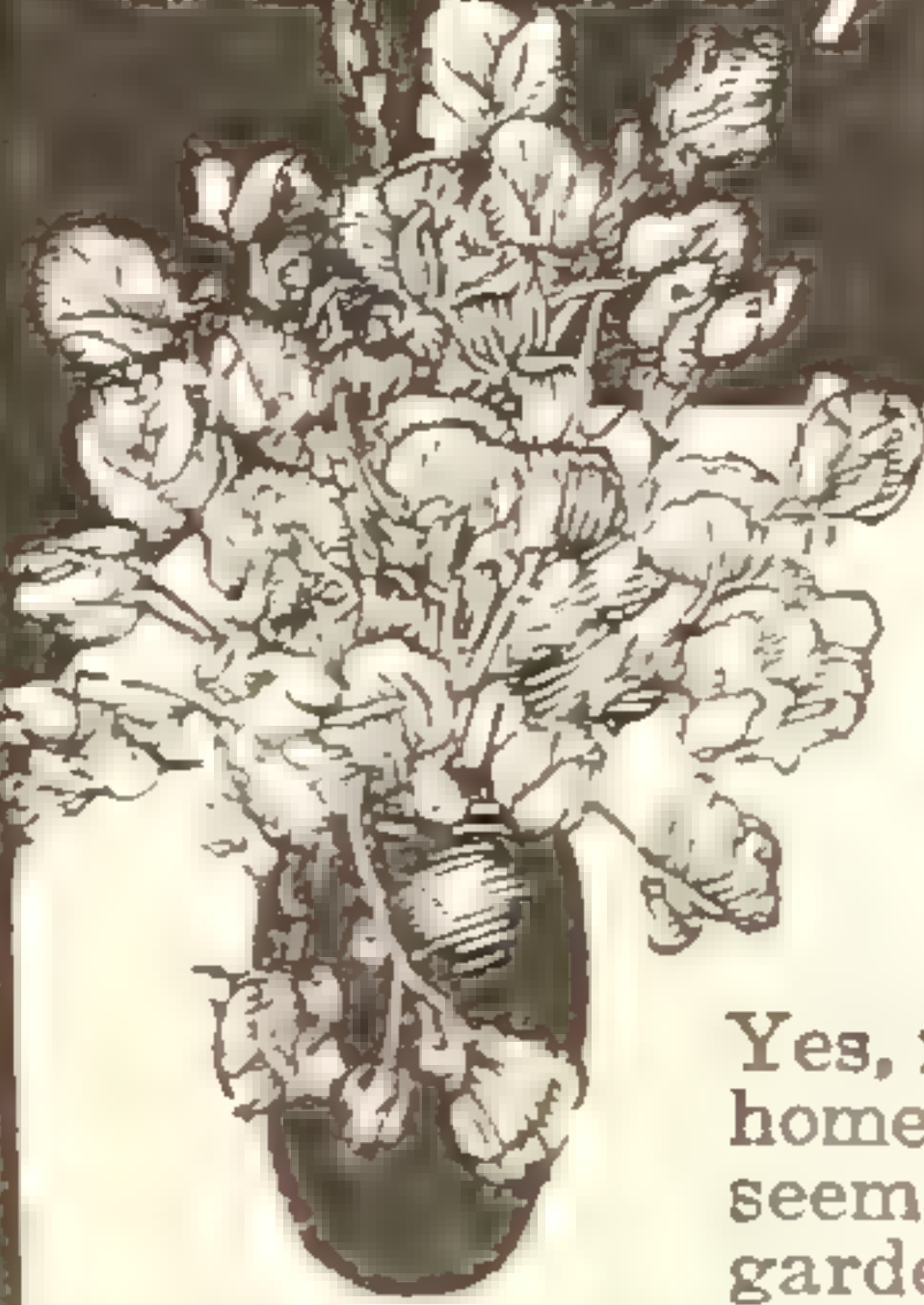
"Yes, sir," said Victor.

"We've got a job for you," said the boss.

The circus carried a professional strong man and fighter, and all Victor had to do was to step out of the crowd and let the professional knock him into Puget Sound. This Victor would do twice a day, but after a time he got tired of it and one day whaled loose and knocked the strong man into a state of coma. The strong man had never been in that state before, and did not like it, and Victor got the job of professional circus boxer and that, my children, is how Victor became a prize fighter. Once, later, he fought Jack Johnson, the negro prize fighter, for a six round, no decision fight.

He married the daughter of a British Admiral, and now has two children and a new movie contract.

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FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

Exit—Flapper, Enter—Siren

(Continued from page 108)



Jean Arthur offers her idea of the new waistline. This navy blue and white crêpe frock offers several interesting hints of fashion events to come. One is the short sleeve, another the light top and dark skirted frock, and the third the circular hem.

general effect than people believe, and would women only worry less about wearing something they were never meant for, and more about color harmony in accessories, they would achieve a much smarter result."

NORMA SHEARER is a staunch supporter of the new modes and thinks them irresistibly feminine. High waistlines, long skirts, or what have you, she loves 'em. "I have disposed of all my old clothes and I am certainly enjoying picking out my new wardrobe," says Norma. She has gone ankle length in afternoon clothes, is having her sports clothes made moderately long, and only draws the line at the trains now being used for evening and dance wear.

"Women will always want to dance,"

she says, "and dancing in a train is a veritable athletic feat. There is nothing more awkward than carrying a train over one's arm. Other than that I am for the new modes one hundred per cent."

Joan Crawford likes the sophistication of the new styles intensely, but is having the extreme long line modified for her. Adrian designs her gowns of chiffon and loads them with irregular ruffles, slashed up to a V in the front, and dropping irregularly towards the back, for evening wear. Sports outfits for Joan are thirteen inches off the ground, and afternoon costumes eleven. This is considerably longer than her last year's mode.

"I feel that I am not the type for the exaggeratedly long and feminine styles," says Joan. "While I like the

new modes, I am using them restrainedly. I am purchasing an entirely new wardrobe as it is impossible to reconcile last year's modes with this year's."

ANITA PAGE, another of the younger girls who has worshipped at the cinema altars of flaming youth, is reserving a little of the youthful charm of the shorter mode for herself this year. She never wore extremely short dresses, and now her new ones are not very much longer than her old ones.

"My new sport dresses are just below the knee, my afternoon dresses a little longer, and my evening dresses are either short in front and long in back with irregular hemlines, or else long all the way round with the transparent hemline. I can not surrender to the new mode entirely in length, but I do like the natural waistlines, and the fitted things ever so much. I like the femininity of the mode, and the lace that is so much worn."

GRETA GARBO, as ever, refuses to be quoted on any subject, but as her styles have always been created particularly for her, new modes or old make little difference. She has always worn the extremely long gowns in evening wear, with fitted waistlines and the mermaid outlines referred to by Max Ree, who first created the wide collars which became such a mode because of their success on Garbo.

Ina Claire believes that a slightly shorter mode will be a comfort to women. "I never believed that a woman could be at her best who was always forced to be conscious of her knees, and plucking at her skirts to keep them from creeping up. Absolute ease is a great point in the favor of any mode. I am afraid that what we are gaining with the longer skirt will be lost to us with the tightly fitting body styles. This is so new that I noticed that even the designers in Paris are at a loss about how the closing of them is to be done. It is impossible to slip them on over the head as before, and a long ugly line of snaps or hooks and eyes will enter our lives again. Personally I prefer the Chanel line, of the gracefully blousing waist with fitted hips and flowing lines below the knee. I do not like being all dressed up in furbelows, and simple things are ideal for my type. Tea gowns I abhor; I prefer the richly made pajamas, with their graceful cape coats."

LILYAN TASHMAN, ex-Follies girl who has been considered the most sensationally smart dresser in Hollywood for years, is entranced with the new mode. "I adore it; everything I have seen I think is charming and smart. One can do such things with the new long lines and the fitted waistlines. They flow after one in lovely effects; what is more regal than a train? I refer of course to one that is reasonably large, not a huge one. Slenderness is more important than ever, particularly with the natural fitted waistline outlined with the narrow jeweled buckled belts so smart now."

"One thing in the new mode that worries me is the general use of the skull cap type of hat. One must have really good features to wear such a trying style. For a woman with a bad nose or receding chin they are simply ghastly. I would advise women to study the new styles carefully, before they rush headlong into them. Study yourself first."

OLIVE BORDEN, one of our most delectably formed screen beauties, who can wear anything and make you like it, is heartily in favor of the new styles, but just so far.

"I am sticking to short sport clothes, because I think they are sensible and comfortable; the same goes for my street wear, with just a trifle added length. I adore the natural waistline and as for the fitted bodies, I have them in all my evening gowns. I like the floating chiffons, but I think the short in front mode that reveals the leg nearly to the knee is much more youthful than the long all around. I love the sophisticated and feminine tea gown. To me the mode is adorable, and I am with it if it lets me keep my sun back knee length tennis dresses."

SUE CAROL is all for the feminine fitted gowns, with long, long skirts. The softening of lace and the use of ruffles Sue thinks a great relief after the masculine styles that have been so plain for so long. Taffeta, moire, velvet, with rich laces and flutings, always adhering to the short in front effect for youth, is Sue's choice.

"It's a little like playing grown-up lady to wear the new clothes, after the knee length things," says Sue. "I feel a little uncertain as to whether my carriage and dignity generally will hold up under the strain, but I guess a girl can do nearly anything if it's for beauty and fashion. Really, I'd hate to feel I had to have my street suits as long as some I've seen, for I like walking, and of course I shall retain short sports things, whatever the mode is."

A résumé of the situation leaves things this way; youth can still show its lovely limbs through the irregular hemlines and with the floating panels of chiffon and lace. The sophisticates rely on subtle and intricate cut and accept the styles entirely. Both camps seem to insist that we must have freedom of the she's when it comes to sports.

Came the Yawn

(Continued from page 119)

The stars do not have good times. They say so. But they are so inflated with their own importance that they don't know why. Most of them are ignorant, stupid, bad tempered and conceited beyond belief. And those things do not lead to sociability.

There is one thing nice about Hollywood parties. They end early. The stars must be at the studios or on location early the next day or must preserve their beauty or must take one of those mysterious "lessons" that never seem to teach them anything.

Yes, the parties *LOOK* grand. Just like seeing a party at the movies. Lovely evening clothes, even though the material, close at hand, is sleazy. Men, straight and tall and sleek and well-tailored. Little rosebuds of girls or tall sirens of girls or graceful swaying girls or young matrons, according to type. They look all right. It doesn't seem possible that they could be so stupid. Take my word for it—they are.

IN this incredible world there are social strata. Actually. The stars who arrived first, who quit being ham actors or shoe clerks a dozen or so years ago are socially above those who were clerks or parlor maids only yesterday. And stage stars, even though they were only hams on Broadway, feel superior to the screen stars—and the screen stars sometimes receive them as social equals.

Besides the dinner parties there are, occasionally, huge "balls," again patterned after the "balls" in the movies. And the conversation is exactly like the talk at the dinners, only—and I hardly believe this myself—even duller.

Then there are the luncheons. Once a week, if you are a star or a visiting

celebrity—or a near-celebrity—you are taken to a certain famous restaurant around one o'clock. The street in front of the restaurant on this day is lined, three deep, with visiting sight-seers, fans looking at their favorite stars. And the stars giggle and say "Isn't it *AWFUL*, the way we are stared at!" When I, in my Eastern ignorance, pointed out that, if they went any other day, they wouldn't be noticed at all, I was rightly ignored. Isn't life wonderful!

THERE is dancing in one of the hotels on a set night each week or two—and again the populace is made aware of the night so that the stars may be stared at—at a respectful distance. And at the openings of the new pictures there are actually spot-lights and a man with a megaphone calling the names of the stars and others of importance as they enter the theatre. How the modest little darlings do edge their way into the spotlight for just a wee bit more attention!

A new-rich class, rich because of a profile or a nose or a coquetry or sex attraction or a smile. Incredible homes, over-decorated to the height of bad taste. Unbelievably stupid parties given by and attended by folks who are rude, ill-mannered, overdressed and childishly conceited. And all this in a little green cup that nature has made, with the majesty and peace of mountains and the sea as a background. Where else but in America, in Hollywood, could you get all this?

I hope I'll get out to Hollywood soon again and be invited to quite a lot of parties. It's grand. Amazing. Once a year.

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Dumb-belles of Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

Then, as we say in the movies, came the talkies.

Paramount for some reason still dark and unfathomable to the whole picture industry, let her go without giving her a voice test. We mustn't rub it in because by now they are a whole lot sorrier than anybody else.

The story of how Bebe found her voice must be told in another place. But for our purpose it is interesting to know that she stayed out of work, studied quietly, wouldn't make any move, until she knew she was ready. Then in "Rio Rita" she literally knocked Hollywood cold. Hers is by far the best voice any picture actress has shown and many critics think the best voice for talkies anybody has shown. Certainly Bebe, with her knowledge of the camera and of motion picture technique, the way she photographs, and that voice, is the best in talkies today.

BEBE plays the best game of bridge of any woman I've ever sat at a card table with. Authorities recognize her as a player of the first water. Almost anyone will concede that it takes brains of some sort to play a really fine game of contract.

There is no gathering which Bebe wouldn't adorn. There is no debutante in any Social Register whose blood is any bluer than Bebe's. She speaks three languages perfectly, is an accomplished musician, a really beautiful dancer, is Honorary Colonel of the Aviation Corps, can swim, ride, fly an aeroplane and play a decent game of golf. She built and herself furnished four houses at Santa Monica in her spare time, and she sold or rented them all at a good profit. That besides earning more money than the President of the United States.

True, she is not a good business woman. But that isn't because she's dumb. It's because she's too much of a gambler. It's in her blood. Her grandfather, Colonel Griffen, one of the pioneers of California, made and lost three fortunes.

So it seems to me that as an American girl—Bebe is still several years under thirty, as is Colleen—Bebe Daniels rates pretty well up at the top.

MARION DAVIES is Hollywood's great feminine wit and its prize hostess. Charlie Chaplin, Jack Barrymore, Monte Bell, Bill Haines and such wits in their own right, concede Marion the palm. Marion is just as amusing when she writes her own lines off screen as she is when they hire the greatest comic writers in the country to think them up for her on the silversheet.

And whether she entertains five or five hundred, a few friends or titled visitors and distinguished scientists and artists, she has the greatest tact and most delightful way of making everybody happy and at home.

Corinne Griffith is a philosopher in her own right. Some day, when her beauty no longer keeps her before the camera, I am going to try and get Corinne to write a book. After a con-

versation with her I have often wished I knew shorthand and had taken notes. Hers is a dry, penetrating viewpoint that sees through pretense and artificiality. Her sense of values is astounding. Her story would be a text book of the greatest possible value for women.

INCIDENTALLY, there are many women who were screen stars who, having left the screen either when their beauty or popularity waned or for some other reason, have made great successes in other lines. Ruth Roland is one of the biggest real estate operators in Southern California and has made a fortune. Kathleen Clifford owns and runs a string of flower shops, in which she has introduced many novelty ideas. They are the best flower shops in Los

Angeles and serve society as well as the picture industry. Kathleen can arrange a wedding, a dinner party, a dance or an opening—the flowers and everything else in the way of decoration, and she does it to her own profit and everyone's satisfaction. May Allison writes clever articles for *Cosmopolitan* on the stock market. Katherine MacDonald, before she married another millionaire and decided to devote all her time to society, had a very prosperous business making cold creams and beauty aids.

LILLIAN GISH and Aileen Pringle are the inspiration and intellectual goddesses of such great minds as George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken, Joseph Hergesheimer, Carl Van Vechten.

Anita Loos originally wrote "Gentle-



The bored life of a movie comedian. Harry Langdon picks up his old banjo between scenes of his new Hal Roach-M.-G.-M. comedy, "The Head Man," and, of course, the beautiful girls gather around.



One of the new silent "bungalow" cameras being operated by Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters. These new silent machines eliminate the necessity of booths to house the clicking cameras.

Dumb-belles of Hollywood

(Continued from page 126)

men Prefer Blondes" to give the Tal-madges a laugh.

If it takes brains to get a man—and it does—we might note in passing that Florence Vidor captured Jascha Heifitz against competition such as one woman has seldom encountered.

The great and only Garbo has been clever enough to get her own way about her pictures at all times, and her way has apparently been right, for she heads the list of picture stars in almost every theater in the country.

Regard for an instant the way in which Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson, have met and mastered the talkies. They acquired the stage technique, the use of voice, much more quickly than any stage actress reversed the process—that is, acquired camera technique.

THEN there is always Mary Pickford. Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount and one of the biggest men in the financial world, once said that Mary Pickford was the best business man he had ever encountered. Any one in Hollywood will tell you that Mary Pickford probably knows more about motion pictures from every angle than anyone else out there.

More than that, Mary is now, by her own efforts over the past ten years, a woman of the broadest interests and

the widest intellectual attainments. America's sweetheart has traveled, studied, thought until she occupies a position socially and in the constructive life of this country second to none.

En masse, it is possible to name other actresses not so prominent but who measure up to a high standard. Such women as Louise Dresser, Marie Dressler, Hedda Hopper, June Collyer, Eileen Percy, Julianne Johnson, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Sebastian, the scintillating Bessie Love—and Blanche Sweet, who ought to have pages all to herself because she has read everything, been everywhere, knows everybody and can talk about it all in a glorious fashion.

I have tried to speak chiefly of the girls who have been a long time in pictures—as we count time nowadays—and have proved their worth.

Also, I have chosen those who not only in my humble opinion but that of the majority of writers and directors and intelligent men connected with them in business and social relations are way above the average woman in intelligence.

Yes, the more I think about it, the more I think they're a brilliant and amazing group of young women and I'm willing to back them anywhere, anytime, winner take all.

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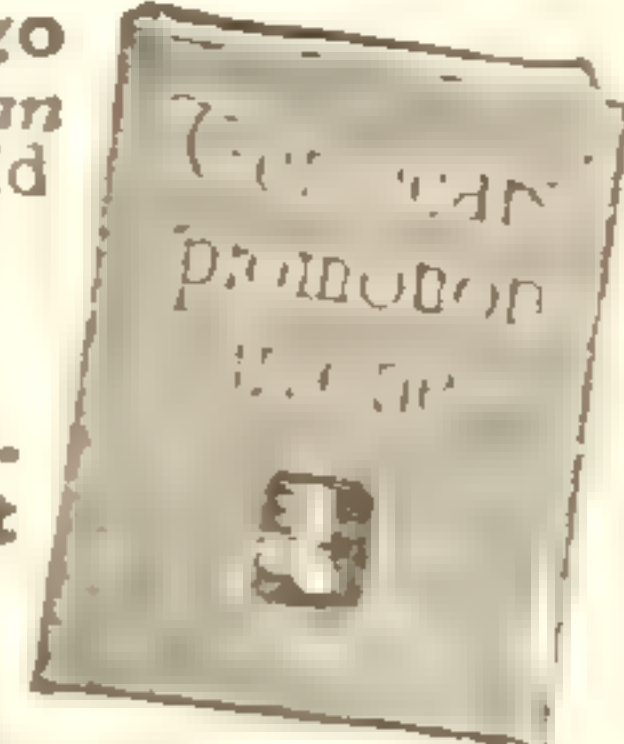
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Your Beauty Problems Solved—Page 104



Shooting with the camera on the floor: The dancing brigade of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new night club dancing film, co-starring Blanche Sweet and Tom Moore.

Show Girl to Social Leader

(Continued from page 91)

Society. Society composed of people who are sure of themselves, of their breeding, position and standing. People who actually wouldn't even notice it if they were left out of the Social Register. They play polo, and golf, they are very smart and most of them are rich, and they would adore having the Prince of Wales drop in on them if he were amusing and would enjoy himself—not otherwise.

Names, of themselves, mean nothing to these people. But stage celebrities are a fillip in their existence if the celebrities are as entertaining off the stage as on. The women are too attractive to be jealous and the men crave new amusements in any guise.

Before long, therefore, Hollywood began to buzz with amusement.

ON the same week-end that Lilyan Tashman Lowe hadn't been invited to a certain beach party of Hollywood, the society column calmly announced that Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe had been guests at a house-party given by a lady with no less than three names, any one of which meant social prominence.

Not long afterwards, Tashman was seen by astonished beholders lunching at the Biltmore with the very exclusive and tremendously popular wife of the West's greatest polo player—a lady who could trace her ancestry back to the beginning

of San Francisco's blue blood. Soon afterwards she was among those present at a very exclusive dinner given by the wealthy daughter of an ancient senator who had married a title. The beach home of one of the most sought-after members of Los Angeles' famous Bachelor Club became the regular Sunday rendezvous of Mr. and Mrs. Lowe—along with most of the exclusive and dashing Pasadena crowd. Lil Tashman was always dashing up to Del Monte for the polo and its attendant social events, stopping with this or that well-known social leader, listed as among those present at some Burlingame affair of the very smartest.

In the meantime, she had found leisure to go out after jobs—and she had done it with foresight and shrewdness. She had watched every story bought, had found the right man to apply to for the part, and had applied with all the charm and force for which she was famous on Broadway.

HOLLYWOOD drew a long breath of defeat.

What could they say?

Lil Tashman, Broadway chorus girl, was one thing.

Lilyan Tashman Lowe, of Pasadena, Del Monte and Santa Barbara, was another.

Doors opened. Invitations poured in. Hollywood discovered suddenly that

"La Tashman" was "a character." She was a social asset, because she could make any party go.

Gracefully, with a charming smile, La Tashman slid into the stream of things. Nothing was ever said on either side. You began to see Lil everywhere, just as though she had always been there. She was one of the most sought after guests in Hollywood.

But Lil, having accomplished her purpose, changed things to suit herself as usual. Now she has become one of the greatest hostesses the colony has known. Around herself she has gathered a small clique of writers, New York stage stars, the slightly more sophisticated of the picture people. An invitation to her small and scintillating dinner parties is coveted.

THE truth of the whole thing is, of course, that Lil doesn't care a whole lot for Hollywood and its approval, for Del Monte and Pasadena and its exclusive circle, or even for her own salon—for she comes nearer to having a salon than any other women who has ever been in the movie colony.

Chiefly, she cares for Eddie Lowe—and her work. And the people who are honest enough actually to amuse her.

For all these reasons, she is the only person out in the land of the cinema who has ever been consistently separated from others—"La Tashman."

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 32)

While Greta Garbo continues to be the Sphinx of Hollywood, says Herb Howe, her fame is safe.



candidates for office to go into training the same as any Hollywood star who wants to make good. I recently reviewed the screen performances of the four mayoralty candidates in New York. Mr. LaGuardia got a laugh because, not knowing his best camera angles, his tongue showed, and he plainly had neglected his eighteen day diet. Mr. Thomas had only one gesture and no IT. Mr. Enright kept pointing his finger at the audience and shouting "YOU!" which has the same effect on people as tickling them in the ribs. Then Mr. Walker—whatta find—slim, collegiate, well-costumed, with plenty of IT and a certain droll humor suggesting Mr. Stepin Fetchit—naturally he was picked to star.

Candidates no longer can win by speech alone. They must develop other talents, be entertaining, versatile, winsome, not necessarily handsome but the sort a girl would like to write to, more like Gary Cooper and less like Cal Coolidge.

Any boy in this great country of ours may grow up to be president but he should start crooning and hoofing at as early an age as possible. The talkies demand performances, not promises.

THE bearing off of Broadway beauties by the Hollywood producers suggests a picture as poignant as the kidnaping of the Sabine women, and I know just the man to do it: that

twelve-year old artist whose canvas in the Roosevelt hotel in Hollywood depicts Napoleon and his staff with the faces of Joe Schenck, Sid Grauman, Charlie Chaplin and other braves. If desired as a companion piece the new picture might be titled: Napoleon Defeats Ziegfeld.

PAUL MUNI is starred with "Seven Faces" but Lon still has the edge by 993.

IT'S so noisy on the Western front with the invasion of crooners, hoofers and songsmiths from Broadway that I decided to come to New York for rest and quiet, figuring the town must be pretty well emptied of noise by now.

But I didn't realize how completely Broadway has gone Hollywood until I got here. Hollywood talkies have chased the Broadway speakies down the sidestreets and, if the movies hauled down their electric signs, the street would be as dark as "Hallelujah." Even the vaudeville houses feature sun-kissed stars: Leatrice Joy, Carmel Myers, Theda Bara. Rector's, proud old landmark, is now The Hollywood Restaurant, proudly quoting Walter Winchell to the effect that it's the only place in town with revues like those in the talkies. Opposite the Capitol there now arises The Hollywood Theater, describing itself shyly in the Hollywood

(Continued on page 130)

A Dollar For Your Thoughts

The phrase, "A penny for your thoughts," is passé. THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE wants interesting letters from its readers—bright, concise and constructive. One dollar will be paid for every letter used. Write what you think about the stars, the pictures and THE NEW MOVIE.

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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 129)

manner "the most beautiful theater in the world." Cowboys from our great open spaces recently entertained with a rodeo at Madison Square Garden—a sop of Western atmosphere for the New Yorkers who haven't yet been sent for.

But the real horror of the devastation wrought by Hollywood is best brought home by news that a Broadway manager has had to send West for chorus girls.

The Hun has left Broadway legless!

"RIO RITA" is advertised as The Eighth Wonder of the World. That's safe: The other seven can't talk back.

THE seven talkie wonders according to my eye and ear:

"The Broadway Melody"

"In Old Arizona"

"Hallelujah"

"The Dance of Life"

"The Lady Lies"

"Disraeli"

"The Cock-Eyed World"

A MURDERER was filmed for the talkies in the act of confessing. This is a new way of breaking in, and screen aspirants were not slow in grabbing their gats. One shot a man in Ohio but failed to get a movie offer. Far from being discouraged, however, he plans next week to shoot a man in Illinois. Thus gradually working West he believes that, by the time he reaches Hollywood, he will have so convinced producers they will give him anything he asks. His motto is: If at first you don't succeed, shoot again.

A MORNING snack of caviar and rye is exotic even in Hollywood; so, too, my hostess. For all her long residence in the colony, Pola Negri never succeeded in going native.

Far from possessing the sophistication ascribed to her, Pola has the naïveté of genius. Her poses and her emotional flamboyance were so artless as to beget the smile of local sophisticates.

We snacked and talked in Stewart Hall, her apartment house, the sale of which necessitated her brief return from Europe.

Recalling her *Dubarry* and *Carmen*, matchless gems of the old silent art, I was curious to learn of "The Street of the Lost Soul," her first vocal production, which marks her return to the home soil of Europe. Her contralto voice, I observed, should record superbly.

"My dear, you have no idea," gasped Pola with uncontrolled fervor. "Naturally I knew I have good voice. . . . I have stage experience, I am a linguist—but when I heard it in the projection room I was dumfounded. I can't tell you my amazement. . . . *My Gott, it is marvelous!*"

A smile escaped me (I'm just an old Hollywood sophisticate).

Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, has the best screen personality among political leaders, says Herb Howe. He's suave and humorous—what the public wants.

"Ah, you always make joke of me," said Pola sheepishly, her elation poofing down like a pricked balloon.

"No, believe me, Pola," I protested, gallantly kissing her hand, "you are not the only one who believes you the world's greatest actress."

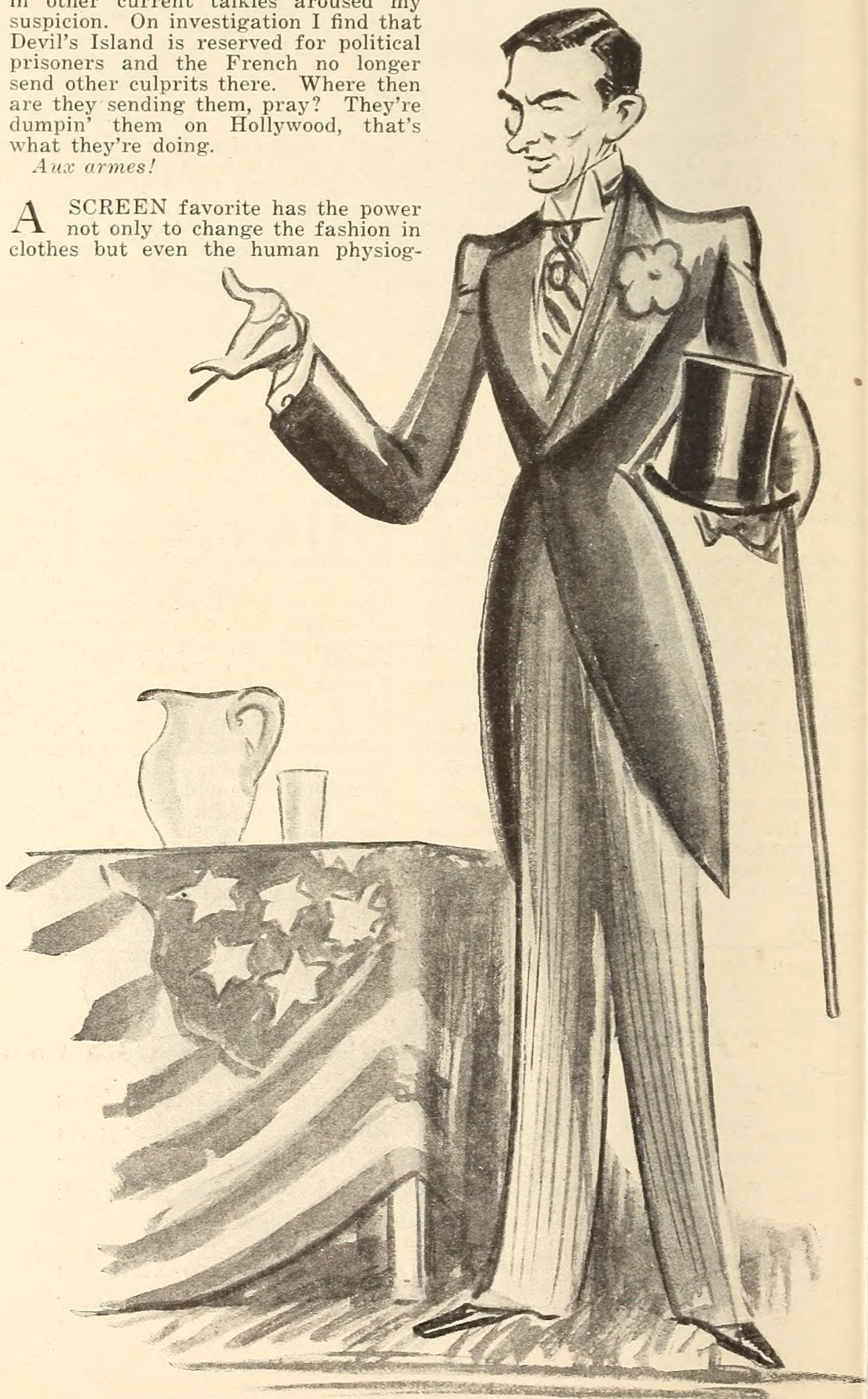
YOU gather from Ronald Colman's "Condemned" that Devil's Island is the place to which the French government sends comedians. This being true, all charges of cruelty are dismissed. Not only are these men hardened comedians, they are harmonizers as well. Their resemblance to offenders in other current talkies aroused my suspicion. On investigation I find that Devil's Island is reserved for political prisoners and the French no longer send other culprits there. Where then are they sending them, pray? They're dumpin' them on Hollywood, that's what they're doing.

Aux armes!

A SCREEN favorite has the power not only to change the fashion in clothes but even the human physiog-

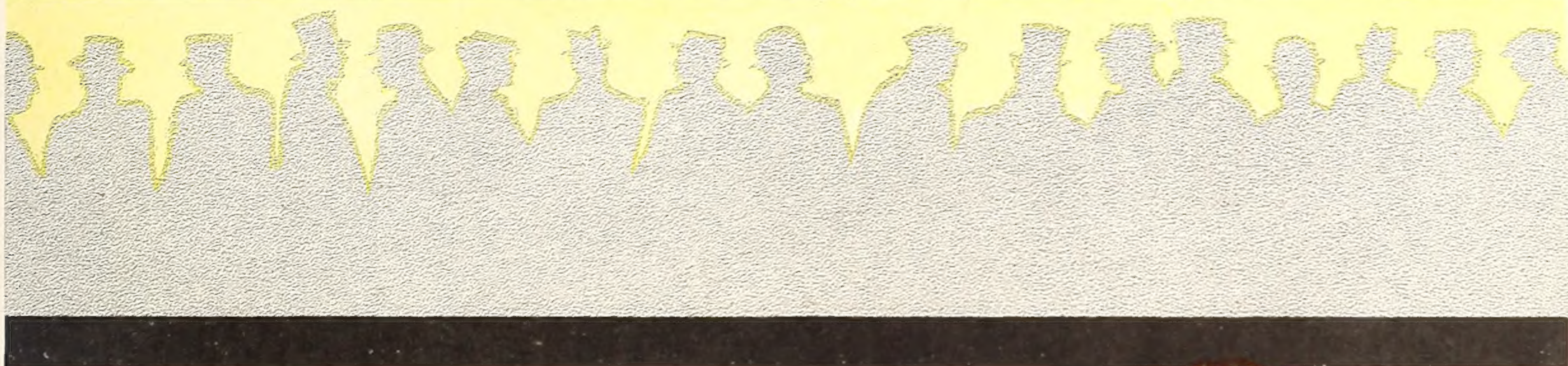
nomy. Women's eyebrows that once shot upward in a heavy line, like Nazimova's, now do nose-dives in the delicate arched manner of Greta Garbo's.

The lifting and remodeling of faces now going on in Hollywood not only among women but among the he'st of he-men, such as Dempsey and Carpentier, will certainly have a world effect. One look at the new-born and parents will rush for the scalpel to carve snookums into a box-office attraction. I predict the world shortly will be peopled exclusively by Buddy Rogerses and Greta Garbos.





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